★ Aug. 16, 1947
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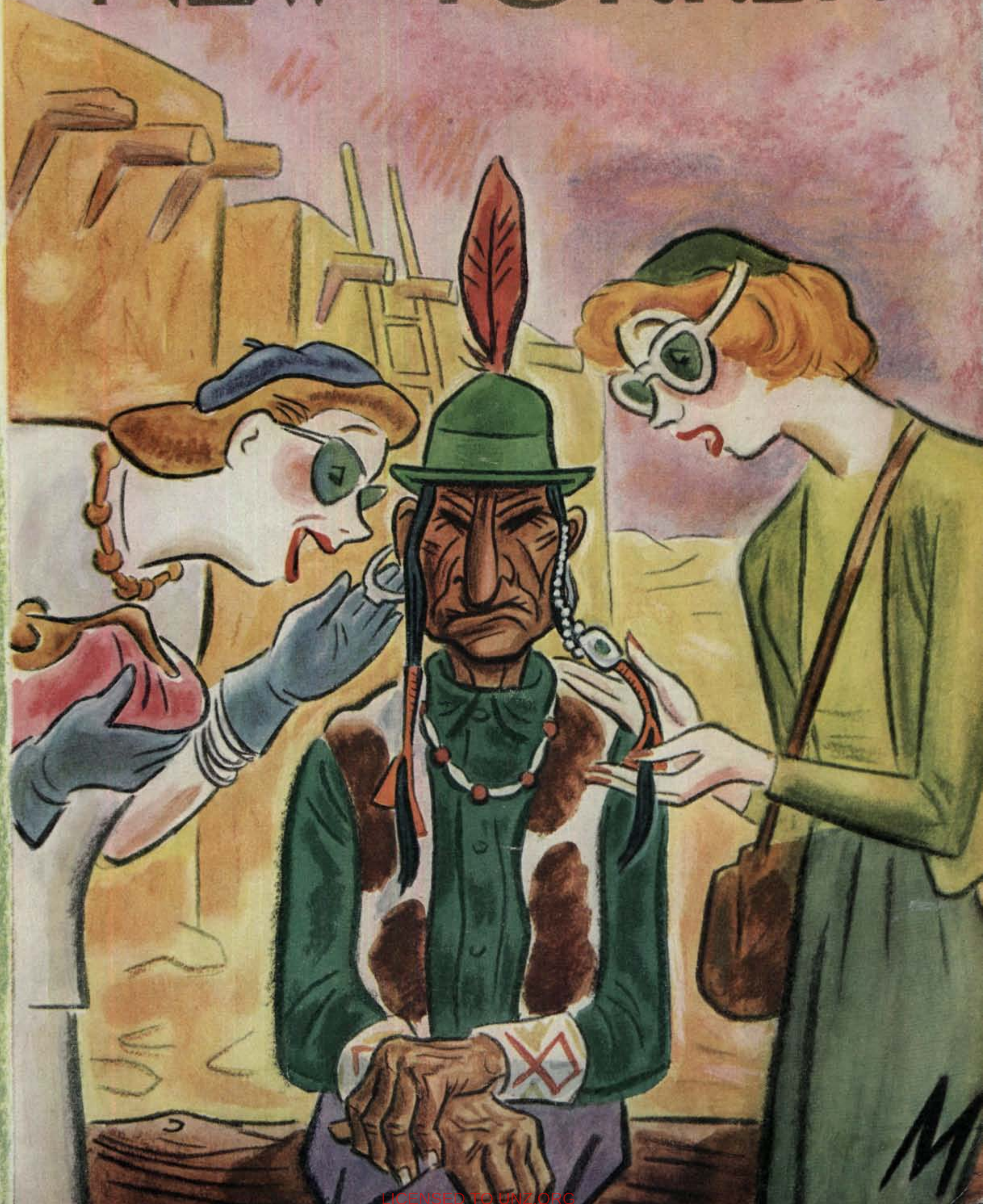
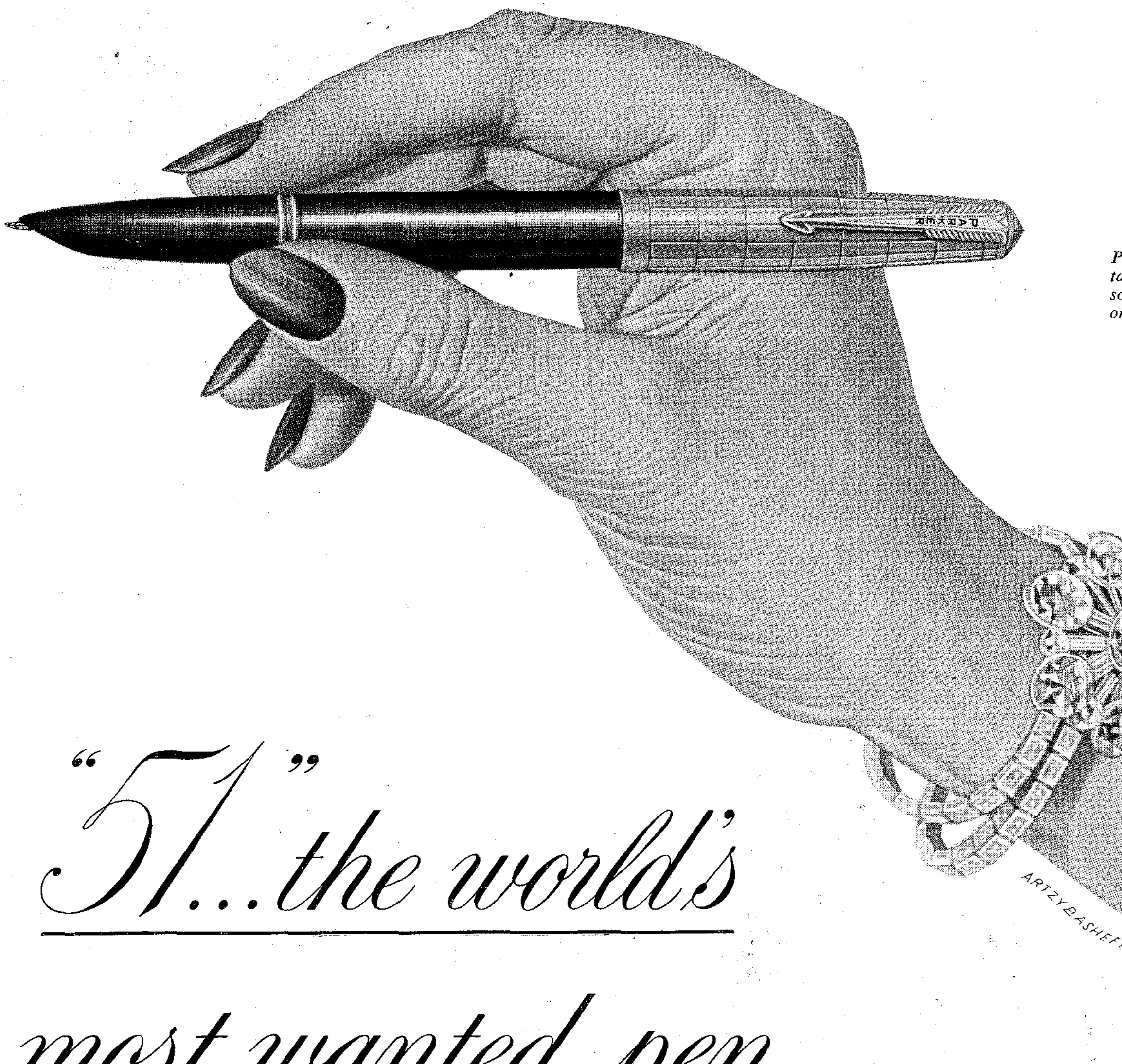
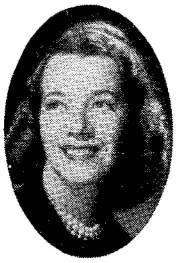
THE NEW YORKER



In the hand of Lily Pons—





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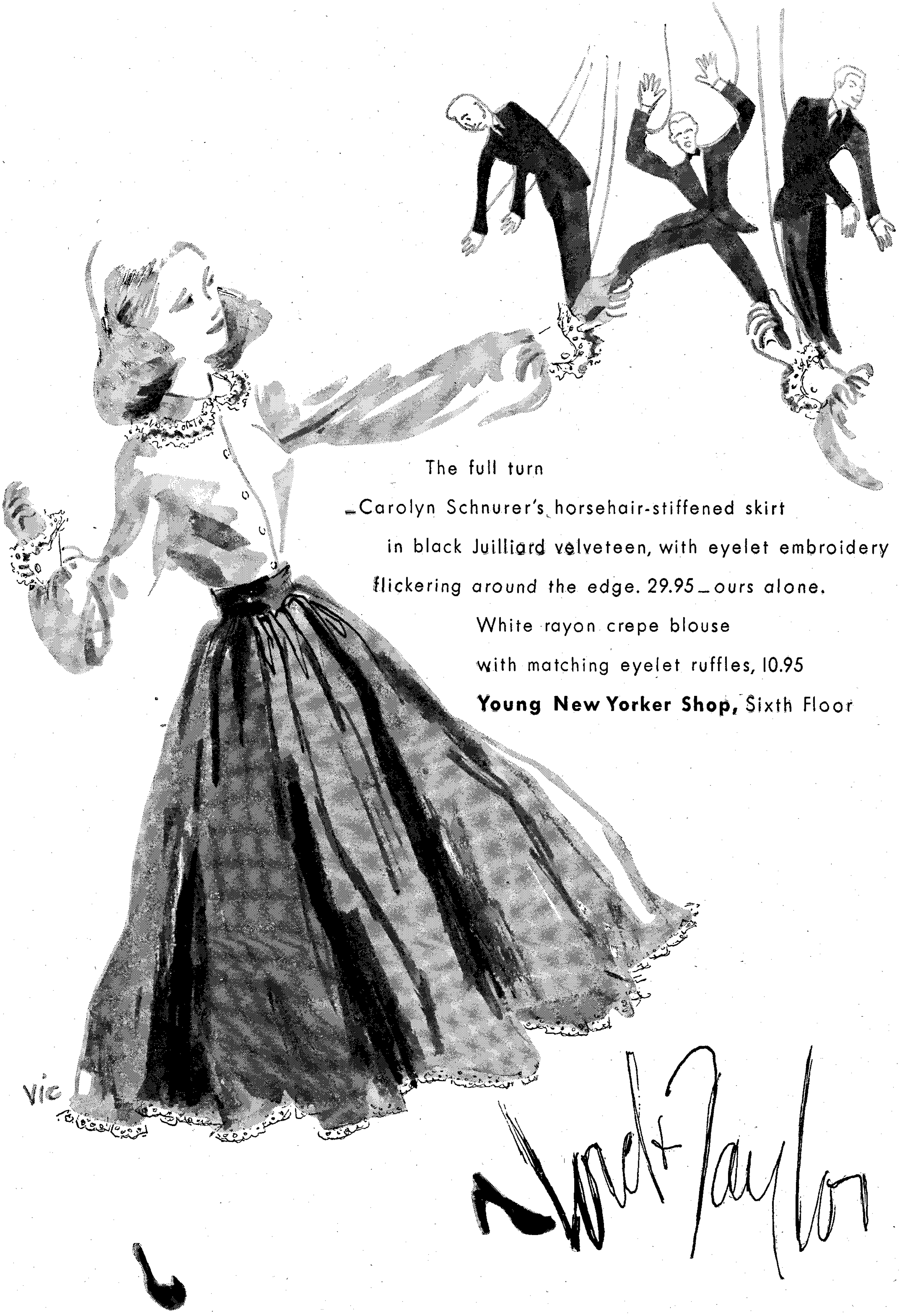

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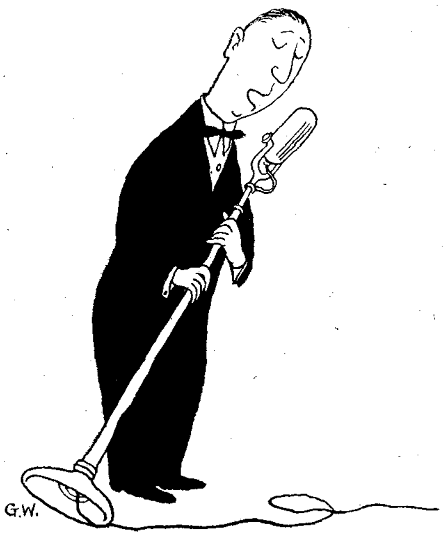
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALL MY SONS—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BURLESQUE—A funny and touching revival of the 1927 play dealing with a comedian who can't stand success. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic piece of work. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

JOHN LOVES MARY—A smooth, waxy dish of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a boys' summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, is crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays an enlightened tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** James Stewart has replaced Frank Fay as the pal of that rabbit. Josephine Hull is still in it. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Aug. 14.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Republican politics and principles. With Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The one about a sergeant and his two girls. Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

BRIGADOON—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW—A bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With David Wayne, Dorothy Claire, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MEDIUM and **THE TELEPHONE**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SWEETHEARTS—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Irving Berlin. Ethel Merman, temporarily replaced by Mary Jane Walsh, will be back on Monday, Aug. 18. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or on the outside, either. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Now and apparently forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICETIME OF 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may come across a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

ABINGDON—Thursday, Aug. 14: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Friday, Aug. 15: "The Hasty Heart." Saturday, Aug. 16: "Years Ago." Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 18-19: "Twelfth Night." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

BAR HARBOR—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Ruth Chatterton in "The Little Foxes." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Night Must Fall." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

BENNINGTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "The Ghost Train." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Years Ago." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

BRATTLEBORO—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Oliver, Oliver." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "The Pursuit of Happiness." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

BRIDGEHAMPTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Paula Laurence and Uta Hagen in "Dark Eyes." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40.)

BURLINGTON—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: Neil Hamilton in "State of the Union." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "The Late Christopher Bean." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Julie Haydon in "The Glass Menagerie." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "The Vinegar Tree." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: A new play, "Almost Faithful." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

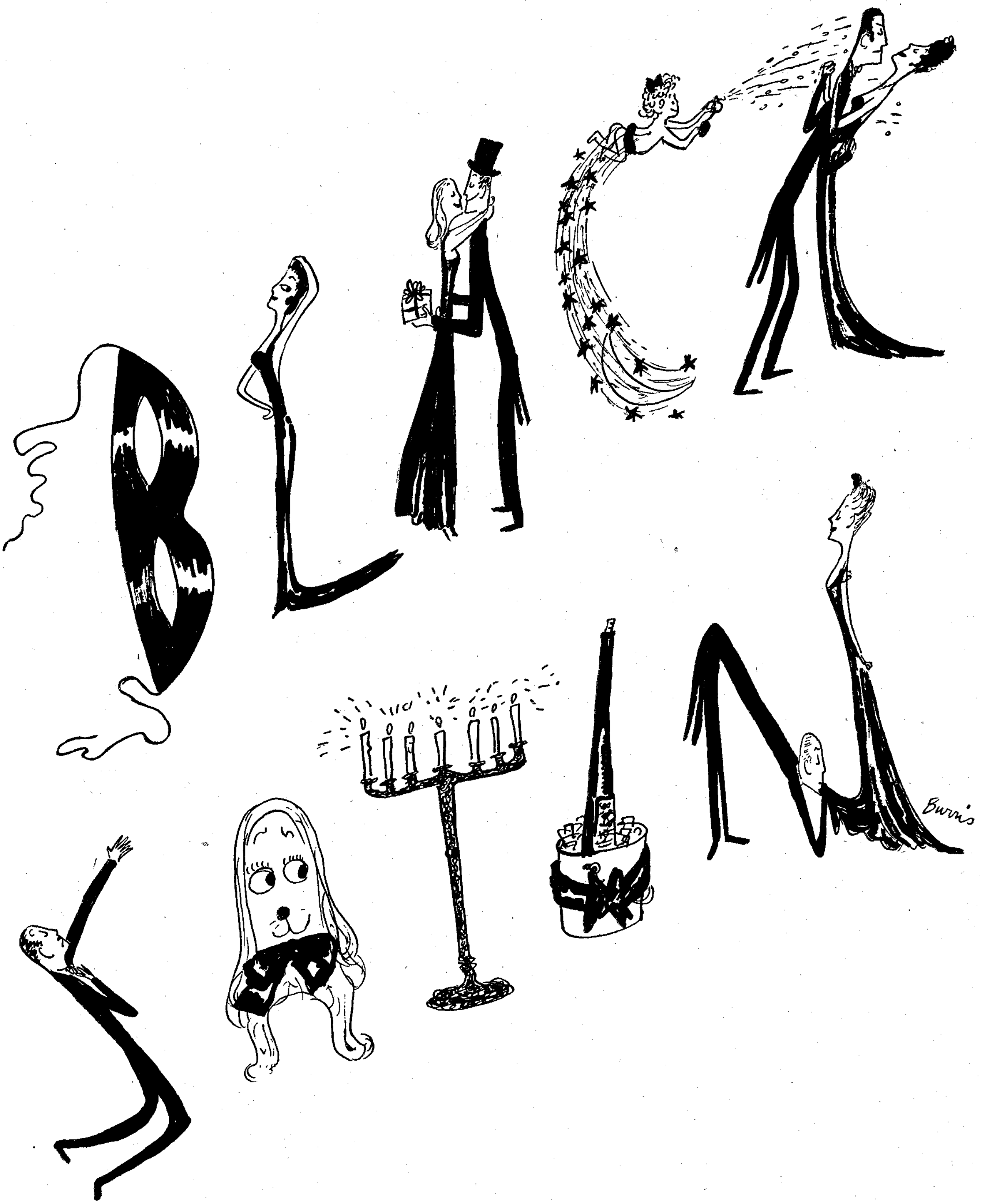
COHASSET—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: William Eythe in "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Richard Arlen in "State of the Union." (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: A new play, "Does the Lady Yield?" Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: "Chicken Every Sunday." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Faye Emerson in a new play, "Profile." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:35.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: The American première of a London play, "Pink String and Sealing Wax." (John Drew Theatre, East

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 26, August 16, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Pan-America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.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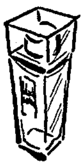

and seems to smell even better when it comes from

S*A*K*S F*I*F*T*H A*V*E*N*U*E

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Personal Appearance." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: "My Sister Eileen." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: June Duprez in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: A new musical comedy, "Once Upon a Holiday." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Blanche Yurka in "I Remember Mama." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: A new play, "Something on the Ball." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: The Hartmans in a new musical comedy, "Heaven Help the Angels." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "My Sister Eileen." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Love from a Stranger." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Papa Is All." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "The Magnificent Yankee." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Blithe Spirit." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: "Ladies in Retirement." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Diana Barrymore in "The Philadelphia Story." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Kiss and Tell." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 14: "The Great Big Doorstep." Friday, Aug. 15: "An American Tragedy." Saturday, Aug. 16: "Among Ourselves." Wednesday, Aug. 20: "The Sea Gull." Thursday, Aug. 21: "Uncle Vanya." Friday, Aug. 22: "Androcles and the Lion." Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Great Big Doorstep." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Luise Rainer in "Joan of Lorraine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Apple of His Eye." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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New Milford—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "The Vinegar Tree." Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24: "Uncle Harry." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Personal Appearance." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "The Curtain Rises." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "Three Live Ghosts." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: "The Male Animal." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Nancy Walker and Robert Alda in a new comedy, "Horace." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Glass Menagerie." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Ridgefield—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Arms and the Man." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: "State of the Union." (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Skowhegan—Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 2:30 and 8 P.M.: The première of the movie "Life with Father." Monday through Friday, Aug. 18-22, at 8 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2:30 and 8 P.M.: Florence Reed in "Rebecca." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: "Years Ago." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: "Thunder Rock." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Louise Allbritton in "There's Always Juliet." (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Jessie Royce Landis in "Papa Is All." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 18-23: Fay Bainter in a new play, "The Skull Beneath the Skin." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "The Glass Menagerie." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-24: Elissa Landi in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinée Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Deep and cool as an apple cellar, but somewhat more opulent. Basil Fomeen's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, on the nineteenth floor, offers profuse greenery, songs by wakeful canaries, dancing by Rosario and Antonio, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It only *looks* like a Coney Island fun house; in other respects it's a smoothly functioning establishment, with piano music during dinner and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward. Dancing starts at seven on Saturdays and Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—About the last word in summer verandas, with chandeliers, plenty of room to dance, and no mosquitoes. Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

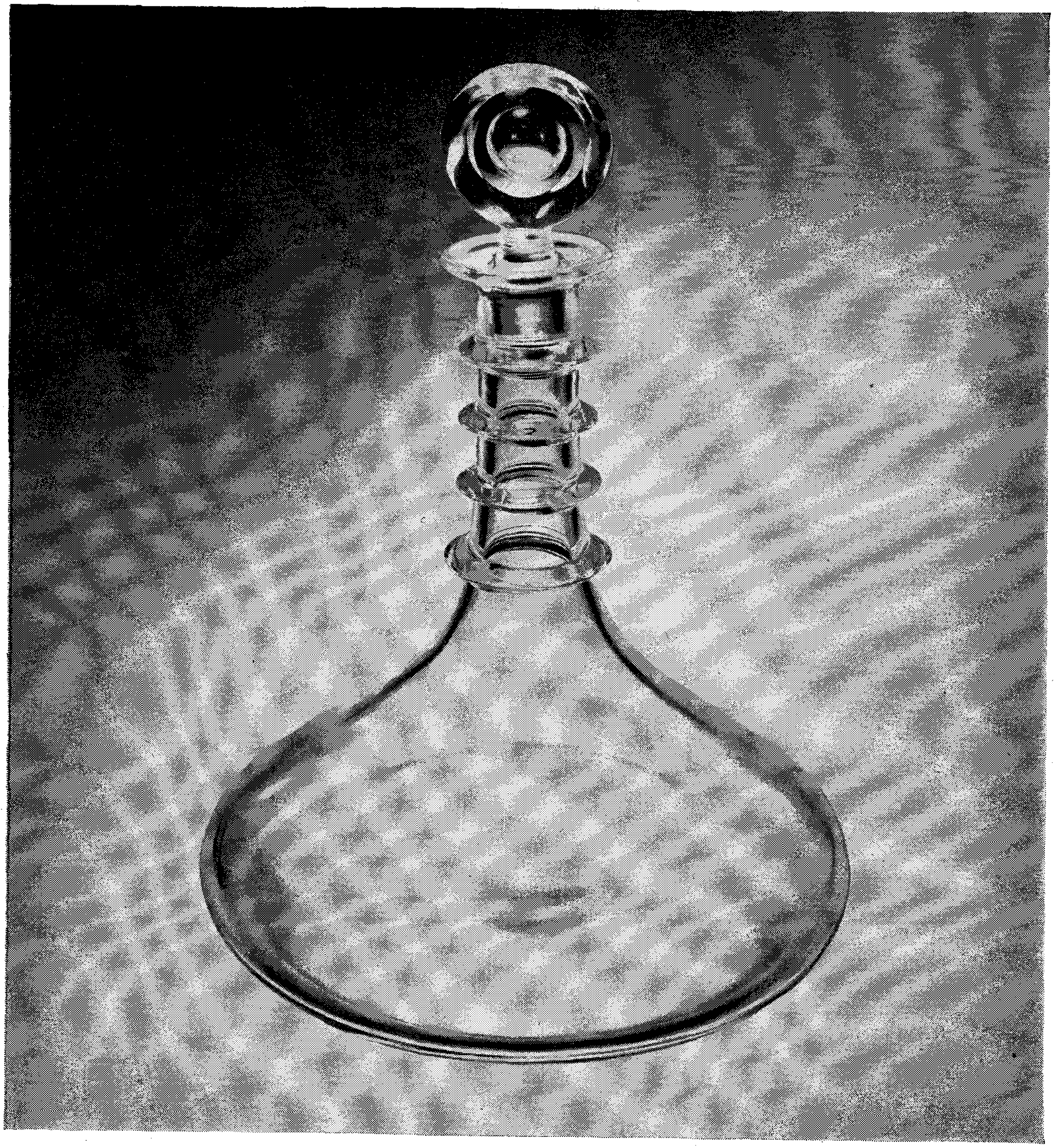
Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dean Murphy, who does impersonations. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra plays all evening on the Starlight Roof, Ginny Simms sings at supper, and Mischa Borr's band helps out around midnight.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this lively corner. ... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A summertime show, with Rose Murphy, and Dave Martin's orchestra. ... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. (Closed on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.) ... **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A small orchestra plays for tea dancing and at dinner and supper.... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at



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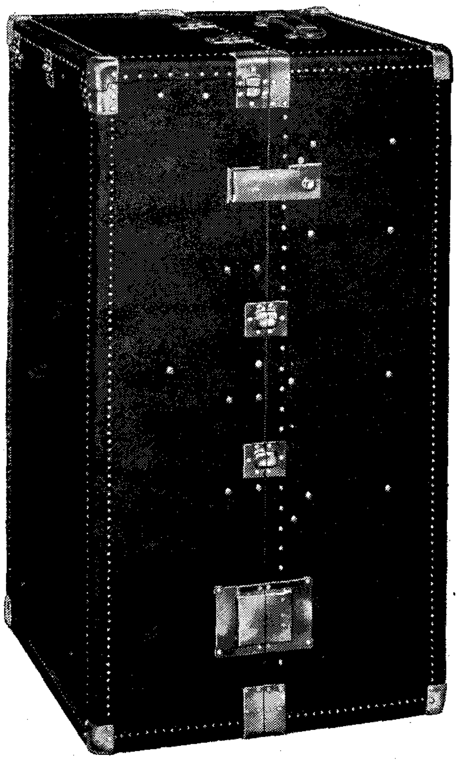

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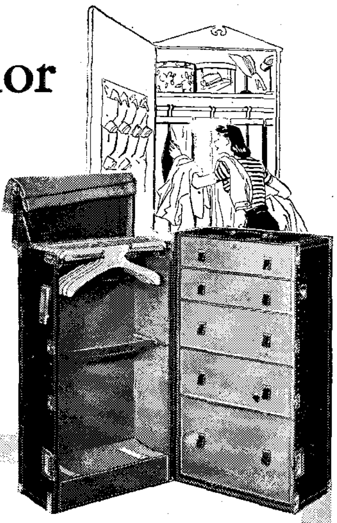

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the piano after nine. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent at the piano until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello, all cheering each other on with a terrible lot of noise and few results. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, an ornamental party who can squeeze the liver and lights out of a song. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, who invented vaudeville just after the Civil War, and a new floor show.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): An unimportant summer show. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, Jay Marshall, and the Three Flames, brightening this jaunty tunnel. Dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): A garret where you will hear some brisk humor by Louise Howard, and Spivy shouting her familiar songs about life's uncertainties.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and others, all in full tongue. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in for a turn. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, working at what can truthfully be called full blast. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio, turning out an amiable din. A jam session every Monday evening. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

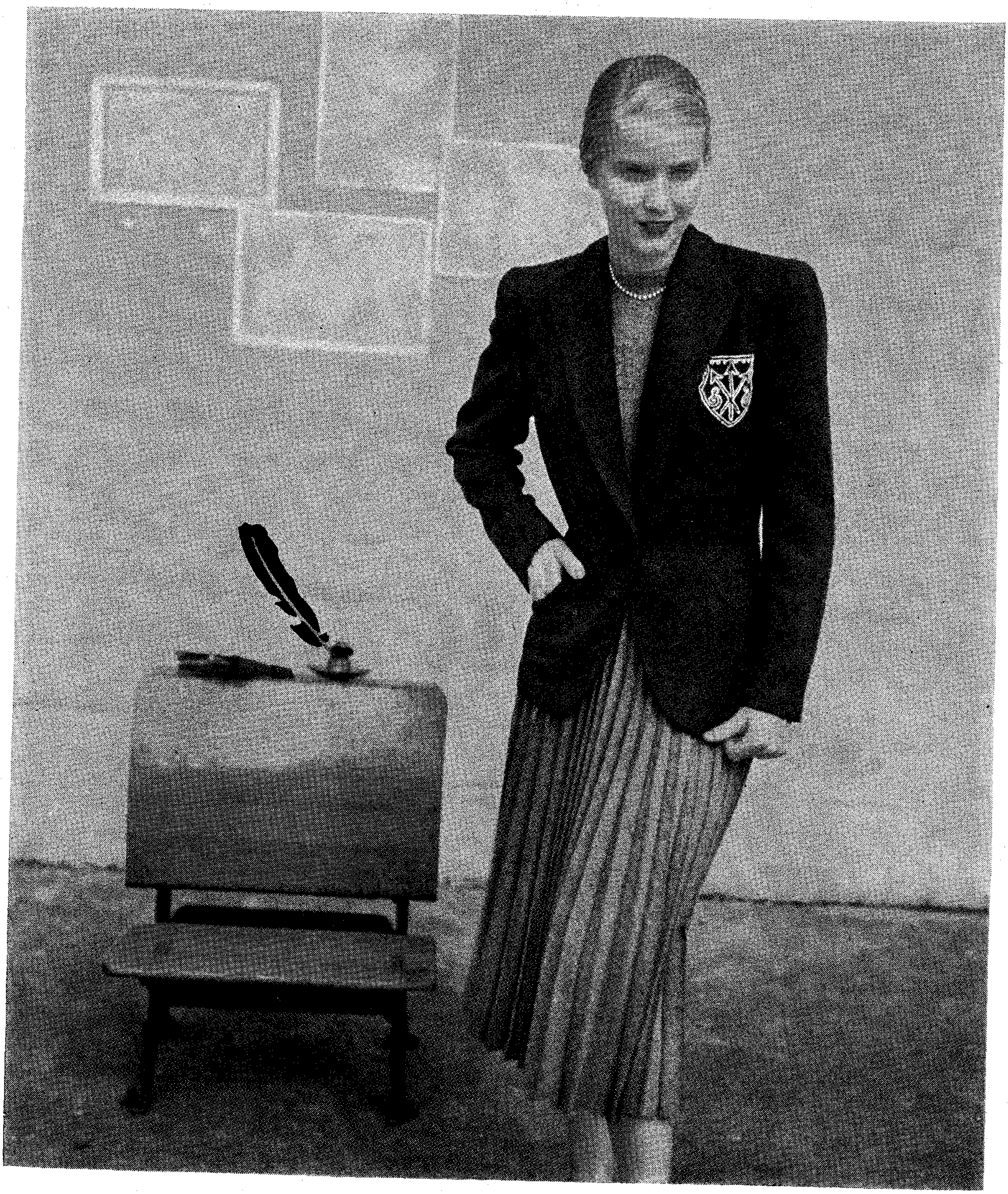
SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Way up near the stars and the moon and the advertising blimps. Alfred Menconi's orchestra. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): The boskiest dell south of 110th Street; dance music. . . . **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Drive at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): A vantage point for a study of the Palisades; dancing. . . . **BOSSERT ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): Shining like a tea tray in the Brooklyn sky; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Shep Fields' orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253). . . . **CENTERPORT, L.I.**: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . .



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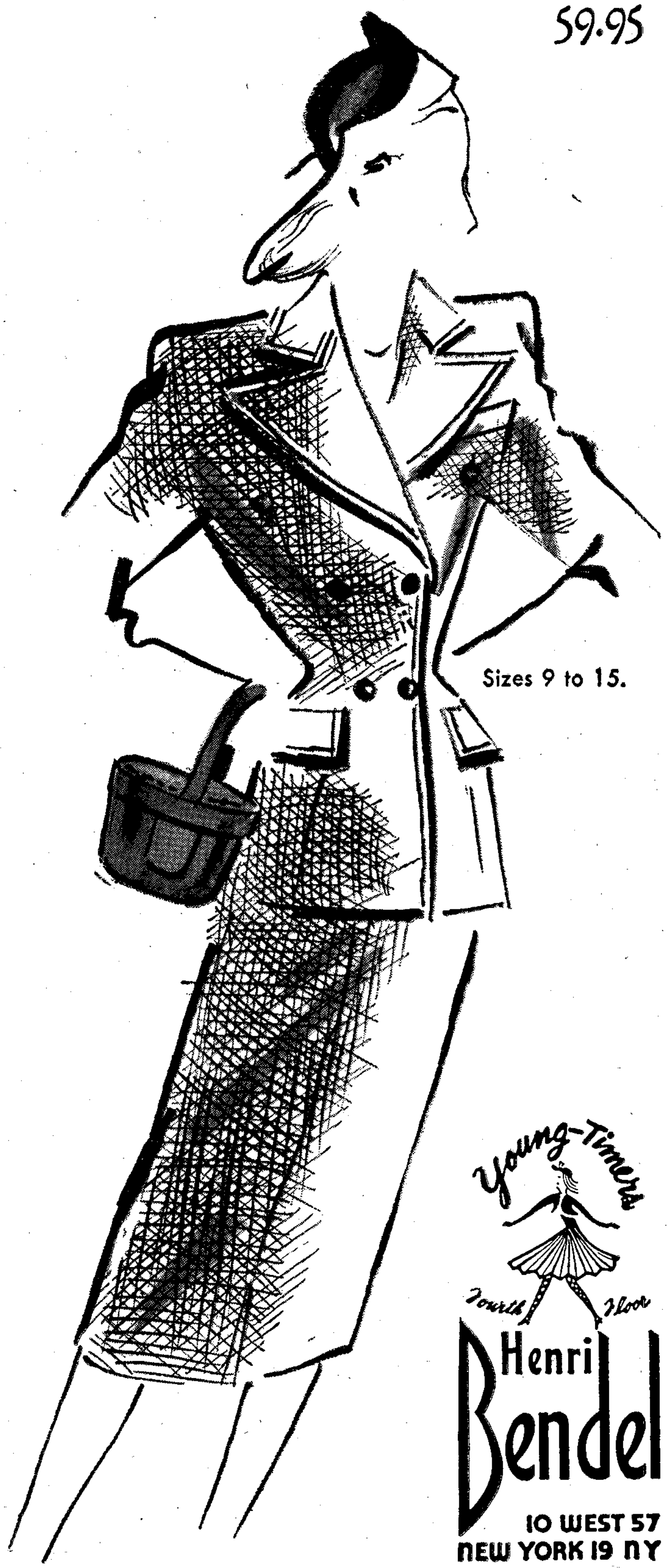

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Saturdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

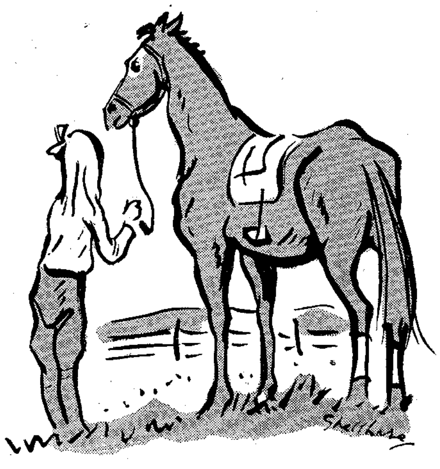
ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

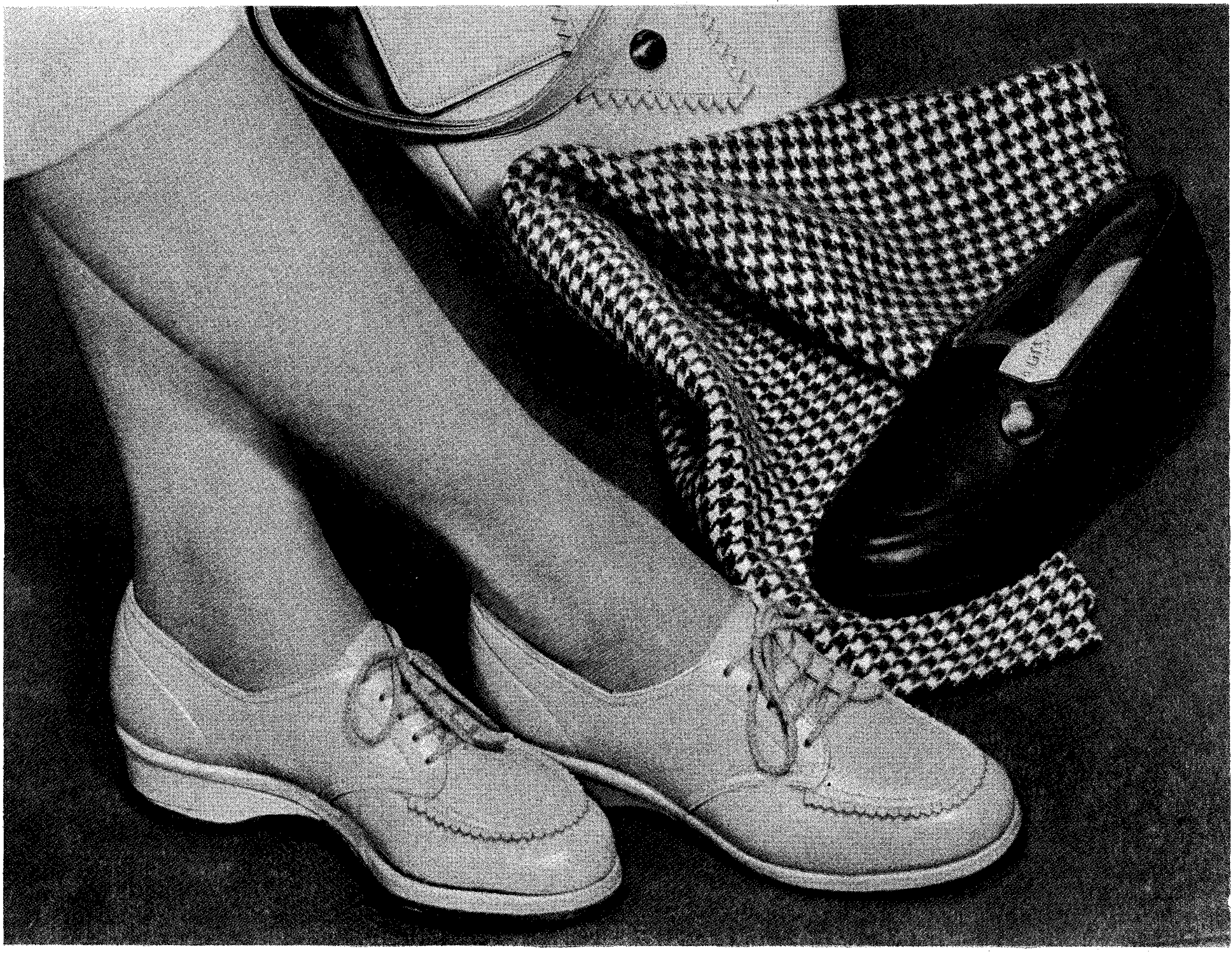
All-Summer Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns.... **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg, Ralph Kerkam, and other artists affiliated with this gallery.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's home team of exhibitors.... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary and Early American oils and water colors.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings.... **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces. ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors.

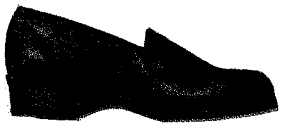
American Folk Art—Twenty-seven paintings, weathervanes, figureheads, and other examples, recently acquired by the Downtown Gallery; also, a show of contemporary paintings. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Aug. 29.)

Out of Town—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Guild Hall, East Hampton, N.Y. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 6 P.M.) ...



Match fall leathers with fall woolens





a new idea to translate into leather the lovely fall tones of Forstmann's fine woolens. An idea exclusively Robbins, carried out with accuracy (courtesy Trostel Tanners) in five smart shoes with imaginative dressmaker details... pinking, buttons, stitching. All available in Highland Purple, Scotch Mist, Shetland Brown, Robbin Rust, Kiltie Green, and Tartan Red; 8.95. Bags to match 10.95.

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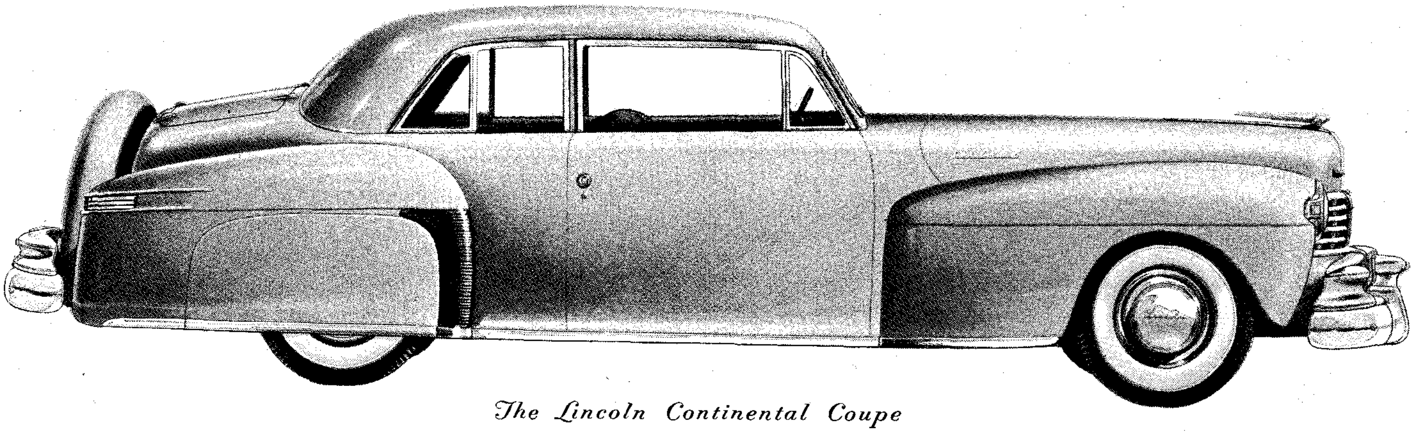

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) . . . ¶ George Baer Gallery, Salisbury, Conn. (Daily, 2 to 6 P.M.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to modern ones; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of figurines, seals, snuffboxes, and all sorts of other small things, arranged so that you can look at them without squinting; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, Jean Xceron, and Lloyd Ney. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

OPERA—Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 15-17, at 8:40: "Don Giovanni," in English. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 22-24, at 8:40: "Hänsel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English. (Lemonade Opera, Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

OUT OF TOWN—Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, Aug. 17, at 4, and Friday afternoons, Aug. 15 and 22, at 3.) . . . ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Hänsel and Gretel." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday evening, Aug. 22, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Thursday, Aug. 14, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, at 2 and 8:30 P.M. (the second game is for the benefit of the Brooklyn War Memorial), and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Cincinnati. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Thursday, Aug. 14, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18, at 8:45 P.M., Giants vs. Yankees, in the second of a series of three games for the Mayor O'Dwyer trophy. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8:45 P.M., and Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:45 P.M., Friday, Aug. 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Pittsburgh.

BOXING—Friday, Aug. 15: Anton Raadik vs. Ernie Vigh, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Herb Kronowitz vs. Pete Mead, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—North Shore Kennel Club. (Myopia

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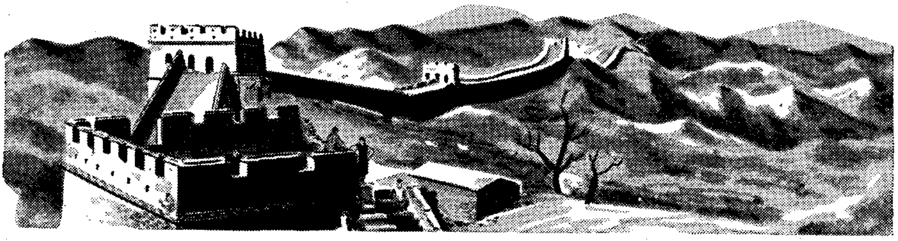

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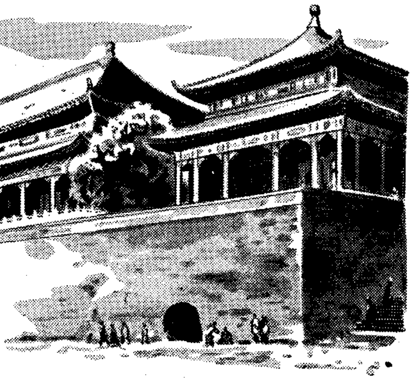
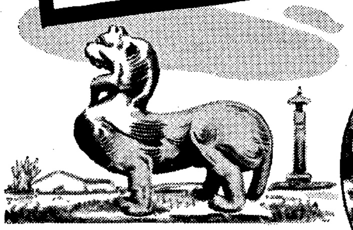
"***VENETIAN TRAVELER***"--IN HIS FAMOUS JOURNAL, MARCO POLO REPORTED ON CHINA'S WEALTH AND CUSTOMS. RECEIVED BY ***EMPEROR KHUBLAI KHAN*** IN 1275, HE SERVED HIM FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.



IMPERIAL CITY-- PEIPING (PEKING) IS ARCHITECTURALLY ONE OF THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING CITIES. MANY OF ITS MAGNIFICENT ***PALACES*** AND ***TEMPLES***, BUILT BY THE EMPEROR YUNG LO, DATE BACK TO THE 15TH CENTURY.



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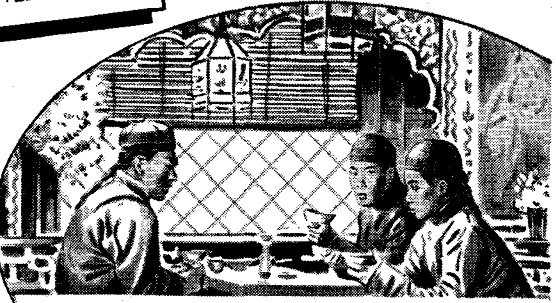

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Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 23.)

Golf—Maidstone Bowl Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 15-17.)

Horse Shows—Brewster American Legion Horse Show. (Brewster, N.Y. Sunday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 23-24.) . . . ¶ Mt. Pocono Horse Show. (Mt. Pocono, Pa. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 22-24.)

Polo—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. The Merchants and Citizens, Aug. 14; the North American Steeplechase Handicap and the Spinaway, Aug. 15; the Saratoga Special and the Travers, Aug. 16; the Alabama, Aug. 20; the Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 23. . . . ATLANTIC CITY: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 23. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station at 10:50 A.M.)

Tennis—Wightman Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; starting Monday, Aug. 18.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 23.

Yachting—Atlantic Coast Star Championship. (Bellport, L.I.; through Saturday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Bayside Yacht Club Invitation Regatta. (Little Neck Bay, L.I. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17.) . . . ¶ Championship Races on the Sound: New Rochelle Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 16; Huguenot Yacht Club, Sunday, Aug. 17: Riverside Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Drama of the Telescope." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of New York slums that Jacob Riis, the social reformer, took in the eighteen-nineties. Interesting as examples of early flashlight photography, and as contradictions of the legend that the old days were good. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, Aug. 17, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3 P.M., WCBS.

Sports—Racing: The Travers, at Saratoga, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 4:30 P.M., WCBS.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Friday, Aug. 15 (from Paris), and Friday, Aug. 22 (from Berlin), both at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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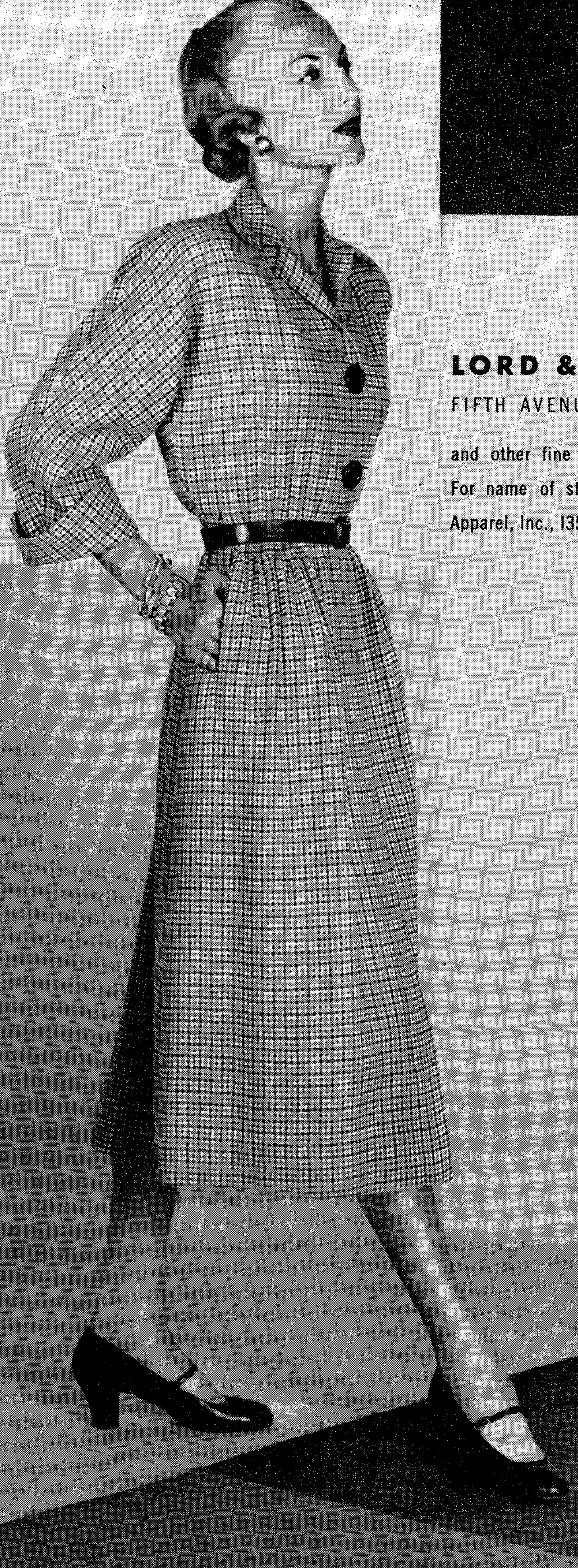

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—The postwar difficulties of three veterans. At its best whenever Fredric March is most conspicuous. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd; Riverside, B'way at 96th; Nemo, B'way at 110th; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st; starting Aug. 20.)

Crossfire—There wouldn't be much to this mystery film if it weren't for some frank talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is effectively villainous as a Jew-baiter, and Sam Levene is wholly convincing as his victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

Dead of Night—A superior English melodrama, full of all kinds of mysterious activities, the most exciting of which is a sequence involving a ventriloquist who is overcome by the personality of his dummy. Michael Redgrave. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Aug. 18.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Aug. 16-18.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Aug. 17-20.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, Aug. 18-20.)

Dear Ruth—A fairly funny, if insubstantial, comedy that concerns itself with some wartime romantic mixups on the home front. (State, B'way at 45th; through Aug. 20.)

Great Expectations—A thoroughly satisfactory English job of reworking the novel. The cast is quite wonderful. (77th Street, B'way at 77th; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th; starting Aug. 20.)

The Hucksters—A bowdlerized version of the Frederic Wakeman novel about advertising men and their peculiar ways, which has in its favor a couple of praiseworthy performances by Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou. (Capitol, B'way at 51st.)

The Late George Apley—The book was a good deal sharper than this, but for all the film's superficiality it is pretty entertaining. Ronald Colman and Percy Waram. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Aug. 15-17.)

Miracle on 34th Street—An altogether pleasing fantasy about Santa Claus, Macy's, and psychiatry. With Edmund Gwenn. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Aug. 16.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; through Aug. 17.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th; Aug. 16-18.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd; Aug. 16-19.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Aug 18-20.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Aug. 18.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave at 68th; starting Aug. 19.)

Odd Man Out—There's a hint, if only a hint, of "The Informer" in this English film, and that's enough for a good recommendation. With James Mason. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Aug. 16-19.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; starting Aug. 19.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; starting Aug. 20.)

Open City—A powerful account of the workings of the Italian underground. In Italian. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being quite funny about it. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck in a paraphrase of the play, which has a few passages of grim liveliness. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; starting Aug. 19.)

Welcome Stranger—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald doing a mildly diverting follow-up of "Going My Way." The boys are doctors this time instead of priests, but otherwise things haven't changed much. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd.)

The Yearling—A capital adaptation of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel, in spite of a couple of oversweet boy-meets-fawn sequences. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th; Aug. 14.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th; through Aug. 15.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd; Aug. 18-20.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Aug. 14.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 14.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; starting Aug. 19.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th; tentative, starting Aug. 20.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 17.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family. Michèle Morgan and Raimu, with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 18.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 14.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler melodrama about spies in Turkey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 19.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 19.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Aug. 15.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley playing an old actor who has taken to the bottle. (Beacon, B'way at 74th; Aug. 16-19.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Aug. 16-18.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 19.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 17.)

The Moon Is Down (1943)—The Steinbeck piece about the Germans in Norway. (Beacon, B'way at 74th; Aug. 16-19.)

Moontide (1942)—Waterfront life on the West Coast. Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th; Aug. 15-16.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden. Also with Cary Grant. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 20.)

Peter the First (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 18.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton. An English picture. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th; Aug. 15-16.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Aug. 18-20.)

The Silver Fleet (1945)—Ralph Richardson playing a Dutch shipbuilder during the Nazi occupation. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 15.)

Smoky (1946)—Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives in an easygoing adaptation of the Will James novel. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Aug. 14.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and some dogs. Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 14.)

These Three (1936)—Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon in a doctored version of "The Children's Hour." (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 20.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin music. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 15.)

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett and Roland Young. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; Aug. 18-19.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; Aug. 19.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Aug. 14: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931).... ¶ Aug. 15-17: "Emil and the Detectives" (1932).... ¶ Starting Aug. 18: "Fährmann Maria" (1936). Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE HUCKSTERS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through Aug. 19: "Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.
From Aug. 20 (tentative): **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

Fulton, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
"Black Narcissus," Deborah Kerr, Sabu.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
Aug. 14: "Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.
From Aug. 15: "Life with Father," Irene Dunne, William Powell.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Aug. 14: **THE INFORMER**, revival.
Aug. 15: **TOP HAT**, revival.
Aug. 16: "The Pride of the Yankees," revival, Gary Cooper.
Aug. 17: **GUNGA DIN**, revival.
Aug. 18: "The Spanish Main," revival, Paul Henreid.
Aug. 19: **KITTY FOYLE**, revival.
Aug. 20: **MY FAVORITE WIFE**, revival.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
WELCOME STRANGER.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Aug. 19: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," Mark Stevens, June Haver.
From Aug. 20: "Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Aug. 20: **DEAR RUTH.**

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Dust Be My Destiny," revival, John Garfield; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Gunfighters," Randolph Scott.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Green for Danger," Leo Genn.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
FANTASIA, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Star Without Light" (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
Through Aug. 15: "Lydia," revival, Merle Oberon.
From Aug. 16: "The Murderer Lives at No. 21" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

Instructor

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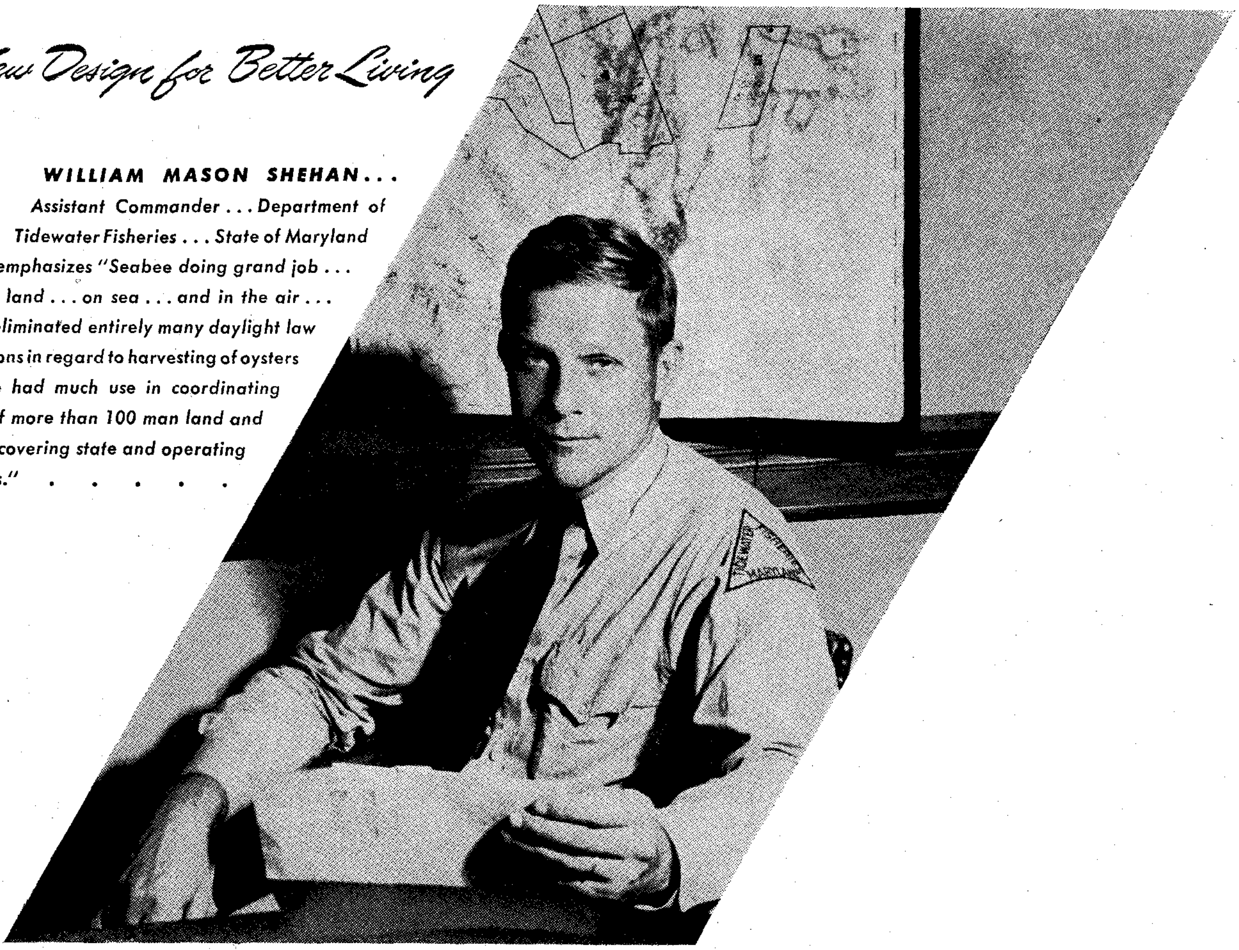

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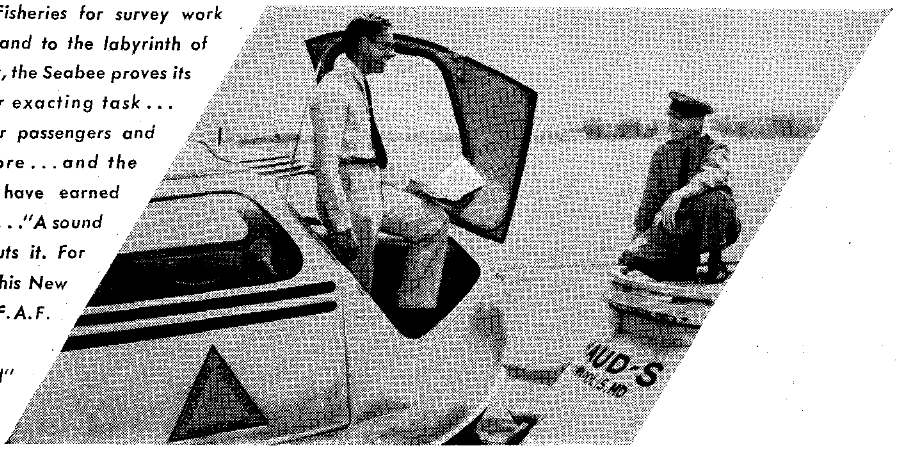

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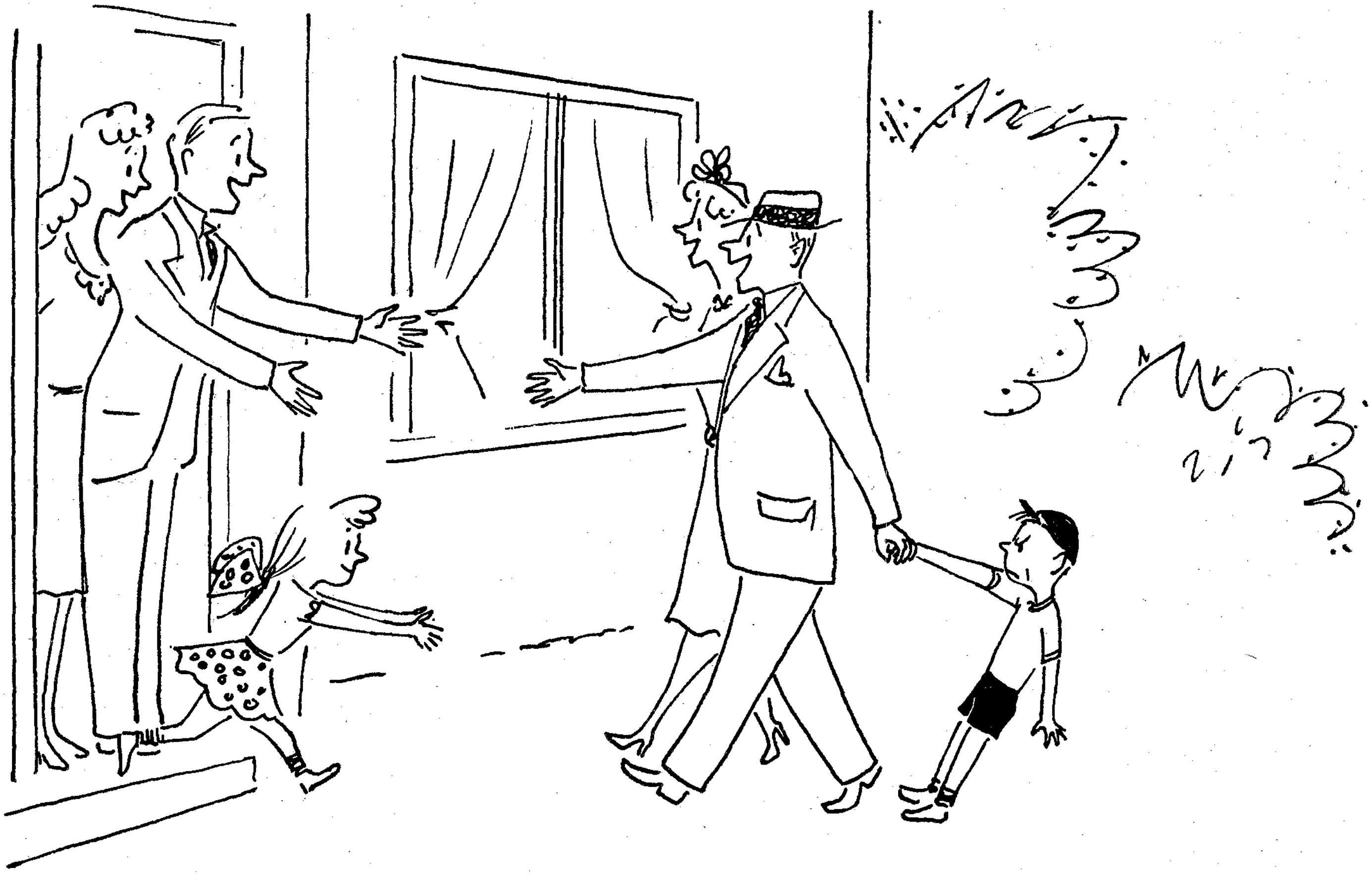

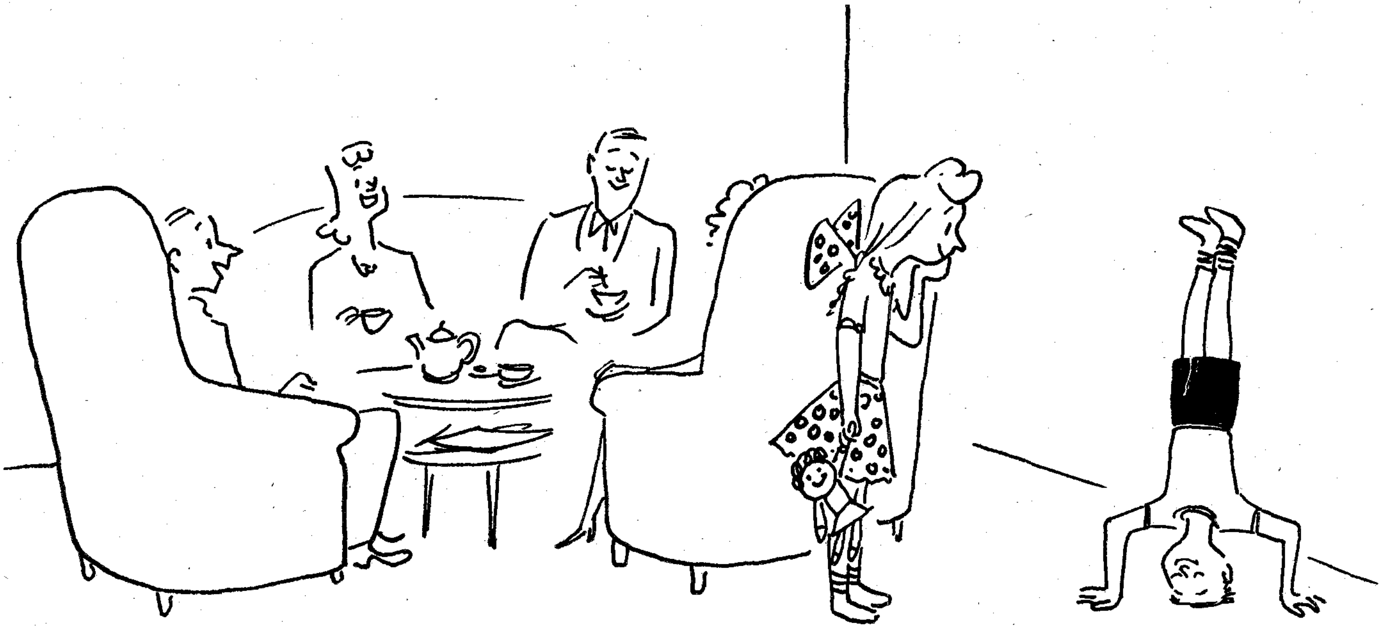

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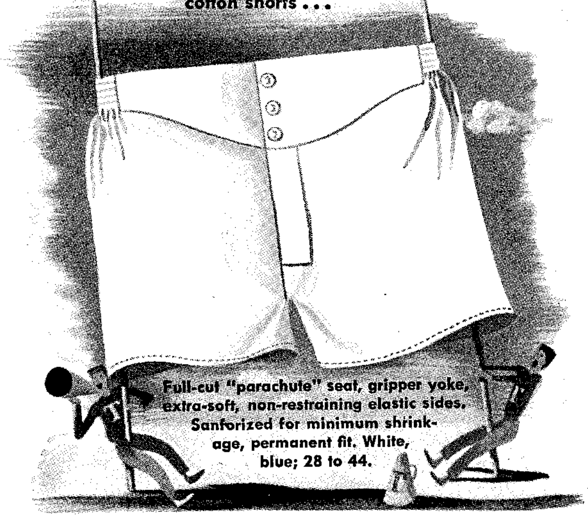

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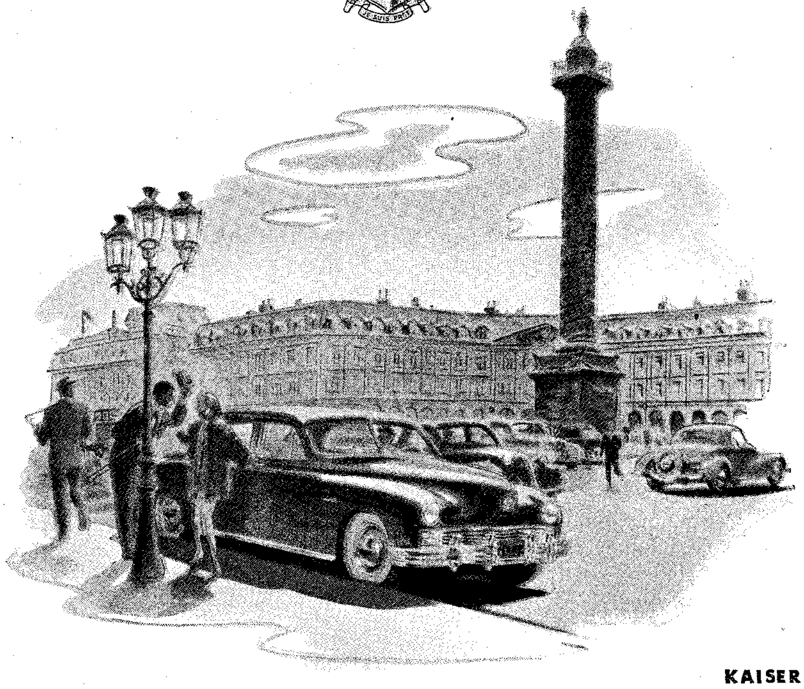
The "Manhattan," a green wool beret with plaid wool insertion and long scarf, by Lilly Dache

KAISER **FRAZER**



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P. S.—They actually cost very little more than pre-war cars.

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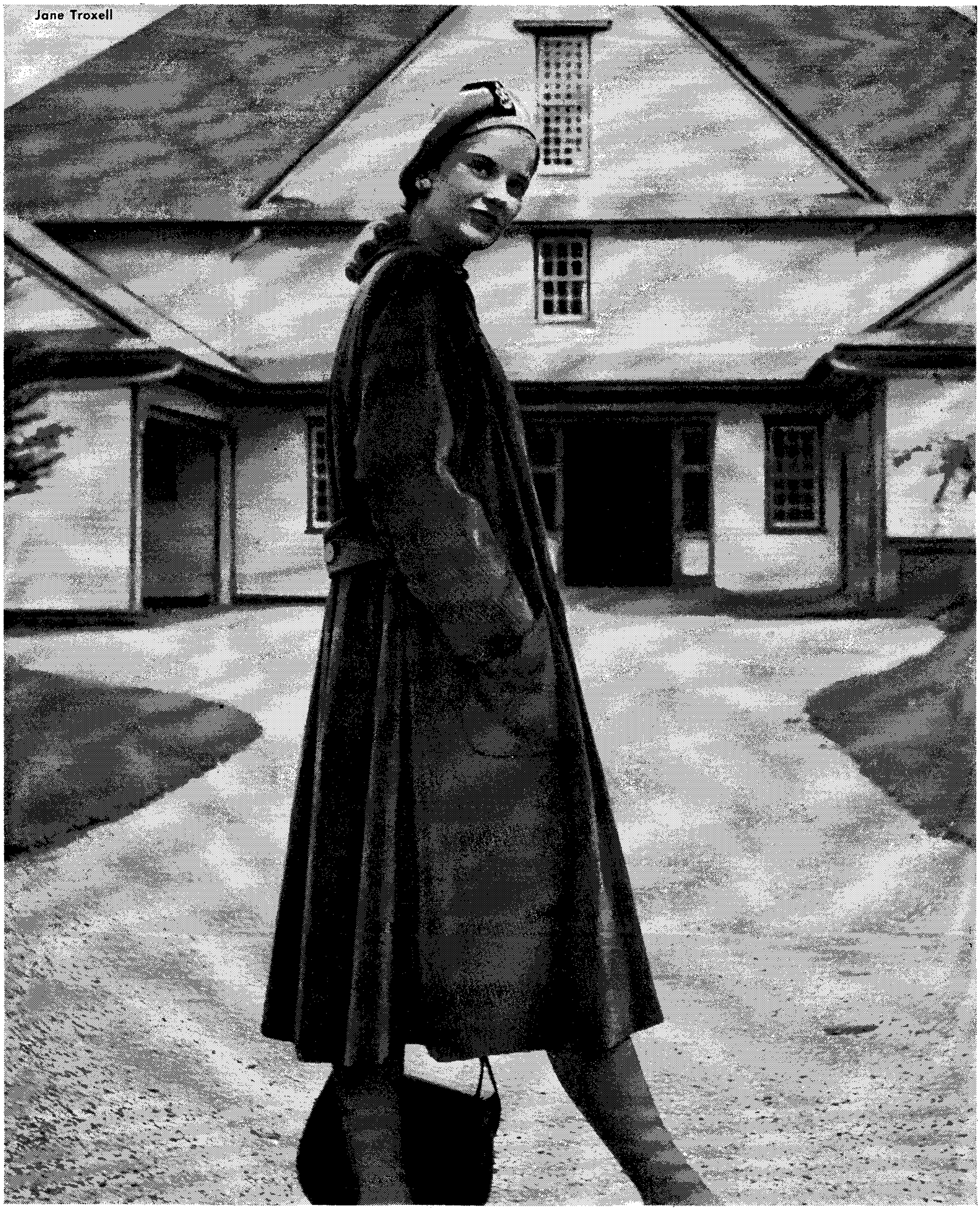

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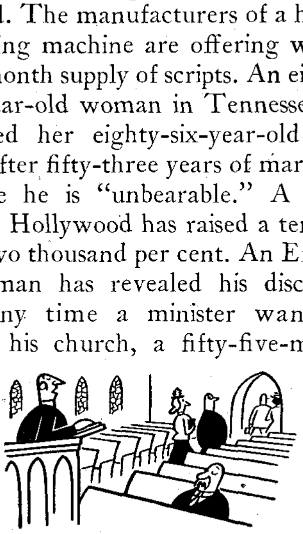
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

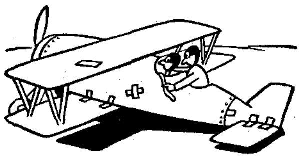
HAVING waited in vain for some other publication—the *Journal-American*, say—to tip off the appropriate federal agency to a bit of intelligence we've had hold of for weeks, we now feel obliged to disclose that among a hundred or so varieties of camellia blooming in the gardens of the Huntington Library, in San Marino, California, there is one blossom, No. 12802, that is identified by a wooden marker as "Communist."

STEAM FROM A BUBBLING CALDRON: Somebody has removed the antlers of the life-size metal elk outside the Elks clubhouse in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and replaced them with a pair of real ones. The California legislature has made it a misdemeanor to tattoo a minor. A man in Indianapolis has invented a powder that coaxes fishing worms out of the ground. The manufacturers of a home-recording machine are offering with it a six-month supply of scripts. An eighty-two-year-old woman in Tennessee has divorced her eighty-six-year-old husband after fifty-three years of marriage, because he is "unbearable." A landlord in Hollywood has raised a tenant's rent two thousand per cent. An English clergyman has revealed his discovery that any time a minister wants to empty his church, a fifty-five-minute sermon will do it. The New York City Welfare Department has announced that it is paying old-age assistance of $74.93 a month to an aunt of the King of Egypt. The Ethical Culture Play School has announced that it is teaching its children to make butterfly nets but that they will be allowed to catch only species harmful to vegetation. The War Assets Administration has announced that it has nearly two million false teeth for sale—1,092,532 posterior, 866,450 anterior. The latest Sears Roebuck catalogue offers farmers gabardine jackets with contrasting slacks. The director of the Chicago Zoo reports that live snakes are down to seventeen and a half cents a pound, because of a price war; and the curator of a zoo in South Africa has expressed the opinion that one of his lionesses, who lives in a tree and swings upside down from the branches, probably does so for psychological reasons. Moreover, the musicians in a band that gives concerts in a Budapest park have threatened to quit unless the peacocks are quieted; French railroad officials have announced that a special rate has been set for the transportation of infant hippopotamuses under 1.12 metres in height; and Berlin has reported that Germany has been invaded from the north and south by predatory beavers.



OUR adventurous Mr. Stanley came into the office one afternoon last week with his cheeks crisply sunburned, except for the marks of flying goggles around his eyes. Turned out he'd gone over to Fitzmaurice Field, a small airport at Massapequa, Long Island, where the Skywriting Corporation of America bases its planes, and had been invited to go along with a couple of seasoned, highly literate skywriting pilots while they decorated the local firmament with "PEPSI COLA" and "EVERVESS."

Before taking off, Stanley reported, he had gathered a few pertinent, down-to-earth facts, as follows: The Pepsi-Cola Company has been making use of skywriting ever since 1938, and its contract for this year calls for 4,178 single inscriptions (inscriptions made by one plane, that is) and 988 dual inscriptions (inscriptions made by two planes working as a team), to be executed in various segments of sky above the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. It takes about a year for an aviator to become a good skywriter. Wind causes inscriptions to drift out of view, and for that reason pilots don't do much composing when it blows more than twenty-five miles an hour. Turbulence—the boiling updrafts that airline passengers call air pockets—plays hob with letters and has to be avoided. Two pilots working together can write "PEPSI COLA" (without the hyphen) in seven minutes flat, whereas it takes a single pilot twelve minutes to do the job. The advantage of the dual performance is, of course, that the initial "P" isn't dissipated before the final touch is added to the "A." Practically all local skywriting today is dual. Each letter is a mile long and is produced when the pilot trips a trigger in the cockpit, thereby injecting an oil compound into a section of the exhaust pipe, where it is turned into smoke.



Stanley's host on the flight was Anthony Stinis, a tanned, grayish-haired man with ninety-five hundred hours in the air. His partner was a pilot named Murphy. Murphy went off to his plane and Stinis led Stanley to an ancient Waco biplane and buckled him into the front cockpit. Stanley put on goggles, trying not to notice that the plane appeared to be held together with tape. They took off into a light haze, which ended at five thousand feet as neatly as if it had been sliced off. As they climbed farther, both pilots shot out test spurts of smoke—tubes of rolling white fog that spread out behind the planes. Stanley looked around to see the one behind his plane, but he got his head back in quick when the slipstream hit it. At 10,300 feet, over Brooklyn, Stinis and Murphy levelled off, settled down to a speed of a hundred and forty miles an hour, and prepared to do their first "PEPSI

COLA." Murphy remained slightly behind and to the left of Stinis, awaiting the starting signal. When Stinis rocked his wings, the business was on.

Murphy peeled away in a graceful wingover as Stinis released a stream of smoke for the upright of the "P." Murphy dived and put on its loop, flying about twenty-five feet above the upright, in order not to disturb it. Stinis went into a tight turn for the next letter, laying down the side and the top of the "E" while Murphy maneuvered through a hairpin turn to add the two lower bars. On the second "P," Stinis made the loop and Murphy the upright. Stinis did the whole "S," rolling smoothly from one seventy-degree bank to another, and Murphy moved over and did the easy "I" by himself. Stinis skimmed through the "C," and Murphy circled around on the "O," completing the joint at a somewhat higher altitude than he had started at. From up in the sky, the letter looked like a gigantic spring washer. Stinis ducked under the bottom of Murphy's "O" and ran through the bottom line of the "L" and Murphy completed the upright. Stinis then executed the outer lines of the "A," which required a fairly sickening series of banks, and had cut off his smoke by the time Murphy put the crossbar in. Time, seven minutes on the button. Not wasting a second, the planes then flew on to Manhattan and wrote "EVERVESS" and "PEPSI COLA" in succession along the East Side, starting at Wall Street and ending opposite the George Washington Bridge. During the entire flight, the only real bump Stanley felt came when Stinis zipped through Murphy's prop wash in the course of writing the second "E" in "EVERVESS." "Fine trip," said Stanley on his return, "but glad to be back."

The Melancholy Montague

A GENTLEMAN informs us that last Thursday he found himself in an elevator in the Paramount Building, totally surrounded by a bunch of men who came aboard in the midst of a discussion of some intricacy about corporate protocol. "But we *can't* have a directors' meeting without Sweeney," one of them said. "That would be like playing 'Hamlet' without Juliet."

Ho

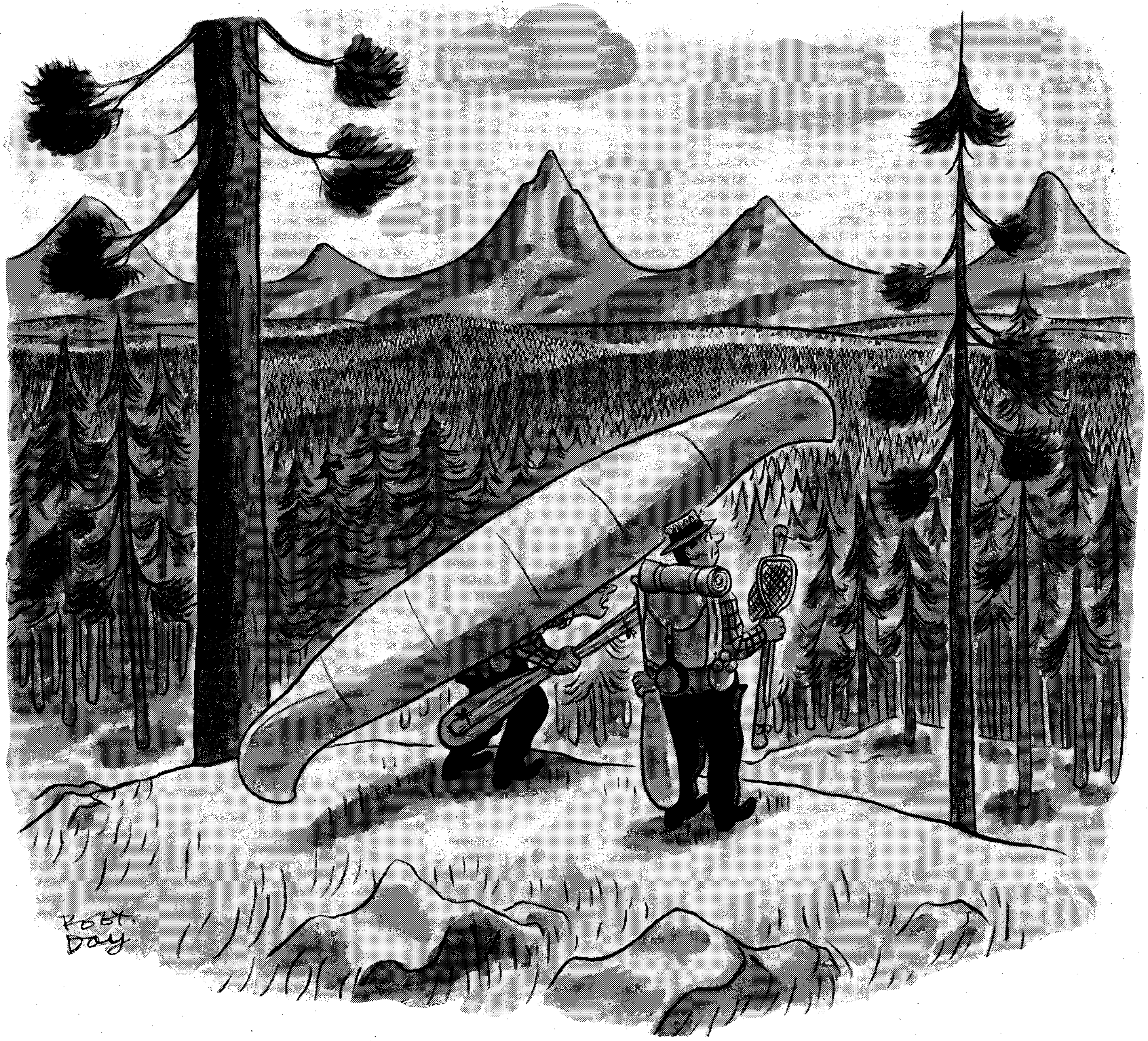
THIS week, the Dutch are honoring their emigrants who trekked into Michigan a hundred years ago, and to make the celebration in Michigan appropriately aqueous the Netherlands has sent over Miss Nel Van Vliet, the world's champion breast-stroke swimmer, whom we met the other day at the Netherlands Information Bureau, in Rockefeller Center. Miss Van Vliet is a jolly, buxom girl whose nearest approach to English is a muttered "Ho." Her companions on the trip are Mrs. Koster Van Feggelen, Holland's backstroke champion, and Miss Gertrude Klapwijk, formerly a Dutch diving champion, neither of whose English is much more extensive. Both of them were on hand when we talked to Miss Van Vliet. Our interpreter was Mr. Bart Landherr, head of the Bureau's Research and Reference Departments, who feels, he told us, unsafe in any water whose depth exceeds six inches. "Most men in Holland are too busy working to do much swimming," he said, "but the women have little to do, and jump into the canals all the time." "Ho," said Miss Van Vliet, beaming. "I am twenty-five," said Mrs. Van Feggelen, looking gloomy. "Mrs. Van Feggelen would have been *world's* champion backstroke swimmer if there had been no war and she had had a chance when she was younger," said Mr. Landherr. "How old is Miss Van Vliet?" we inquired. "Twenty-one," said Mr. Landherr. "And she has been swimming only five years now, and half of that time she couldn't do the breast stroke, because of trouble with her thyroid." He went on to tell us that Miss Van Vliet comes from Hilversum, a suburb of Amsterdam in which her father runs a bakery, and that she works in his shop, presiding over the sale of *Weesper-moppen*, a kind of cooky. She is the leading *Weesper-moppen* seller in the Netherlands. "In America, no doubt, with her popularity, they would call her Miss Weesper-Moppen," said Mr. Landherr, "but in Holland we just call her Our Nel." He smiled fondly at Miss Van Vliet. "Backstroke champion in America was Helen Holm," said Mrs. Van Feggelen. "Besides the ladies," said Mr. Landherr, "we are sending to Michigan a barrel organ and a concert pianist. The backstroke champion," he said to Mrs. Van Feggelen, "was *Eleanor* Holm." "Ho," said Miss Van Vliet. "In the breast stroke," said Mr. Landherr, "Miss Van Vliet goes two hundred metres in two minutes forty-nine seconds. The best American time is three minutes seven seconds. In Holland, the breast stroke is most often done with the arms in the water, but over here there is more of a tendency to do the butterfly, which is a breast stroke with the arms out of the water." Mr. Landherr told us that Miss Van Vliet causes as much commotion on the streets in the Netherlands as a movie star does here. He attributes his country's attitude to a national inferiority complex. "The breast-stroke champion is our compensation for being little," he said. "Helen Holm does not swim now," said Mrs. Van Feggelen. Mr. Landherr informed us that Miss Van Vliet gets only a dollar a day spending money while she is in this country—a limit imposed by the Amateur Athletic Union—and that she has accepted no offers to appear in bathing suits. "Ho," she said. "In Holland," continued Mr. Landherr, "the most important sport is supposed to be gymnastics, but swimming is really the thing." We asked if Miss Van Vliet felt nervous about appearing here, and Mr. Landherr spoke to her briefly in Dutch. "She says that she is always uncertain before she jumps into a pool," he reported, and told us, incidentally, that her real name is Pietje but that she prefers Nel.

Query

A LARCHMONT mother recently took advantage of the arrival of a litter of puppies next door to give her seven-year-old son a conscientious preliminary briefing on some of the facts of life. She wound up, in the approved fashion, by asking him if he had any questions. With a show of diffidence, he said that there *was* one thing he wanted to know—how do people make bricks?

Muzak

IT suddenly came into our mind that we have never discussed Muzak in these columns, although it has been in-



"And what does your infallible sense of direction suggest now?"

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sinuating itself into our life for a long, long time now in a hushed and otherworldly manner. The realization led readily to the revelation that Muzak isn't something in Tibet but a corporation with offices at 229 Fourth Avenue. There we went, ending up in the cell of Mr. Richmond Cardinell, Muzak's research director, whom we found to be an intense, wiry man with an intense, wiry mustache. At the moment of our arrival, he was engaged in charting the musical tastes of some five hundred insurance-company employees while the strains of "Speak to Me of Love" sifted softly out of the woodwork. "That's our regular office program you hear," Mr. Cardinell told us, lighting a cigarette, taking two puffs, and hastily grinding it out. "Relaxes office tension." At Mr. Cardinell's invitation, we sat down and permitted ourself to be relaxed, and he told us that Muzak makes all the recordings it transmits and that it offers four basic programs—one for offices, one for restaurants and hotels, one for light industry, and one for heavy industry. The office program largely duplicates the well-known restaurant program but has a greater percentage of quiet, classical arrangements; light industry gets a high proportion of fluffy stuff; heavy industry gets rhythmical, stimulating compositions.

Since Muzak programs are transmitted without announcements of any kind, listeners seldom know what orchestra they are hearing; the company, however, takes pride in engaging, and condemning to anonymity, well-known directors—Ray Bloch, Carmen Cavallaro, and Xavier Cugat, for example—and their orchestras. The recordings are piped to local clients by telephone wire, and are shipped out to some fifty Muzak-franchise holders in this and neighboring countries for similar piping. All told, Muzak clients now number well over four thousand, of which about fifteen hundred are local. On the whole, franchise holders are required to stick to the programs and schedules worked out by the main office, but a certain leeway is permitted. Hillbilly music is injected into industrial programs in the South, and in Honolulu and Mexico City the restaurant programs include consider-able Hawaiian and Latin-American music, respectively—not, Cardinell told us, because of the home-town trade but because the tourists expect it.

Muzak's restaurant programs used to be rather hit-or-miss affairs, but now they are planned scientifically. "In the morning, we start with light, bouncy stuff," Cardinell said. "Dance music and old favorites. About eleven A.M., we make a transition to luncheon music—semi-classical and light concert stuff. About the middle of the afternoon, we start sneaking in some cocktail music, with the emphasis on novelties. Around six, we fade into—well, into dinner music. After dinner, we transish again, into a dance mood—not stuff to dance to but stuff that suggests dancing. We keep that up all night." Muzak has more than four thousand numbers in its repertory, including assorted arrangements of old standbys, like "Annie Laurie" and "San Antonio Rose." It has "Annie Laurie," for instance, played as a novelty, by the Adrian Rollini Trio; as a concert selection, by Louis Katzman's orchestra; as an organ solo, by Audrey Lynn; and as a swingy fox trot, by Merle Pitt and his orchestra. Debussy, Ravel, and other classical composers are represented mainly in capsule form; that is, by their most familiar melodic passages. Muzak has no vocals among its transcriptions—too distracting. "The thing about Muzak," Cardinell said, "is you've got to be able to hear it without listening. No quick transitions, no sudden changes of key, not too much background spinach. Music you can eat to, shave to, work to, but not listen to."

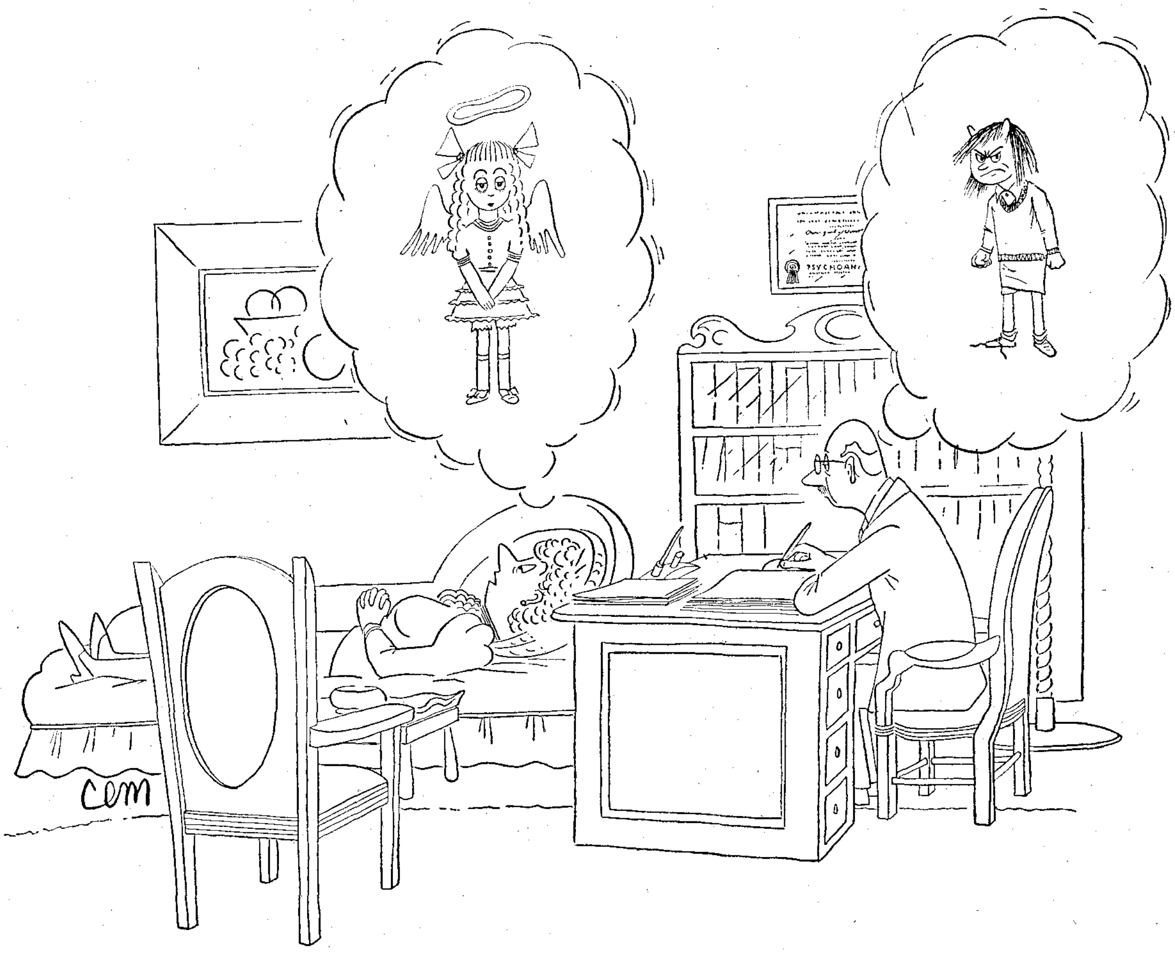
The Yale Club and Coty's Salon are Muzak subscribers; an employment bureau has it to calm job seekers; and a Brooklyn dentist has it to soothe patients (restaurant program). The company provides a number of custom programs—organ music for the Waldorf; skating music for the Radio City rink, in season. With the guidance of the home office, a franchise holder in St. Louis has arranged a program for funeral parlors that is going over big out there. "Nothing too light and bubbly," Cardinell told us. "No waltz music. On the other hand, we've tried to keep from being too depressing. You don't want people breaking down the minute they walk in."

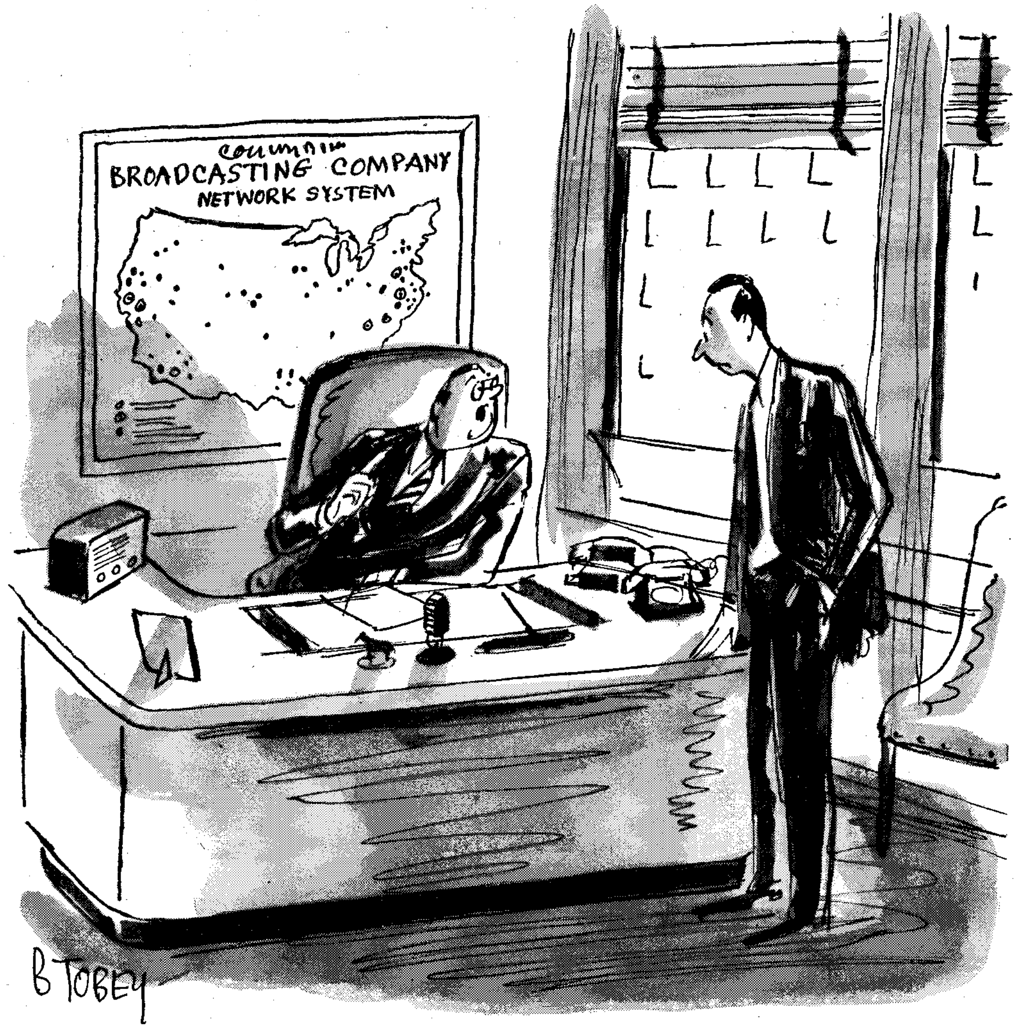
Draw

ONE recent morning, Encyclopædia Britannica Films, which makes serious educational movies, sent some photographers down the Bay to take pictures of tugboats—an entirely innocent project, and about what one would expect Encyclopædia Britannica Films to be up to on a fine summer day. The next morning, the company got a phone call from Army Intelligence. "We understand that some of your men have been taking pictures in the vicinity of Army installations in the Harbor," a stern voice said to the switchboard operator, "and we'd like to know exactly what you were photographing, and why." "I'm sorry, sir," the girl said, not a whit less sternly, "but I'm not allowed to give out that information." There the matter rests, at this writing.

Début

THE latest local automotive event, a preview of the Tucker '48 rear-engine car at the Museum of Science and Industry, found us on the job, keeping abreast. The vehicle of honor, colored an iridescent red, stood, spotlighted, on a round platform. The surrounding walls bore blue banners reading, "Tucker '48 Will Usher In a New Era of Safety in Motoring," "Talk About Tucker '48—Everyone Is!," and "America Awaits a Date with the Tucker '48." Just as we started to talk about Tucker '48 with a gentleman from East Orange, who is to become a dealer, four splendidly set-up girls—two in black dresses and two in white—mounted the platform, which suddenly began to revolve. The girls proceeded to busy themselves with the Tucker '48. Two of them kept getting into it and getting out of it, another held one of its doors open, and the fourth picked up a suitcase and stowed it, with many an affectionate pat, in the luggage compartment, which is in front, where the engine usually is. "You can be sure your luggage will get there ahead of you," a man at our elbow said loudly. (We later identified him as an employee of the Roy Durstine advertising agency, which handles the Tucker account.) The suitcase fondler, a willowy blonde, strolled to the rear of the car, lifted the hood, and stared at the engine—rather un-





"I'm sorry that we can't do anything about a raise for you now, Morgan, but our script department might be interested in that story about your family troubles."

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comprehendingly, it seemed to us. "There's Preston Tucker himself," our dealer friend said as a tall, handsome, clean-shaven, tight-lipped, curly-haired man wearing a dark-blue suit and brown-and-white wing-tipped shoes entered the Museum, tailed by a retinue. "They screened us pretty close in California," he was saying. "They were rough on us. I can't sell stock there now, but I've taken a writ of mandamus against California. It was one of the best territories we had on dealers." Addressing a larger audience, he went on to say that the Tucker '48 weighs nearly three thousand pounds, of which nine hundred consist of aluminum and other light metals, that it will sell for $1,845 at the Chicago factory, and that it has a twenty-four-volt electrical system instead of the customary six-volter. "The six-volt battery is not enough," he said, "now that cars have radios, defrosters, cigar lighters, and so on. Twenty-four volts will give the public a better break. We've got proper weight and balance distribution for the first time. Our gas mileage will be phenomenal when it's announced." Pressed to announce it right away by a representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Mr. Tucker shook his head. "I'm saving that up for a swinger blow if I get into any more trouble," he said. "I'll bring that up from the basement." "Thirty miles to the gallon," a man behind us whispered. "Charlie Schwartz, the broker," a walrus-mustached man behind *him* whispered. "Made millions in the Dodge deal." "Ben Sonnenberg, the publicity man," a man behind the walrus-mustached man whispered.

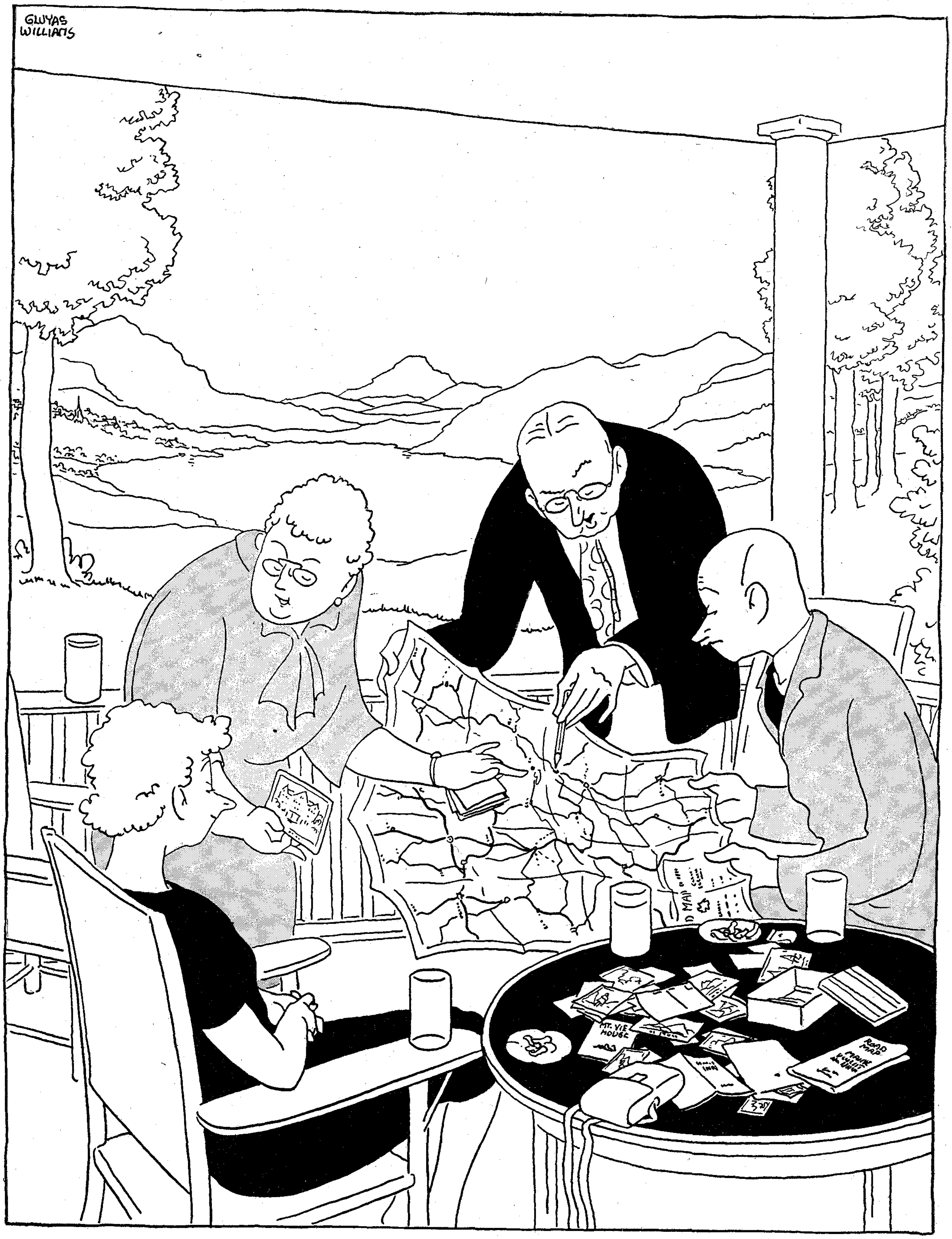
In a three-minute interview with Mr. Tucker, we learned that he was born in 1903, in Capac, Michigan, the son of a railroad engineer, who died when Preston was three. Tucker went to work at thirteen, after school hours and during summer vacations, at the Cadillac factory in Detroit. Later he went through every department at Ford, then moved over to Studebaker. "I began rebuilding used cars in my twenties," he told us, "and eventually became a partner of the late Harry Miller, who made racing cars. I began work on the Tucker twenty years ago. After the war, during which I designed power-operated gun turrets, I really went ahead with it. I believe the front engine is a carryover—puts too much weight in front. We'll be in production by the end of the year, come hell or high water." A man from the Durstine agency whisked Tucker onto the turntable, the four models scampered off, and he began to diddle with the luggage compartment. We turned to a large bin, placarded "164,000 Unsolicited Letters from Two Newspaper Ads in 26 Cities," which looked as if it did indeed contain that number of missives. The first six we read ran as follows:

> Would you please send me the imformation on the new Tucker. How much it will cost. Everything. Thankyou.
>
> I am very much Interested in your Car, and would like to know when your Car is comming on the Market and who is going to have the Agency in Buffolo.
>
> Would like to own a Tucker 48. Please give information covering Purchaise.
>
> If possible to send pamphlets of which looks to be a beautiful car, I would appreate very much.
>
> I would like to know . . . what prosedier is used in ordering.
>
> Reading big advertisement in N.Y. Time bout that new wonderful "Tucker" 48 carr, I got very much Interestit in that new carr. Will you please, let me know more aboud this new carr.

In fairness to all, we must report that the seventh letter we picked up—a request for information from Darragh A. Park, a vice-president of the Manufacturers Trust Company—was orthographically irreproachable.

Feet of Clay

A YOUNG bachelor spent last weekend with an aunt in Connecticut, a maiden lady widely noted for the severe and meticulous hand with which she conducts her household. That she is fallible, however, was revealed to him when, having developed a mild headache, he sought a remedy in her medicine cabinet. He found row after row of bottles, all, as was more or less to be expected, bearing neat and precise handwritten labels—precise, that is, except for one, which bore the legend "Aspirin, I think."


GLUYAS WILLIAMS
MT. VIE HOUSE
ROAD MAP

THE VISITING PUBLIC

The touring guests who spend all their time giving a play-by-play account of where they've been and where they're going.

ROSEHEATH

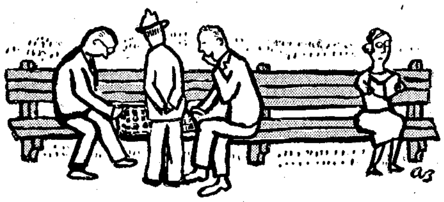
MR. and Mrs. Heywood had six forthright and erratic children, and the doors and windows of Roseheath were never locked. The Heywood children dictated the uses of the house and grounds, and their parents fell in with this generously. They turned the stables into badminton courts and built, in the middle twenties, a large swimming pool. The neighborhood tennis tournaments were held on the Heywoods' courts, and Mr. and Mrs. Heywood made it clear that their house and grounds were for the use of everyone their children knew. This accommodating and affectionate environment provoked recklessness and desperation in the Heywood children. One by one, each of them left home, met with disaster, and never returned. Carol married a middle-aged bartender her second year at Bryn Mawr, Pete flunked out of medical school, Lucille had a nervous breakdown and was confined to a sanatorium in Boston, Harry became a drunkard, Eugenia went to England during the war and fell in love with a married man, and Malcolm was killed in a senseless automobile accident. The aged and saddened couple continued to leave Roseheath open to the friends of their children. The summer after the war, when the beaches were crowded and the club was filled with strangers, the tranquil pool at Roseheath remained unchanged, but even this was to go. The Heywoods sold the place, without telling anyone, and stole off to California. A family named Field or Fields bought it, and this ambiguous name deepened the neighbors' sorrow, for they had not only lost Roseheath but had presumably lost it to someone obscure and unworthy of the life that had been lived there. The sale of Roseheath affected perhaps a dozen couples. The people who seemed to feel the loss most were Ethel and Dana Wilcox.

People said of Ethel Wilcox that she was good and sweet. Her father had been an alcoholic and her mother had been involved in a scandal, and Ethel's plain face and her readiness to laugh and the fact that she had had an unhappy childhood prompted women to say, "Ethel is a good, dear, sweet creature." She married Dana Wilcox, from Baltimore, and of her husband they all said, "He's so smart! That Dana Wilcox is so smart!" Dana was six feet seven and in his early thirties, and he enjoyed sailing. If the conversation was about foreign automobiles, he would break into it with "I don't know anything about automobiles, but I've managed every kind of sailing craft there is and I know every rock in Northeast Harbor." If the conversation was about railroad trains, he would say, "I don't know anything about trains, but I've managed every kind of sailing craft there is and I know every rock in Northeast Harbor." The Wilcoxes had been warm friends of the Heywood children and of their parents. "I feel as if I'd lost my own father and mother," Ethel often said, "and if I can't swim in that pool this summer, I'll die."

The mysterious Field or Fields family moved in in the spring. Ethel tried to discover who they were, but she was never even to be sure of their initials. The name was vaguely associated for her with actresses, cut-rate drugs, and orchestra leaders. "If you were going to make up a name," she said, "it's the sort of name you'd pick." When the weather grew hot, Ethel would not swim at the crowded beach but sat on her scorched lawn and thought of Roseheath.

One evening in August, the Wilcoxes went to a large party given for someone's mother. Ethel disliked the guest of honor, and, having paid her respects briefly, she sat down on a sofa beside a stout, gray-haired woman, a solid, reassuring type who, when the conversation turned to the sorrows of change, spoke emphatically. "We used to drink so little and dance so much!" she exclaimed. "We used to wear those hard satin slippers and dance through them in an evening, and my ball dresses used to be splinters up to the knee. We used to have the most divine dresses, with panniers and trains and those cloth flowers from Paris. Of course, the trains were hazardous. I tripped on mine while I was dancing the Castle Walk with Hamilton Fish and fractured my skull." She stood up, and when Ethel asked her name, she said, "I'm Mrs. Field. We've bought the Heywood place."

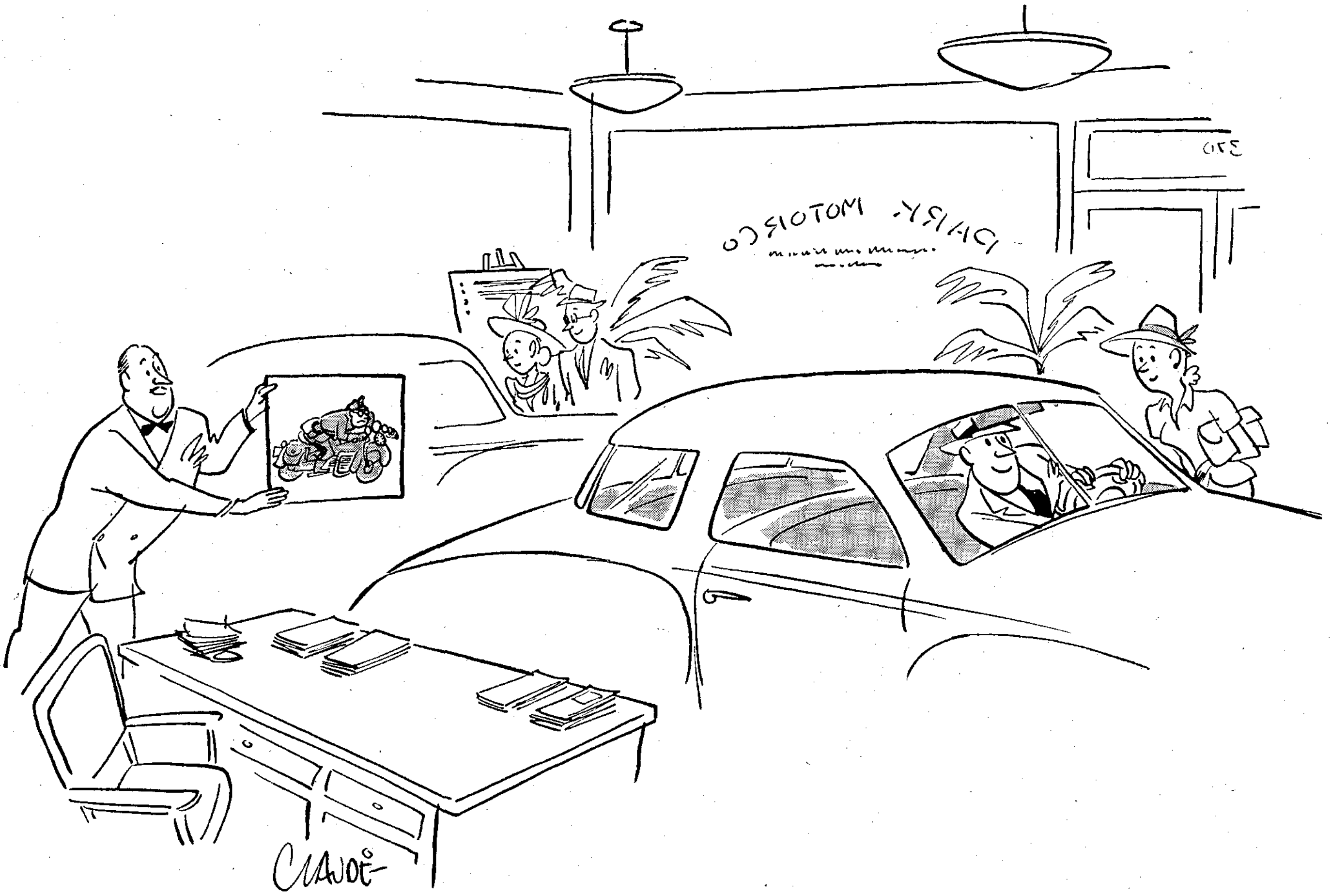
Ethel was so pleased with her discovery that she went to tell Dana. She found him with a dry gentleman who was discussing his collection of Princeton memorabilia. When he had finished describing a manuscript copy of "Old Nassau," Ethel was introduced to Mr. Field. The sullen blonde on his left was his daughter-in-law, and the correct young man on his right was his son Roger, who was about Dana's age. "I'm so delighted to meet you!" Ethel cried. "We were afraid you were going to be Armenians."



A few days after the party, while Dana was waiting for the morning train, he saw Roger Field on the platform and spoke to him. They sat together on the train and discussed the Heywoods and the neighborhood. "I go in to the city only three days a week now," Roger said. "I'm not working. I'm being analyzed. We've all been analyzed. That is, everyone but my wife. She won't go to Dr. Willet. I think she should, but she won't. Mother's been analyzed twice. She plays the violin now. Dr. Willet thinks it might help her. Dad finished his analysis in '43, but he still goes to Dr. Willet on Fridays. One of the reasons we came East was because Dr. Willet came East." Roger said all this casually, and any shock Dana might have felt was dispelled when he said goodbye in the station. "If Sunday's a fine day, you must come swimming," he said. "The gardener tells us that you and your wife used to use the pool, and we feel very selfish keeping it to ourselves. So if Sunday's a fine day, please come."

SUNDAY was hot and fair, and after lunch the Wilcoxes put their tennis rackets and bathing suits in the car and went to the club to play tennis. The place was filled with strangers, and when Ethel and Dana had finished their game, they were glad to leave. They drove down the back road to Roseheath. The gates were open, as they had always been; the flower beds along the driveway were unchanged; the doors and windows of the big house were open, with the curtains flying; and Dana parked his car by the old stables, as he had always done. As the Wilcoxes walked toward the pool, they could hear Mrs. Field's voice. She was counting. The water reflected her voice faintly, and the sound reminded them of other summer afternoons.

The pool was screened from the rest of the grounds by a dense hedge, and when the Wilcoxes went around the hedge that afternoon they found the Fields resting in the same iron furniture that the Heywoods had used, except for Roger, who was in the water, hanging to the edge of the pool. The others were spread around the end of the pool, and there was that pleasant



absence of self-consciousness about them that marks an amiable family. "We're so terribly glad you decided to come," Mrs. Field said. She was knitting. Mr. Field was in his bathing shorts and a canvas hat with air vents in the crown. Young Mrs. Field, like her mother-in-law, was bundled in a wrap made of towelling. She had smoked glasses on, and a wide-brimmed hat. Roger called hello.

The Wilcoxes went to the bathhouse at the foot of the lawn and changed into their bathing suits, and then went back and sat on the grass beside the Fields. They were welcome, they felt. It was as though the family, with an invisible gesture, had let them come in. Roger continued to cling to the side of the pool. "Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven," Mrs. Field said, counting stitches. "I'm knitting a sweater for my seven-year-old granddaughter. She's at camp." She held up the beginnings of a sweater. "Don't you think she'll be stunning in this color?" she asked her daughter-in-law.

"Yes," the young Mrs. Field said without turning her head.

"I think it will go so well with her eyes," Mrs. Field said, apparently to herself.

"Would you like to play some tennis before you swim?" Mr. Field asked the Wilcoxes.

"We've been playing," Dana said. "Of course, if you'd like to play . . ."

"No, not if you've been playing," Mr. Field said. "This sun is too hot for that much tennis. Do you know anything about this pool, by the way? We've had some trouble with the pump machinery."

"I don't know anything about machinery," Dana said. "I don't know anything about automobiles or electrical motors or radios, but I've managed every kind of sailing craft there is and I know every rock in Northeast Harbor."

"It's heavenly to be here," Ethel said. "The beach at the club is crowded, and we don't know a soul there. We went there for dinner on Thursday night and couldn't get a table. I've been paying dues for fifteen years, and Mother gave them the tapestries in the lounge, and the dining room is full of people you've never seen before—people who got rich yesterday."

"I must tell you that we were worried when we heard the Heywoods had sold Roseheath," Dana said. "Some Greek in the garment business bought the Marston place last year."

"They've ruined the garden," Ethel said. "It breaks my heart."

"Eight, nine, ten, eleven," Mrs. Field said. A maid came to her across the lawn and said there was a Mrs. Frazier on the telephone. "Tell her I've gone motoring," Mrs. Field said. She shook her knitting, and the maid returned to the house.

"Since I can't interest anyone in tennis, I think I'll take a dip," Mr. Field said. He unbuttoned his shorts, let them fall to the ground, and stepped out of them. Wearing nothing but his canvas hat, he went to the edge of the pool and, kneeling there beside Ethel, scooped some yellow leaves out of the water.

"The water ought to be delicious," Mrs. Field said, and frowned at her knitting. "We had it changed yesterday." She pressed her knitting into her lap and looked up abruptly. "Don't tell anyone. There's a shortage of water and the town authorities have asked us not to change the water very often, but I can't stand a warm pool."

"The Heywoods used to feel that way," Ethel said. Her voice was strained. "Mrs. Heywood used to say," she went on nervously, shrilly, conscious of the naked man at her side, "Mrs. Heywood used to say that she'd rather have her garden wither than swim in tepid water. I can remember seeing these lawns scorched! I can remember seeing these lawns burned! I can remember seeing this lawn when it was burned from there to there! And the flowers!"

"Cold water is so enthralling," Mr. Field said. There was a splash as he dived into the pool, and this signal of his disappearance relieved Ethel. She lit a cigarette.

"I *think* I'll go in," Mrs. Field said. "I haven't been in today." She put her knitting on the grass and stood up. "That's an enchanting bathing suit you have on, my dear," she told Ethel. "We don't wear bathing suits, you know. Dr. Willet thinks it's so good for us." She walked toward the pool. She was of that generation that was taught to walk in school, and she moved with small, light steps. She took off her robe and descended slowly into the water. "I wish you could decide about Wednesday," she said to her husband. She began to swim, using the breast stroke. "I thought if we had chicken for dinner on Tuesday, we could have chicken hash for lunch on Wednesday, if you and Roger are going to be home."

Dana watched as Roger pulled himself out of the pool. He also was naked. "You know," he told the Wilcoxes, "I've been swimming for fifteen years and my kick is still bad."

"It's a good idea to practice a flutter kick on a board," Ethel said. She stared into his eyes as he came toward her. "If you get an old aquaplane or some kind of board and practice your flutter kick on that. If you practice. If you keep practicing on a board."

"I think I'll go in," Dana said.

"I'm going to try the diving board," Ethel said.

Dana dived and swam the length of the pool, and when he came up, Ethel was standing on the diving board. There was a loud shuddering of wood as the board, relieved of its weight, flew into the air. Ethel made a clumsy dive. She swam to the edge of the pool and climbed up to the diving board again, wondering how long it would be before they could leave politely. Dana swam the length of the pool twice more and climbed out at the end, where young Mrs. Field was sitting.

"That sun's hot," he said.

"I hate the sun," the young woman said. "I don't tan. I freckle. Whenever I sit in the sun, I have to cover myself."

"Cigarette?"

"No, thanks," she said. "I think I'll go in." There was the crash of the diving board, and Ethel flew through the air. Young Mrs. Field waited until Dana dived from the board. Then she took off her hat and her smoked glasses and stepped into the shadow of the trees that now touched the side of the pool. She loosened and dropped her robe. Her figure was lovely and her skin was alarmingly white. There was nothing brisk or athletic about her dive, and she swam indolently through the water.

Ethel was tired and winded, but she continued to dive, so that she would not have to look at the naked men and women around her. As she pulled herself out of the pool, she heard a startling exchange of conversation from the water below.

"We have a convert, dear," young Mrs. Field called to her mother-in-law.

"Well, we often swim in the buff when we're sailing," Dana called in his boyish and earnest voice, "but I must say that the water at Northeast is a lot colder than this!" His wet swimming shorts came sailing through the air and landed on the grass near the diving board. He surface-dived, came up, and spouted a mouthful of water. Ethel floundered off the board and swam to his side. "We've got to go, dear," she told him.

"Why?" Dana asked.

"I told them at the house that we'd be back at five and it's nearly that now. We've got to go," she called to Mrs. Field.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Field said. She turned to her husband. "Isn't this the most delicious hour of the day?" she asked.

Dana put on his trunks when he climbed out of the pool, and the Wilcoxes returned to the bathhouse and dressed without speaking. Ethel put on her lipstick in the central room, where there was a large mirror, and Dana waited for her there. He could see the Fields from the open door of the bathhouse. They had left the water, covered themselves with robes and bath sheets, and gathered again at the edge of the pool. They were talking comfortably to themselves and to one another—talking, it seemed, to the shadows that had begun to cross the water and to the crows in the pines. Ethel massaged her face, so that her smile would appear natural when she said goodbye to the Fields—goodbye and thank you and goodbye to Roseheath forever. —JOHN CHEEVER

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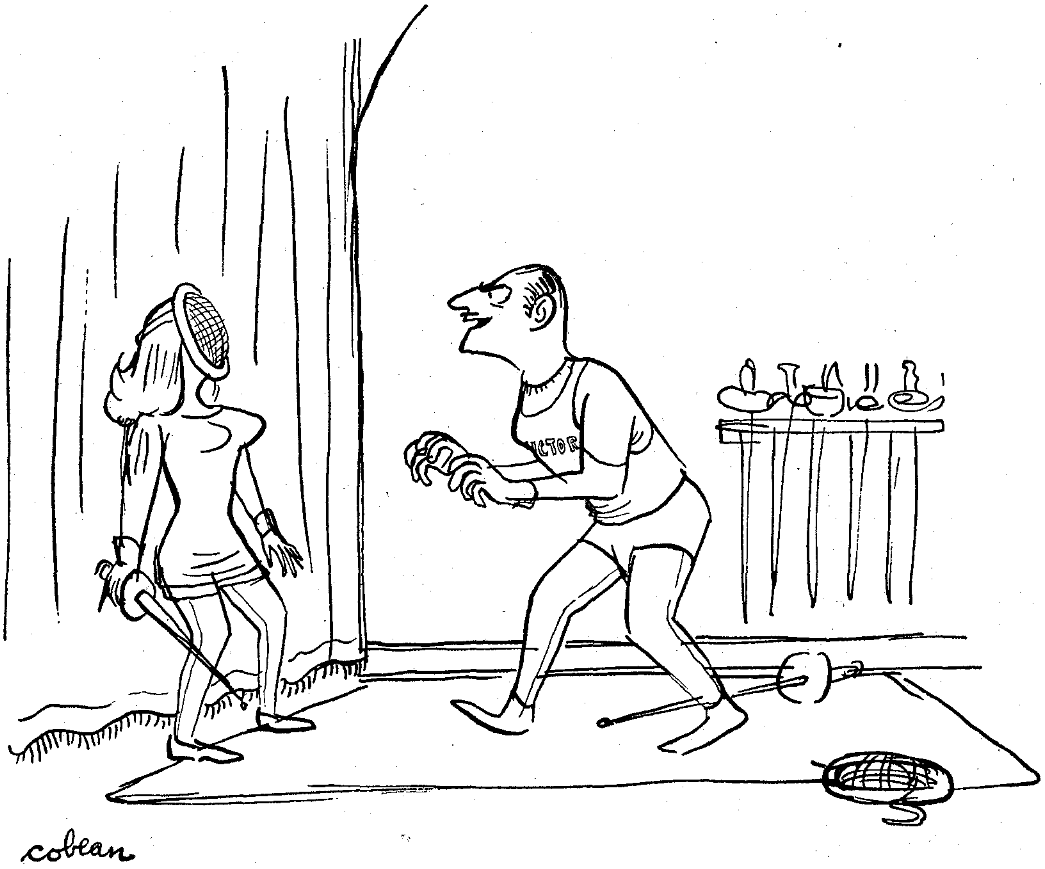
His right eye, with a small patch covering one cut, looked as though Maxwell Parrish had thrown all his purple paints in Rocky's face.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Or possibly Maxfield Anderson.



"En garde!"

MINNIE'S ROOM

MINNIE was an ugly little Londoner who had been cook to the Sothern family for twenty-five years. She had come to them "just a raw girl," as Mrs. Sothern was fond of explaining. The way she said it made Minnie sound like a lump of something dreadfully unappetizing that Mrs. Sothern's skill had converted into a masterpiece of a dish. The words seemed to imply that the Sothern ladies, between them, had taught Minnie everything she knew. The truth was that Minnie was that extremely rare thing among the English, a natural magnificent cook, who would have found her medium and her style whatever happened. Before the war, her dinners were memorable, and Mr. Sothern would say to his wife that though Minnie's cooking was, of course, nothing like the French, when it came to something solid, like a roast bird or a perfect bit of salmon, you couldn't beat the English. He was a big man, leaning, with Minnie's assistance, toward corpulence. All the Sotherns were substantially built, and their house in Bayswater was veiled with muffling plush curtains and full of large, softly curved objects filled with down, covered with rosy glazed chintz, or padded with leather. Even the china figures in the drawing-room cabinets contributed to the overstuffed effect, representing, as they did, bonny, plump shepherdesses and well-fed sheep. When you entered the front door and planted your feet on the thick Turkey carpet, you breathed comfortable virtues in the air along with a whiff of whatever delicious food Minnie was cooking.

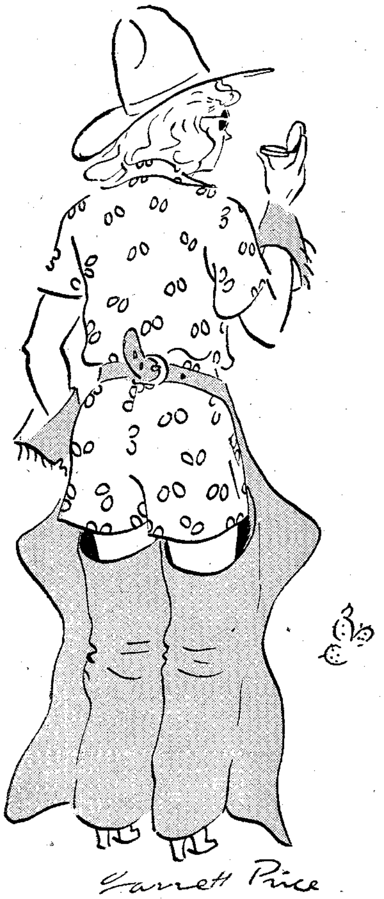
Since the war, the Sotherns had visibly shrunk. The ruddy skin of Mr. Sothern's face began to hang loosely here and there, like a too large overcoat worn by too small a man. Mrs. Sothern was the only member of the family who was still stout—stouter, if anything—for she had developed heart trouble and was an invalid. Her daughter, Norah, did everything—changed the library books, stood in the queues, and exercised the Cairn terrier in Kensington Gardens. In the old days, City friends of Norah's brother, Maurice, had sometimes looked at his sister thoughtfully as they leaned back after one of Minnie's excellent dinners and accepted a cigar from the old man. But now her big-boned figure had a settled, spinsterish look as she came back from her walks through the leafy squares, the little dog at her heels, to the Sothern house, which had escaped the bombing but looked somehow deflated, shabbier, like its owners. When she turned the key in the lock and opened the front door, the Cairn ran in happily, knowing no comparisons, feeling no difference in the air as he trotted upstairs and jumped up on the faded glazed roses at Mrs. Sothern's feet.

ONE day in May, when the square was alight with lilac and laburnum, the little dog trotted upstairs as usual and bounded to his place on the sofa, but the expected caress did not come. Surprised, he turned his little brindled snout toward the more expressive end of Mrs. Sothern, who, taking no notice of him, flung out her hand toward Norah, entering with the shopping basket.

"One might as well talk to a stone!" she cried.

Norah set down her basket. "You've spoken to her, then?" she said.

"Spoken!" Mrs. Sothern's plump, ringed hand pawed the air, and emotion worked her flushed face. "My dear girl, I've been practically on my knees. I put everything up to her—my health, the way you have to slave already, the fondness we all have for her. 'Mr. Sothern is devoted to you, Minnie,' I said."



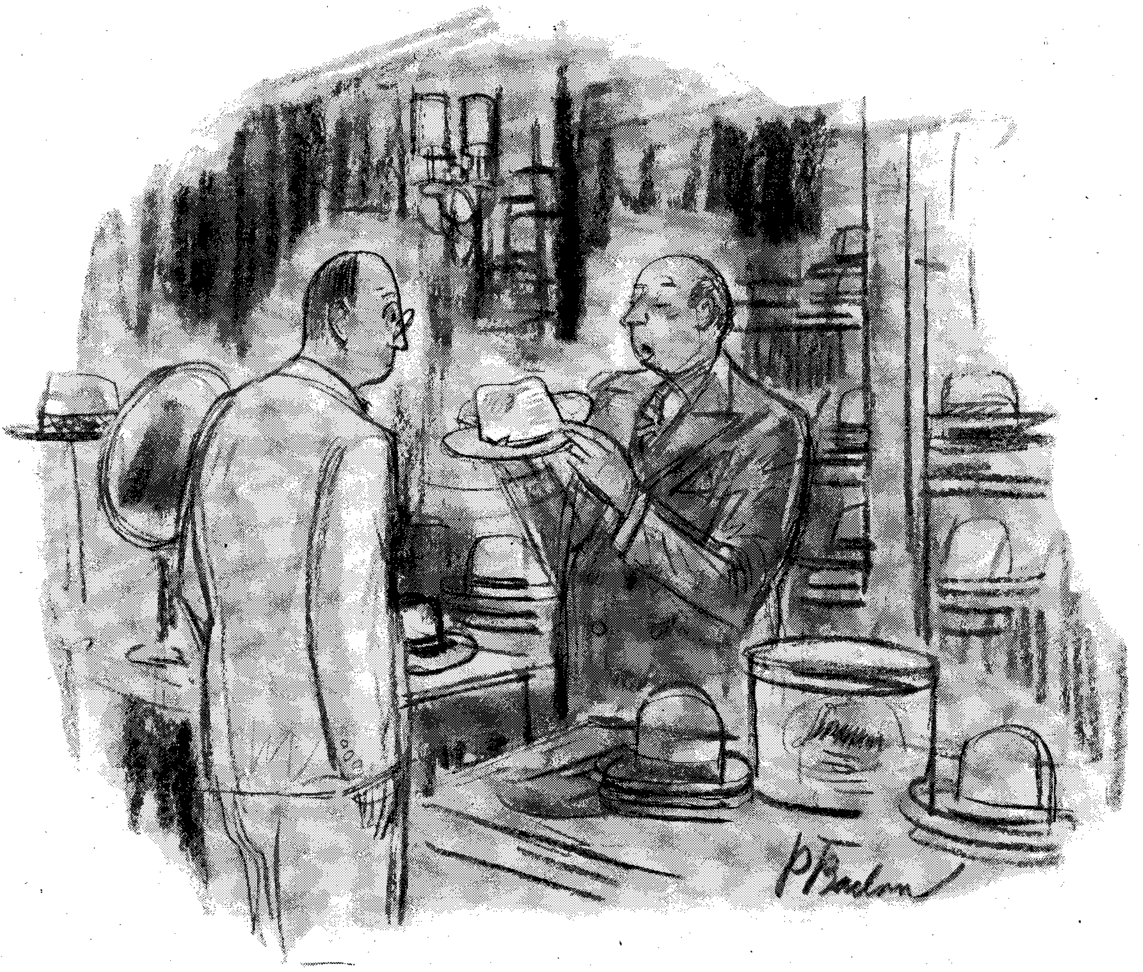
"She seems to have made her mind up, all right," Norah said, calmly enough. She lit a cigarette. There's nothing for it now, she thought, but to close this place and go to live in a hotel. But it will kill them, she thought. Mother will be lost without her big bedroom, with its familiar mahogany bed, the family photographs in silver frames, the curtains blowing out toward the smell of lilac and the sound of a barrel organ playing in the square, and Dusty curled up in his basket by the brass firedogs. And poor Daddy, who likes the feeling that he can walk around the house blindfolded and lay his hand on his cigars, his boot trees, and his Dickens—how can he turn into one of the anonymous old men one sees uneasily drinking tea at little wicker tables in hotel lounges?

"Maurice must talk to her this evening," Mrs. Sothern was saying. "She's always adored Maurice."

"I don't think it will make any difference, somehow," Norah said. "After all, she always said this would happen, didn't she?"

"As though one ever took her seriously!" moaned her mother.

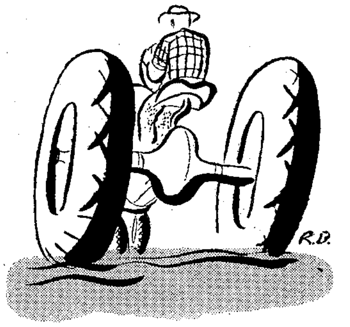
Minnie was leaving them. The unbelievable had happened. Her beautiful dinners were long ago a thing of the past, of course, but she was still an artist with what there was to cook. Mr. Sothern sometimes observed that when one dined out in restaurants, everything tasted the same and one got up as hungry as one sat down, but at home Minnie managed to make food taste like food. Though the dry, red skin was loose now on Mr. Sothern's jaw, he did well enough. The other maids had gone long since, and Minnie and Norah did the work between them. Everyone envied the Sotherns for having Minnie. She had her one little oddity, though, her harmless bee in the bonnet. She had often told Mrs. Sothern that if she had not married by the time she was forty-five, she intended to leave private service and take a room of her own somewhere. The family had laughed occasionally about Minnie's room. "Someone will marry her, confound him, for her apple pie alone," Maurice had said lazily one Sunday lunch before the war as he poured cream over his second helping. But no man had asked for Minnie. Even during the war and the blackout, when London was full of lonely men thousands of miles from their women and looking hungrily for any waist to circle, any bosom to lean their heads against, Minnie had trotted home on her evenings out with no footsteps following, halting, and following hopefully again behind her. Fortunately for the Sotherns, no hint of her superb ability to keep a man's digestion tranquil and his temper perfect appeared in her tiny, sad marmoset's face. "Poor Minnie, we are really her whole world," Mrs. Sothern had said one day to her daughter, sighing with compunction as they paused and listened to the radio floating up from the basement, a vast, Victorian catacomb, in which the solitary Minnie seemed to rattle about.


"It's our Sans Souci model, if you really want to let yourself go . . ."

However, only the night before this lilac-tossing, perfect May afternoon, Mrs. Sothern's assumption proved to have been false. It was Minnie's birthday, her forty-fifth, and in the evening, after dinner, she came upstairs and tapped at the door of Mr. Sothern's study, where he was sitting doing the *Times* crossword. It was for fear of upsetting Mrs. Sothern's heart that she came to him first, Minnie explained. If it would suit them, she said, she would like to leave at the end of June, when the room for which she had spoken would be empty. She looked at him at one moment as though she were contemplating saying something about her feelings for his family and their long time together, but it was no good; she had no means of expressing herself except through those lyrical meals that she had been creating for them for twenty-five years. She withdrew to the catacomb. Forgetting Minnie's prudence, Mr. Sothern charged upstairs to find his wife, who was already in bed. Norah came up; Maurice came down, attracted by the uproar, from talking to one of his friends on the extension telephone in his bedroom. He was still unmarried, and lived a life of which his family knew very little. "Good Lord!" he said. "So she really meant it!" Hard luck on the parents, he thought. He assumed immediately that, without Minnie, the house must go. He could dig in somewhere; only the other day Miles Carrington had asked him to share a flat with him. But what would the parents do? Hard luck on poor old Norah, too, he thought, looking at his sister's worried face and the gray in her hair under the electric light. She was tied to the old people forever; she hadn't a hope now. "A room of her own!" Mr. Sothern was saying angrily. "Hasn't she a room here, perfectly decent and comfortable? She must have gone out of her mind!" Yes, wailed Mrs. Sothern from the bed, Minnie was plainly demented. How could she keep herself on her own, for one thing? "By daily cooking," growled Mr. Sothern, and there was a stricken silence. It was an unfurnished room, he added, in a district too far from Bayswater to make it even possible that Minnie would come to them by the day. She had been getting things together for it, piece by piece, for years, tucking away every penny and every present they had given her, cherishing every chipped and battered remnant of furniture that had been thrown out from the upstairs world and had found its way down to the basement.

In the middle of the confusion, Dusty began to scratch urgently on the door, as a signal that it was past his time for a stroll to the letter box. Rather glad to escape, Norah went down with him. As she passed through the hall, she heard Minnie's radio playing a dance tune, loud and gay. One knows nothing about anyone, thought Norah. It had been raining lightly. She stepped out into the twilight after the pattering small dog and strolled under the trees, enjoying the quiet and the smell of the damp earth beneath the lilac bushes after the agitated scene in her mother's bedroom.

It was the next morning that Mrs. Sothern decided Maurice must talk to Minnie, but it made no difference, as Norah had foreseen. He was perfectly amiable about "having a try." He lounged down to Minnie's quarters after dinner, which had been a melancholy meal, but he returned with scant comfort for the gloomy little party in the drawing room. Minnie had said, he reported, that she would be sorry to leave them indeed and that she realized what a fix she was putting them in, especially Miss Norah. “Well?” said Mr. Sothern impatiently. That, said Maurice, was exactly what he had asked. “Well?” he had said to Minnie hopefully, and though he did not enlarge on this to his family, through his head had suddenly shot the possible explanation of her decision to leave them. By Jove, he had thought, has she got a man somewhere? It seemed incredible. She was such an ugly little devil. But nothing in that line, after all, should surprise one. He had amused himself with his idea as he sat there on the edge of the kitchen table, listening to Minnie's answer, which he later translated for the benefit of his relations. If a woman got to a certain age without finding a husband and kids, Minnie's philosophy stated, she ought to have something of her own, even if it were only one room that belonged to nobody else. She had made up her mind to it ever since she could remember. “I wouldn't never respect myself again if I didn't stick to it, Mr. Maurice,” she had said. He had nodded, still playing with the notion that it might be a man, after all. Though he knew it was really preposterous, it made him feel somehow warm and friendly toward Minnie, and his smile was almost knowing as he said, “Well, good luck, whatever you decide,” and went upstairs again with his tidings to the desolate outpost in the drawing room.



THE next few weeks were rather dreadful ones for the Sotherns. Norah, who had determined to keep the house going at any cost, visited employment agencies and explained the Sotherns' needs to unimpressed women presiding over dog-eared ledgers that had a disconcerting look of being theatrical props, full of false names. Mrs. Sothern was more than usually querulous; nothing was right, and Norah's heart sank when she thought what it would be like after Minnie left. One day, at Minnie's invitation, she accompanied her to inspect the new room. It was at the top of a gaunt house on the south side of the river. Minnie proudly introduced Miss Sothern to the present tenant, a quavering old woman who was going to live with a newly widowed daughter in the suburbs. “Oh, I suppose you would have thought it rather awful,” Norah said that evening to her mother, but she had been struck by Minnie's large and opulent air of showing her around a mansion. There was a big lime tree growing in the street, just opposite the window. “In the hot weather, I shall get the smell lovely,” Minnie had said. Mrs. Sothern brightened faintly for the first time after hearing Norah's description. How could anyone put up with one sordid room, she suggested, after having the run, more or less, of the Sotherns' large, comfortable house. Given a month or two, Minnie would certainly be back. Norah was silent.

The last dinner Minnie cooked for the Sotherns was a memorable meal, with every member of the family's pet weakness remembered. It had the awful solemnity of a final sacrament, and nobody could swallow it, though, as Maurice sensibly reflected, this was probably the last decent food they would see in the house for some time. He had made arrangements to live with a friend, so that it would be lighter for poor Norah, but he would be coming back two nights a week to see how the old people were getting on. During a particularly oppressive silence, he observed, “After all, everybody's got the right to live the life they want to.”

“Damn it!” exploded Mr. Sothern. “We ought to be life enough for her! She oughtn't to need anything else.”

His words were the naked, shameless expression of what they were all secretly thinking, and they felt as though the master's goaded bellow had stripped them as bare as a party of Greek marble statues sitting around the mahogany board. They avoided each other's eyes. After the appalling meal was over, Norah slipped away to the kitchen. She had fetched from her room a small Sheffield tea caddy, which she had bought the day before in an antique shop near Paddington. It was to be her parting present to Minnie, who burst out crying when she received it.

“I'm going to miss you all terrible,” she said.

She dried her eyes and looked with pleasure at the little box, from which she promised to make tea for Norah any time Miss Sothern felt like taking the bus ride over. For a while, Minnie would not need to work, for she had saved up a bit. Norah could imagine her sitting in the summer twilights, the tea caddy beside her, looking out of the open window at the green cloud of the lime tree. The kitchen windows were open now, and people's footsteps echoed on the pavements as they passed the railings. Norah could see a woman's short, bare legs hurrying along, a man's longer stride keeping up more leisurely. Minnie stood holding her tea caddy, facing Norah across the kitchen table.

“I'll be thinking of you all tomorrow evening,” she said.

For a moment, Norah had the most extraordinary emotion, a frightful pang of purest envy. She could hardly trust her voice to speak in its usual pleasant accents. As soon as she could finish with Minnie, she hurried from the kitchen. It was a warm evening, and the big, overcrowded house seemed very stuffy. Nostalgic Chopin sounded from the drawing-room floor; Maurice played rather well. Mr. Sothern, his back turned to the room, was staring gloomily out into the square. On her sofa, Mrs. Sothern was going through the motions of setting out a game of Patience, but she dropped the cards as Norah entered.

“You've been talking to Minnie?” she said. “Any hope, dear?”

Maurice stopped playing; Mr. Sothern half turned his head, but only for a moment. Poor old Norah, thought Maurice, it's really hard luck. He returned to his Chopin, and the music continued for some time to sigh and murmur and ask the bewildered, plaintive questions they were all asking themselves, in their own ways, as dusk came in from the square, where the dusty lilacs were purple and white no longer.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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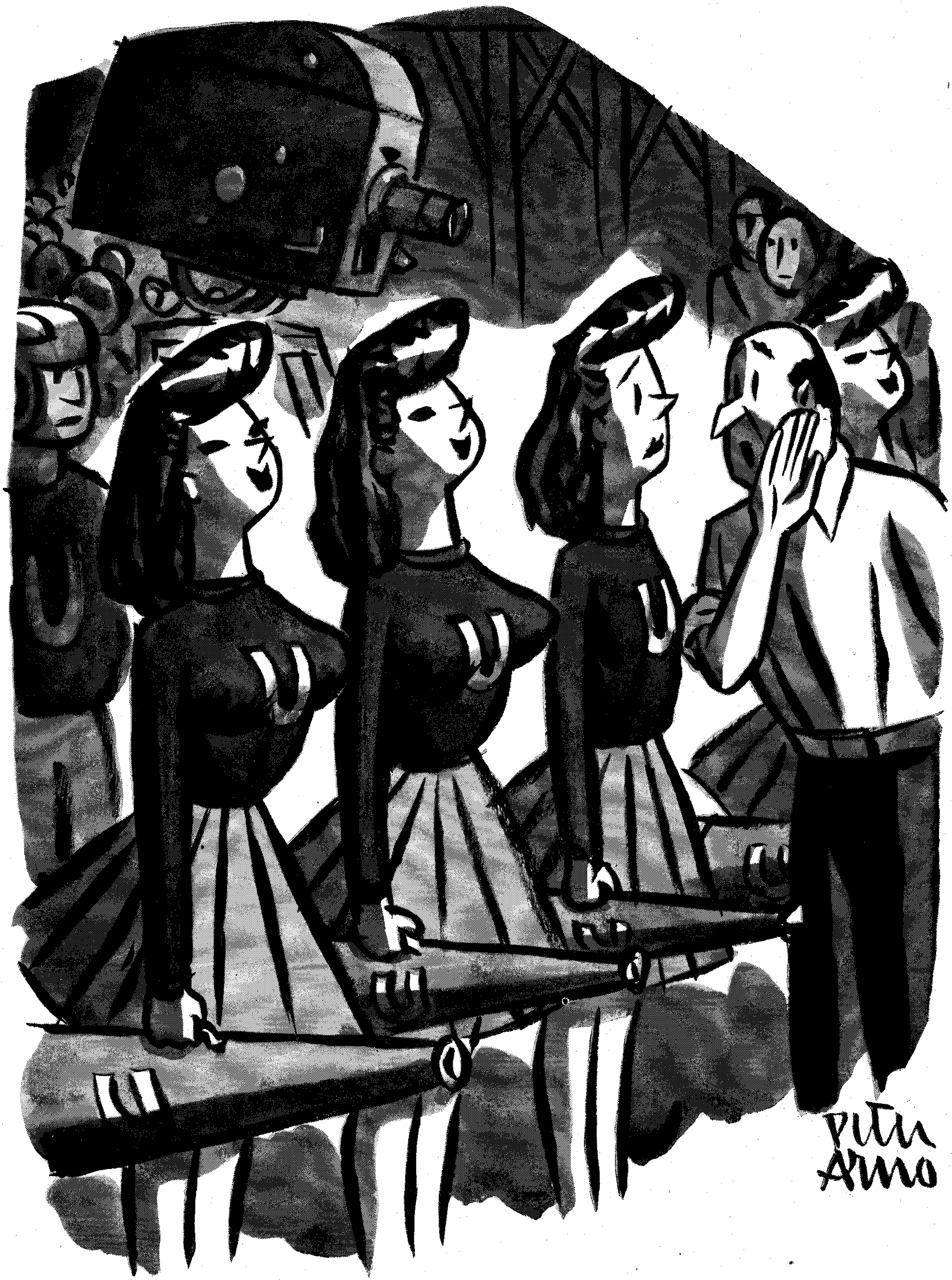
CHEERFUL NOTE
FOR WHEN THE POLL TELLS

The book business is occupying an increasing amount of the time of Dr. George Horace Gallup, poll expert and founder of the American Institute of Public Opinion. The People's Book Club learned the value of his pretesting of titles and plot outlines, and now several other publishing enterprises are seeking his services.—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

When Dr. G. discovers what
Is in demand for theme and plot,
The books abstruse, the books forlorn,
Will all be banned before they're born
And all our novels, manifesting
The wonders of prenatal testing,
Will grow up wholesome, strong, and
good,
The issue of planned parenthood.

—P. BRACKEN



"Wardrobe mistress would like a word with you, Miss Jackson."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FATHER HOGAN'S PLACE

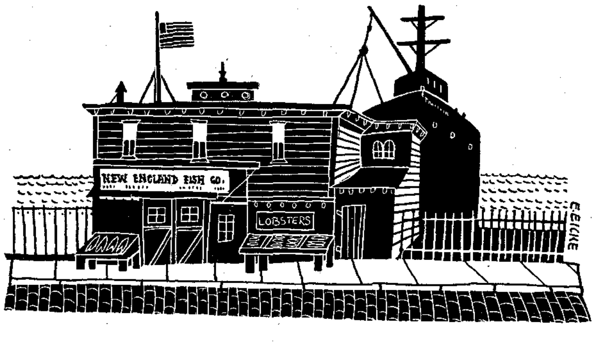
IT occurred to me not long ago that it will soon be a decade since Thomas E. Dewey became District Attorney of New York County and began his celebrated job of sanitary engineering in the office that William Travers Jerome once called "the mouth of Hell." Dewey, of course, left his office in 1942, after one four-year term, but his successor, Frank S. Hogan, was endorsed by Dewey for the job, and Hogan pledged himself to maintain Dewey's policies and keep Dewey's staff, so the Hogan administration is really a continuation of the Dewey administration. Hogan is now well along in his second term. It seemed to me that since, according to some newspapers, the incidence of crime is high and getting higher all the time, this was as good a time as any to check up on the work of the public prosecutor. Accordingly, I went down to the District Attorney's office one soggy summer morning, the kind of morning I certainly would have regretted choosing ten years ago. The District Attorney and his staff at that time were housed in an ancient loft building that was joined by a bridge to the north side of the Criminal Courts Building, just as the old Tombs was joined to the south side by the Bridge of Sighs. It was a hot, cramped, creaky, and cobwebby place, good to stay away from on such a day. In 1947, however, it was a pleasure to leave the muggy streets and enter the large, cool, high-ceilinged offices the District Attorney now occupies, in the new Criminal Courts Building, the huge, antiseptic granite pile at 100 Centre Street, an edifice that looks like a downtown Radio City from a distance and like a Miami hotel as one approaches its main entrance. The District Attorney's office is reached not through the elaborate Centre Street entrance, which has several revolving doors, but through a single side doorway, opening on a small lobby, at 155 Leonard Street. The reason for the separate entrance is that the District Attorney might be embarrassed in his work if his men, and particularly his witnesses, had to come and go through the main lobby, which covers two or three acres and is crowded with criminals, ex-criminals, apprentice criminals, friends of criminals, and criminal lawyers. Some of these people are there as invited guests of the city, but most of them come merely to pass the time of day, to trade gossip, and to see what they can see. The main lobby is one of the social centers of the underworld; the lunchroom off it, a clean, well-lighted place serving wholesome food and run by a concessionaire, is as intimate, as jolly, and as humming with shop talk as Sardi's, "21," or the Yale Club. The Leonard Street lobby, however, is too small to accommodate loiterers, and Leonard Street is so quiet that anyone who tried to set up a watch over the District Attorney's office would soon become conspicuous and be shooed away by the cops.

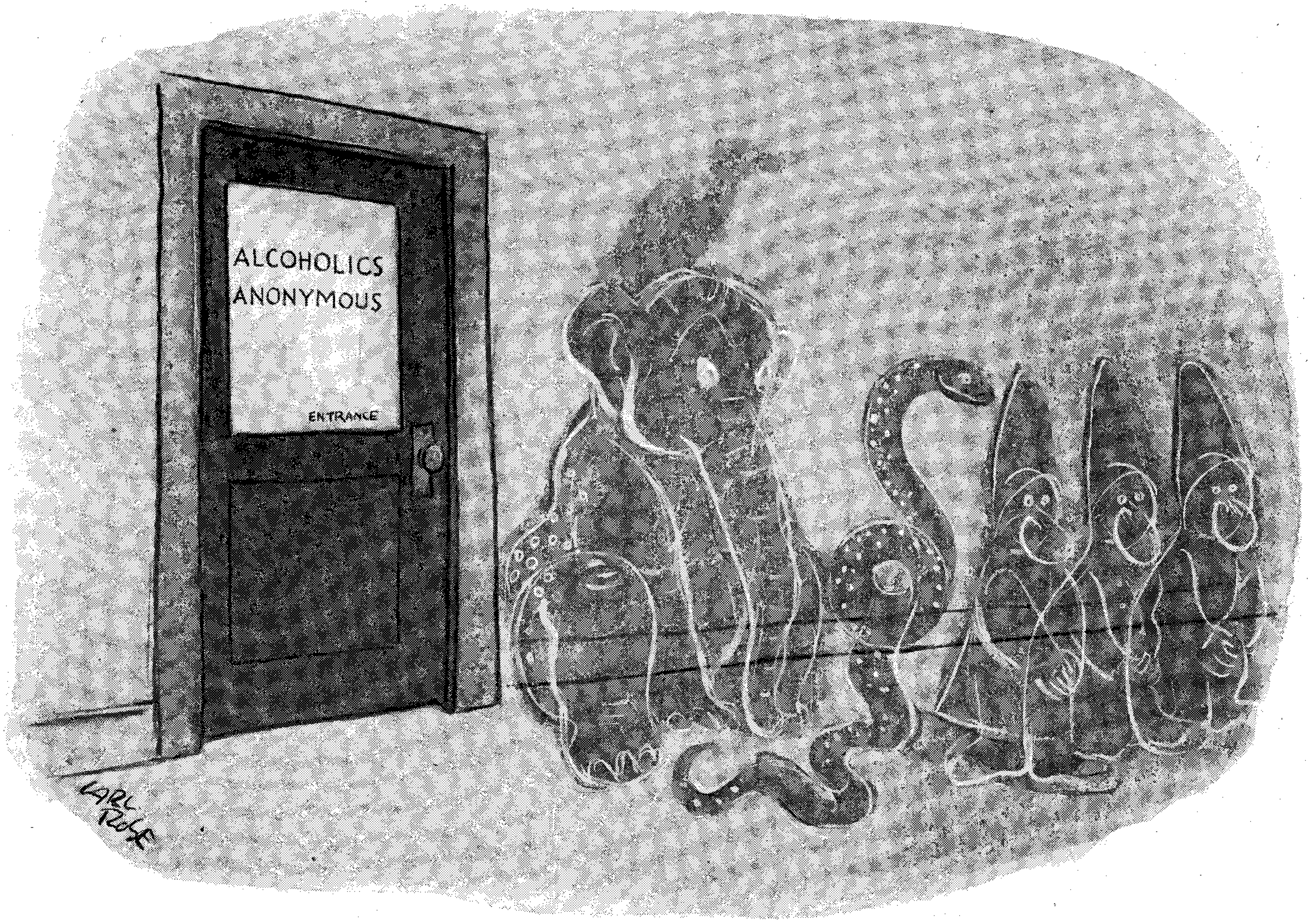
Any person having business with the District Attorney or any of his assistants states the nature of it to a uniformed policeman who sits at a reception desk just inside the door. If the caller satisfies the officer, he is taken upstairs in one of the D.A.'s elevators, which stop only at the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth floors, the ones occupied by Hogan and his staff. Hogan's office is on the eighth floor, where he works in a large, sunny room painted a soft green and decorated with some handsome nineteenth-century prints of the harbor and its ships, the downtown business area, and Five Points, the old name for the section in which the Criminal Courts Building stands. While I was waiting for Hogan to finish with the papers on his desk, I looked at the prints, and when he saw what I was doing, he said that they had been lent to him by the Museum of the City of New York. "The Governor didn't go in much for decoration," he explained, "but when I got in here, I wanted some warmth around the place. One day when I was poking around the museum, I admired some prints like these, and the people there told me they had a lot more down in the cellar. Said I was welcome to pick out a few for the office if I wanted to. They belong to the city, and city officials can borrow them if they care to. I don't know why more of them don't. They're nicer to have around you than the framed whiskers you see in most city offices."

Hogan, who comes from a working-class family and was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, is a bland, soft-eyed New England Irishman of forty-five, with the sleek, dapper look of a successful concert singer. He was one of the first eight men hired by Dewey, back in 1935, for the special rackets investigation, and he stayed on through Dewey's term as District Attorney. He had not had any experience in criminal law, most of his legal experience having been concerned with estates and real estate, but he turned out to be a first-class investigator, and he is generally given the credit for gathering most of the evidence that convicted Jimmy Hines. He is a relaxed and rather easygoing man, and he made a pleasant impression on Nancy Presser, Cokey Flo Brown, Mildred Harris, and several of the other prostitutes who testified against Lucky Luciano in 1936. It was Hogan who talked them into turning State's evidence. The girls got to calling their row of cells in the House of Detention Hogan's Alley, and to calling Hogan, who has a rather solemn and clerical manner at times, Father Hogan.

Hogan was Dewey's administrative assistant throughout the Governor's term in office. When Dewey resigned, he picked four men he considered well qualified to succeed him—Hogan and three other assistants, Paul Lockwood, Murray Gurfein, and Robert Thayer. Hogan was the only enrolled Democrat among the four. On that account, he seemed the least likely to be favored by a Fusion administration, but when the late Christy Sullivan, then the boss of Tammany Hall, got the smart idea of buying some purity stock by backing a tested reformer for District Attorney, the other parties quickly got together on Hogan, too, and Hogan went into office as everybody's candidate and with Dewey's blessing.

Most people who keep abreast of such matters rate Hogan as Dewey's equal in every department of the business. His administration has not been as flashy as Dewey's, but that is partly a matter of temperament and partly a matter of the times. Dewey held the job in peacetime, and Lepke Buchalter and Luciano provided the best competition around for any gladiator. Hogan was sworn in three weeks





after Pearl Harbor. Socks Lanza was still on the loose, but nobody cared. The people were more interested in finding out who could do a job on Rommel, Graziani, and Yamashita than in putting Lanza in jail. Hogan is not a grandstander, to begin with, and anyway it would have been indecent for him to allow himself to be built up as a hero, and Hogan, who seems to have a nice sense of the fitness of things, knew it. One of the few changes he made in Dewey's setup was in the handling of press relations. Dewey was never without three or four demon newspapermen who knew all the rhetorical devices for elevating a small-time horseplayer into a Cesare Borgia. Hogan's press policy, which is administered by just one public-relations man, is to discourage anyone who has romantic notions about the District Attorney and his work and in general to leave the initiative in the hands of the newspapers. From Hogan's standpoint, the results have been good. A man who is a friend of both Dewey and Hogan remarked recently that nine out of ten Americans could have named Manhattan's District Attorney from 1938 through 1941, but it is doubtful that even one out of ten New Yorkers could name the man who holds the office today.

Statistically, as it happens, Hogan has the edge on Dewey. Under Dewey, 94.2% of the persons prosecuted for felonies in New York County were convicted. The record was the highest ever made here. Hogan has raised the mark to a flat 98%. The ratio of convictions to indictments, the yardstick by which prosecutors measure their success, is not, however, a very satisfactory one. If a man who has machine-gunned his wife and six in-laws is allowed to plead guilty to carrying a dangerous weapon, his case counts technically as a conviction. So does that of a bank robber who has dynamited a twelve-ply steel vault and gets away with a plea of guilty to illegal entry, or that of an eye-gouging assaulter convicted of disorderly conduct. These are extreme examples, to be sure, but it is a fact that in the last thirty or forty years, during which the personnel of the law-enforcement agencies has not increased at the same rate as the population, prosecutors and judges have tended more and more to bargain with criminals, in order to save the time and expense of trials. The number of cases that go to a verdict is declining, while the number of cases that end in pleas of guilty before or during trial is growing. The criminals do not confess because confession is good for the soul; they confess because in most instances a district attorney, whether honest or dishonest, will, to accelerate matters and to reduce the degree of uncertainty in his work, allow them to plead guilty to a lesser offense than the one named in the indictment. "Shopping for a plea," "bargain pleas," and "copping a plea" are now all part of the underworld argot. There are those who, like Raymond Moley, who has written a book on the subject, deplore the practice on the ground that it is a usurpation of the judicial function and that, because it is essentially hypocritical, it debases both the law and the language. The reply of most prosecutors is that their power to decide whether to prosecute is itself a judicial function and that without some such device they could never keep up with their work. Hogan has estimated that if every indictment handed up to his office resulted in a jury trial, each of the nine parts of the Court of General Sessions would have to dispose of ten jury trials a week, as against the going average of one a week. A certain consequence of the procedure is to make hash of statistics on criminal prosecutions.

As a matter of fact, there is really no scientific way of appraising a prosecutor's work. If organized crime seems to be flourishing and the New York District Attorney is being toasted around the board at Tammany clambakes, it is reasonable to suppose that he may be slighting some of his duties. If, on the other hand, underworld figures are being brought low with fair regularity and there is grumbling about the prosecutor in the clubhouses, it can be assumed that he is attending to business. By this standard, Hogan the Democrat comes out as well as Dewey the Fusionist, and he has been just as effective a racket-buster. The most impressive job of his first term was the conviction of two of the worst labor fakers in the country—Joseph Fay, of the Operating Engineers Union, and James Bove, of the Hod Carriers Union, who set up a bottleneck on two important elements of construction manpower and let the labor supply flow through only after they had been paid sums as high as a quarter-million dollars for important jobs. Hogan also wound up Dewey's case against Lanza and the fish-market terrorists and against Gurrah Shapiro, Lepke's first vice-president in Murder, Inc. More recently, Hogan broke up the sports-fixing ring led by Alvin Paris and Harvey Stemmer, and the narcotic-peddling group led by the late Joseph Gagliano, alias Pip the Blind, and Charles Albero, alias Charlie Bullets, who the federal men believed were the biggest dope operators in the East.

Far from approving Hogan's stewardship, Tammany Hall, which in its moment of calculated enlightenment had assured his election, began to regret its choice in 1943, the year after Hogan took office. That summer, Hogan revealed that a fellow-Democrat, City Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio, had obtained the Party's nomination for the Supreme Court through the good offices of Frank Costello, the slot-machine king and the man who, in the opinion of Hogan and his staff, is the present boss of the underworld and has been, at least until very recently, the ruling power in Tammany Hall. In making this deal public, Hogan was going well beyond the call of duty. No crime had been committed. There is no law that prohibits a slot-machine king from making a judge. The Aurelio affair was purely a *succès d'estime* for Hogan. Aurelio got his job in spite of Hogan; Hogan very nearly lost his because of Aurelio. When Tammany made up its ticket for the 1945 municipal elections, its candidate for District Attorney turned out to be a man named Edward Ennis. The announcement was a surprise, not because it ignored the incumbent but because of the obscurity of the chosen successor. For all anyone knew, Ennis might have been a man of remarkable talents, but even the energetic Citizens Union, which had repeatedly expressed its approval of Hogan, couldn't say whether it was for Ennis or against him, because it had nothing at all about him in its files. Ennis would be in office today if O'Dwyer, then a candidate himself, had not gone to the Tammany bosses and told them that if they didn't take Hogan, they wouldn't have O'Dwyer.

OAK AND LINDEN

This opulence of lawn and shade,
Lavish, luxuriant, and dark,
With copious green donation grows,
Promoting suburb into park,

And, rich in false assumption, proves
That summer is most real and long
Of all the times and seasons. This,
Unhappily, we know, is wrong.

Discounting transient spring and fall,
We wait for what we always knew
Was ultimate—winter, withering,
Bitterness. Nothing else was true.

Endearments, like the shortening days,
With every repetition pale,
Lose warmth. The amulets are lost,
The properties of magic fail.

Not always. Some whose wisdom goes
Beyond our cautious wit can share
Their substance, even with strangers; give
To gods unknown their daily fare;

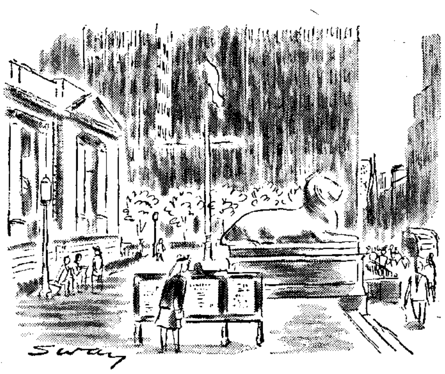
And, having loved each other long,
Gain, late in life, their due reward;
Behold the humble house become
Marble and gold, for them to guard;

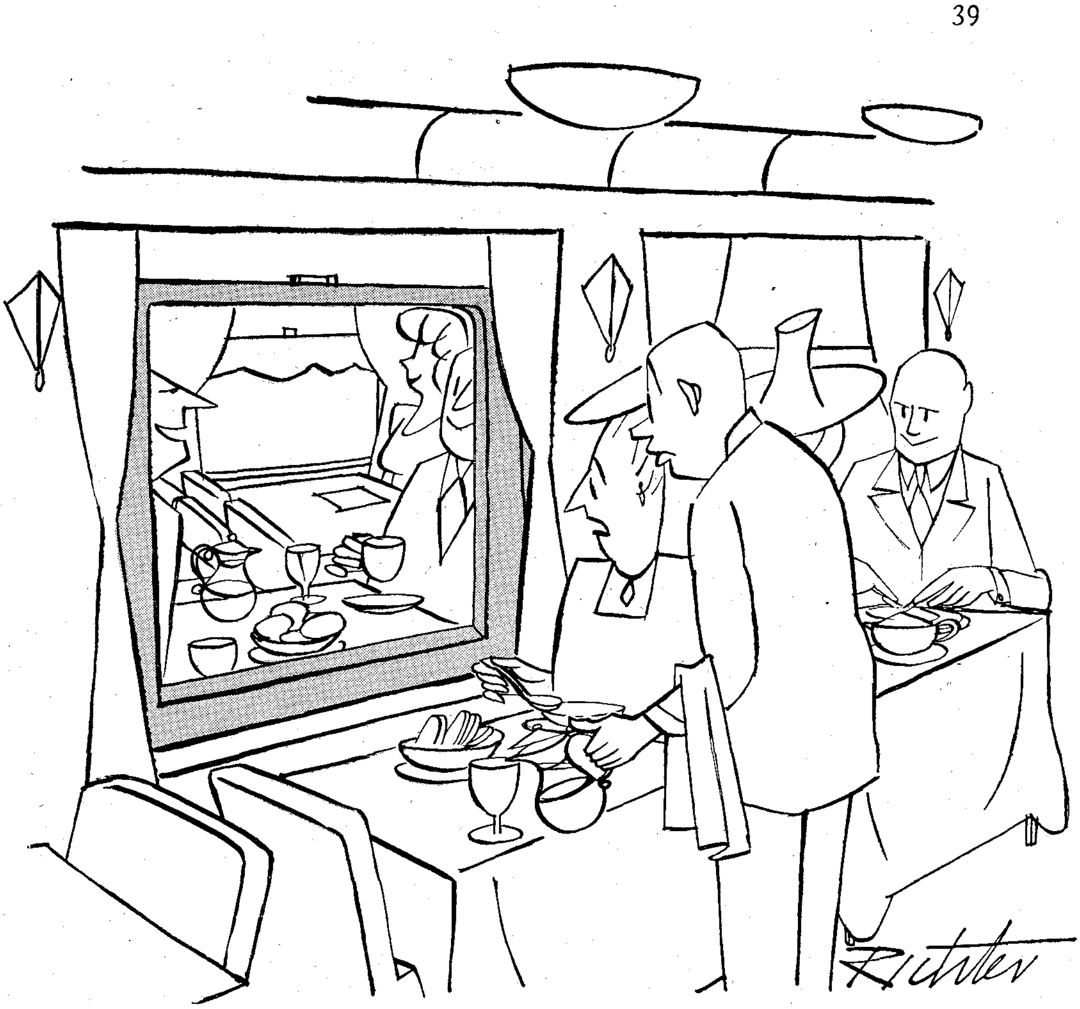
Promised, besides, that neither one
Shall ever see the other's tomb—
Philemon, Baucis, end their days
As double towers of shade and bloom.

—Rolfe Humphries

* *

THE morning I saw Hogan, I told him that I wanted to know about any new conditions his office had had to face lately and how it was facing them. He said that he wasn't sure that there were any new trends in crime. Up to the end of last year, he said, there was nothing that could be actually described as a postwar crime wave. Indictments in 1945 and 1946 were up somewhat above the war years, but they were about the same as in the years just before the war. The broad tendency of the past seven or eight years has been strongly downward in crimes against property and slightly upward in crimes against the person. The picture is still much better than it was in the thirties, though. "Of course, there have been a lot of things that have had us worried," Hogan said. "For a while there, when the soldiers were coming home, we had trouble with guns the boys had picked up abroad—taken from dead enemy troops or found lying around in occupied territories. Most of them brought the guns home just for souvenirs, but plenty of them had ideas of what to do with them when they got here. In one week in 1945, sixty-seven people brought into the Tombs were carrying foreign-made guns. The chief trouble with the things was that they naturally hadn't been registered and didn't have any serial numbers we could check on. We had a tough time getting the Army and Navy to help us stop the business, and for a while we thought the whole thing would get out of hand. But it seems to have slacked off now. Most of the guns people get shot with are domestic. There probably are, of course, foreign guns cached away here and there. Also, when a depression comes, perhaps the boys who brought the guns home to hang on the wall will start selling them off." Hogan said that when the first wave of postwar strikes broke out, some of the people in his Rackets Bureau predicted that the hooligans who had been pretty well cleaned out of the unions and employers'





"They've got rolls."

associations in the late thirties might be moving back in. But that worry hasn't been justified by events. "It may be happening in other places," Hogan said, "but we haven't seen much of it here. I don't imagine that more than a dozen indictments have come out of all the strikes we've had so far."

Although Hogan hasn't seen anything that looks like a postwar crime wave yet, he has had moments lately of thinking that we may be on the verge of something big. In the first six months of this year, indictments were up thirty per cent over the first half of 1946. "It's got us beat," he said. "As far as we can see, murders have been running about the same, robberies and burglaries up a little, maybe, but not much. The underworld has been quieter than usual. The only thing we've noticed that you might call a trend is an increase in complaints of criminal misrepresentation in business dealings. A number of people who made their piles during the war have been getting out of business and selling to a number of other people who want to buy in a hurry and get rich quick. When they find they've got five customers a day instead of the five hundred they were told about, or when they find that the inventory valued at twenty thousand dollars is a lot of ersatz war stuff that no one wants now, they come in here yelling 'Stop thief.' " Complaints of this sort do not by any means account for the huge increase, but they do represent the only new wrinkle the office has identified. Hogan doesn't want to start talking about a crime wave until he is sure there is one. It is possible, he feels, that by the end of the year the totals will be no higher than last year's, or that even if they are, the increase in indictments will, upon analysis, indicate not an increase in crime but an increase in police effectiveness. New York is a difficult place for trend-spotters in crime. Not counting commuters, there are always a few hundred thousand people in town who don't belong here, and among them are a good many provincials who honor us with their presence only when a felonious mood is upon them. This is a tolerant city, and we have always let the misdeeds of our guests be counted right along with our own; when the visitors' list gets as swollen as it has been lately, our citizens' criminal record looks worse than it actually is.

Changes in the habits of witnesses, Hogan feels, are more noticeable than changes in the habits of criminals. "It's getting to be a whole lot easier to track down a murderer than it is to talk a witness into testifying," he said. For one thing, violence and violent death have become such commonplaces in recent years that the citizen is no longer greatly disturbed by them. He has, furthermore, seen so much about murder in the newspapers and movies that when he actually happens to witness a killing, it may make only a slight impression on him. There was the case, a year or so ago, of the woman who had seen a child murdered and couldn't make up her mind whether it was her duty to tell the authorities or whether she ought to mind her own business. She took her problem to one of those radio programs that provide entertainment by publicly offering private advice to people in quandaries. The guest moralizers that evening were a magazine editor, a college president, and a poet. The editor recommended that the woman forget the incident and charge it up to experience. The college president thought that she probably ought to get in touch with the police. The poet believed that reporting the murder would be unworthy tale-bearing. Hogan had the whole crew in his office the next day and dressed them down. "We don't want kids coming in here with the name of Father's bookie," he says, "but what are we going to do in an atmosphere in which reporting a murder can be talked about as tale-bearing?"

The witness situation is a good deal worse in the case of organized crime. By and large, people can be counted on to report crimes against themselves, but victims of the growing volume of industrial racketeering show a disinclination to talk, not only because of a fear of reprisals but also because of a fear of revealing their timorousness. This kind of fear was the greatest obstacle Dewey encountered when he was getting his rackets investigation under way. Perfectly legitimate businessmen who were needlessly paying out part of their profits to gangsters showed an unbusinesslike reluctance to save themselves money by testifying. This reluctance persists. When the Fay-Bove construction racket was being investigated, it took Hogan's accountants fourteen months to prove what a half dozen of the country's leading contractors could have told them in five minutes—that the two champions of the downtrodden were making small fortunes on every large construction project in this region.

"Anyway," Hogan said to me, "you want to keep in mind that a drop or a rise in crime now and then doesn't really affect our work here very much. Five or six nasty murders and a dozen good-sized robberies may make a crime wave for the newspapers, but they don't seem like much when you're already counting murders by the hundreds and larcenies by the thousands. And a murder the papers like isn't any harder to try than one they don't. And even if there were no murders for the next five years, we could keep busy working on the unsolved ones of the last five or ten years."

HOGAN thinks that his office is as well prepared for any crime wave as it is ever going to be. The staff, badly crippled by the war, is now at its full complement of around two hundred and fifty. There are about seventy-five lawyers, with the title of assistant district attorney or deputy assistant district attorney. There are sixty detectives, assigned by the Police Department to the District Attorney's Office Squad, more familiarly known as the Grand Jury Squad, which not only makes arrests but taps wires, tails suspects, rounds up witnesses, and does whatever odd police jobs Hogan wants done. There are thirty or forty secretaries and stenographers, and the rest of the staff is made up of a wide variety of specialists, including ten accountants, twenty-five process servers, a medical officer, a photographer, and a civil engineer. Hogan thinks that his staff is not only the largest of its kind in the country but the most competent. There was a time when the legal caste system had no category lower than assistant district attorney. No one without political connections could get a job in a district attorney's office, and not many able men were interested in one, since the pay was far lower than anyone of even the most modest talents could have made in private practice. When Dewey took over, the atmosphere became rather like that in Washington during the early days of the New Deal, when working for the public was not necessarily an emblem of incompetence. Bright young men from the best law schools were glad to take jobs on the staff for the experience and excitement of it. Most of the original Dewey men are gone now, but some of the atmosphere can still be felt around the place. It is not quite as electric, perhaps; there is not as much glamour or feeling of self-importance, but there is still the same mixture of talent, dedication, and sometimes oppressive purity. The office is now looked upon as an excellent post-graduate school for lawyers who want trial experience. One of Hogan's assistants chucked a good salary with Hughes, Schurman & Dwight and another left his job as secretary to Mr. Justice Reed of the United States Supreme Court to learn courtroom technique as assistant district attorneys. "We have our pick of a lot of good men," Hogan said. "Of course, we can't always keep them as long as we'd like to, but at least we have them for a while, and we have them while they're young and willing."

Hogan considers his non-legal staff first-rate, too. Dr. Perry Lichtenstein, the staff medical officer, is probably the one man in the country who is qualified to practice general medicine, psychiatry, and the law. He went to Fordham Law after finishing Cornell Medical, because he wanted exactly the sort of career he is pursuing. The sixty cops on the Grand Jury Squad, which before Dewey's time was known as the County Detectives and consisted of a pinochle table of foot-sore plain-clothes men, are the pick of the force. They are headed by Acting Captain William J. Grafenecker, the man who put the pinch on Bruno Richard Hauptmann. There are also a half-dozen expert civilian operatives, who undertake investigations that, largely for reasons of a technical nature, cannot be handled by the Grand Jury Squad. Their department, the Investigation Bureau, is a vest-pocket F.B.I. It has always been headed by someone trained by the federals, and it has as a rule been staffed by former F.B.I. men who prefer a job on which they can travel by subways and taxis to one on which they are constantly in planes and Pullmans. The Bureau uses nothing but F.B.I. methods, and its members have cultivated such odd specialties as deaf-and-dumb sign language. The man who knows this uses it whenever he thinks it expedient to pass as a deaf-mute, which is fairly often. Hogan's staff includes a number of gifted dissemblers, the most accomplished of whom may be Louis Pagnucco, of his Homicide Bureau, who can speak fifteen dialects of Italian, five or six of Spanish, and at least one

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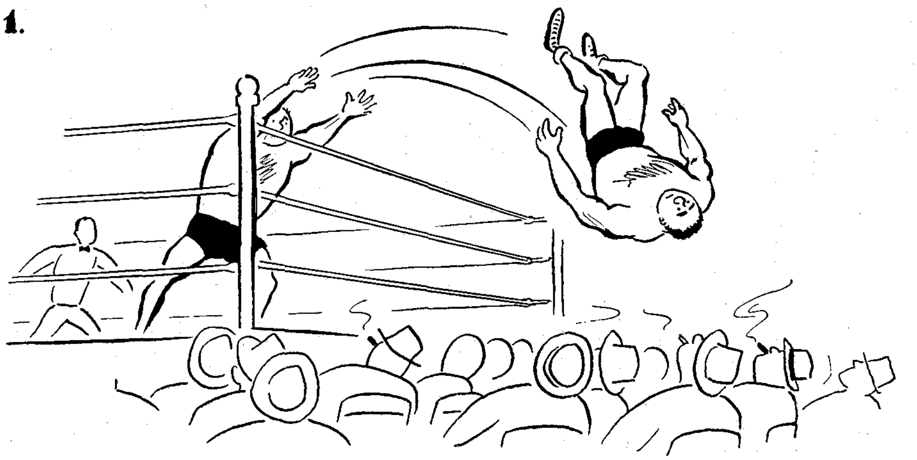

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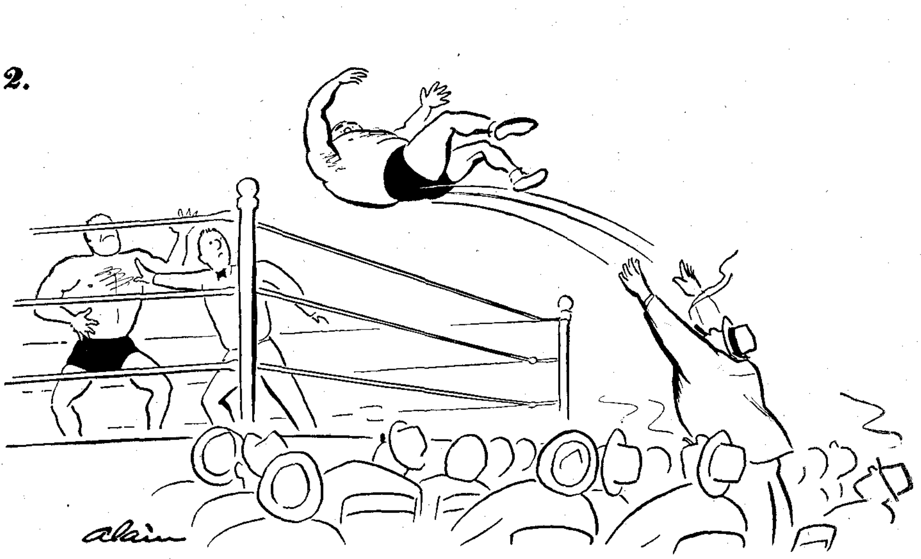

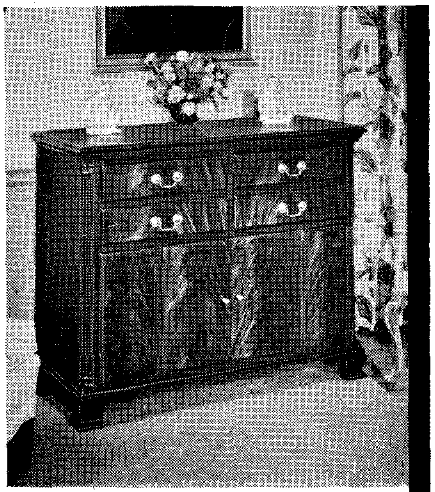

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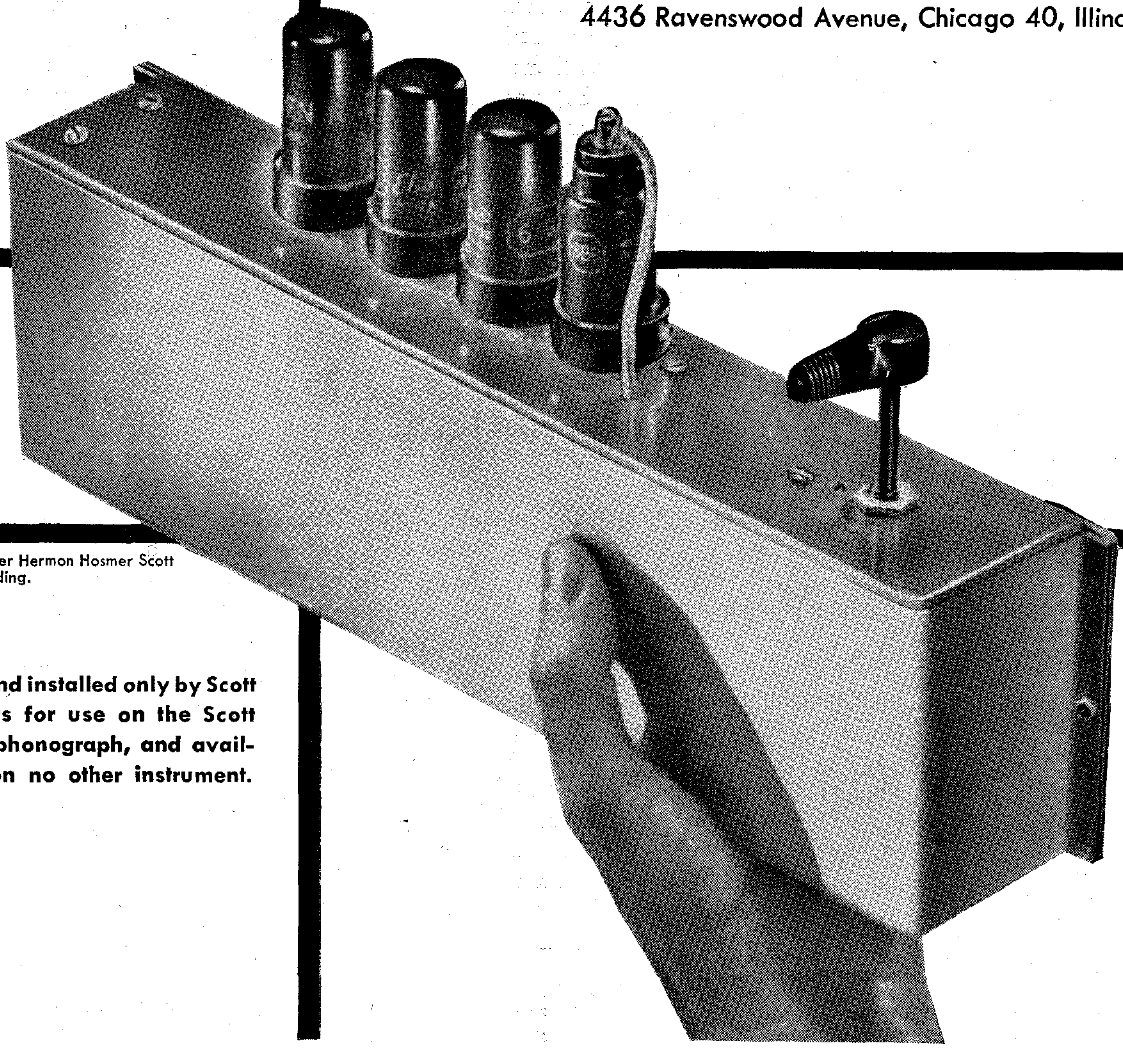

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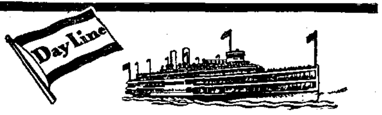
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AFTER Hogan had explained all this to me, he suggested that I make a tour of the office with his public-relations man, James O'Leary. Since it was still early in the day, O'Leary, a quiet, reflective man who used to cover local politics for the New York *Post*, thought it best to look in on Felony Court and the Complaint Bureau, which are busy in the mornings. "Not only that," O'Leary said, "but in both of those places you'll see how cases come in here." On the way, O'Leary pointed out to me some of the finer points in the layout of the place. The offices were designed and built during Dewey's term in office, but neither Dewey nor any of the other future tenants had much of a chance to oversee the planning. The result is an architect's dream of a prosecutor's heaven. There are several avenues of approach to all the important offices; there are enough rooms to make it possible to detain a large number of witnesses without any of them knowing that the others are there; the soundproofing and all the other tricks are the very best and the very latest; a number of offices are wired for dictaphone; there are safe cells for unsafe witnesses; and the windows in the Homicide and Rackets Bureaus, which are on the sixth and seventh floors, respectively, can be raised only three inches, so that a defendant with a sudden impulse to do away with himself or to push an assistant district attorney seven floors down to Baxter Street cannot do so.

Felony Court, which is on a mezzanine above the main lobby of the building, is a division of the Magistrates' Courts, and there the police each morning bring the previous day's haul of arrests for arraignment. The proceedings in each instance generally last only a few minutes. For the hour O'Leary and I stayed, there was mostly a dispiriting procession of thievery cases, in which the problems usually turned on such points as whether two stolen suits of clothes might be valued at more or less than a hundred dollars (the line of demarcation between petty and grand larceny) or whether or not a man accused of stealing a car had had the permission of the owner to borrow it for a few hours, as the accused asserted, and as the accuser, his brother-in-law, insisted he did not. The only case that might have aroused interest in that initial stage was that of an elderly man, neatly dressed and with a winning twinkle in his eye, who had been caught unfastening the clasp of a pocketbook slung from the shoulder of a woman riding an escalator from the first floor at Macy's to the second. The woman had been directly in front of the man, and directly back of him, to his misfortune, had been a policewoman. The hearing was on a plea for bail. In his brief statement to the magistrate, one of the two assistant district attorneys on Felony Court duty that morning brought out that the defendant was sixty-nine; that he had always been self-employed; that he had been arrested forty-seven times, mostly for having his hands in somebody else's pockets; that he had six convictions against him; and that he had been out of the penitentiary only six weeks at the time of his last arrest. The magistrate made some rather banal remarks to the effect that it was strange that so maladroit a pickpocket should be so incorrigible. "He's wrong about that," the other assistant whispered to me. "That old boy has been on the job about fifty years, and he's probably picked several thousand pockets. Forty-seven arrests and six convictions ought to leave him with a pretty good batting average."

The prisoner, who looked imperturbably roguish throughout the session, was questioned by his lawyer for two or three minutes. He offered the explanation that while trying to fasten his umbrella, a difficult one to manage when damp, his hand had slipped and landed on the lady's pocketbook. "I was in Macy's to buy some pots and pans," he said. He rattled off his story in a few seconds with little prompting and with a glibness suggesting that going to Macy's for pots and pans and having his hand slip from a wet umbrella to a lady's pocketbook were a fairly common concatenation of events in his life. "How long have you been married, John?" the lawyer asked him. "Forty-eight years this November," John said. "And how many children have you, John?" "Five, all boys." "Did you give any of them to the armed services during the war?" "Yes, sir. All of my boys fought for Uncle Sam. Two of them are in Germany now." The lawyer asked the magistrate to consider the defendant's advanced years, his patriotism, his ineligibility for social-security benefits, and the fact that the woman police officer, who had known John before he reformed, might very well have jumped to conclusions when she saw the old gentleman's hand skid. The magistrate, who had already ordered John held for the Grand Jury, granted his request for bail.

FROM Felony Court, O'Leary took me back upstairs to the Complaint Bureau and left me for a while in the care of Michael Monz, who was presiding over the reception desk, which is the most important part of this bureau. Monz, a slight, dark-haired man in his late thirties or early forties, is one of the most highly developed of all the specialists in Hogan's establishment. His specialty is affability. He began his career eighteen years ago, when Judge Samuel Seabury, then making the first of his investigations of municipal corruption, announced that he wanted to receive complaints of dubious practices from any citizen who had any to offer. He hired Monz as his receptionist, and Monz did the work so well and liked it so much that he decided to keep on with it. When Dewey started the rackets prosecution, Monz applied for the job of receiving complaints for him, and got it. He is now probably the world's foremost giver of the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He has developed a manner so courteous and ingratiating that, by comparison, the smoothest hotel manager in the country would seem rude. "In this position," Monz told me as I sat down, "it is imperative to accommodate all varieties of individuals." His voice is pure velvet, and he turns out polysyllables with the ease of a man who has sat up nights with the works of Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly.

I stayed with Monz long enough to hear a half-dozen complaints and to learn, in the intervals between them, a little about his work. Monz told me—in some very elegant language—that only ten per cent of the complaints made to his bureau result in action by the office. The bureau draws a lot of cranks and lunatics. One of the complainants who came to the desk while I was there was a bright-eyed man who said that he had some air-minded enemies and that practically every time he looked skyward, he saw one of them making a reconnaissance flight over him. "This is a very serious matter, sir," Monz said. "I'd like to have you go upstairs and talk to another member of the staff about it." The man was escorted by a messenger to the office of Dr. Lichtenstein, who would, Monz told me, probably call a wagon from Bellevue. Almost every day, it seems, the office passes along at least one complainant to Bellevue. Monz

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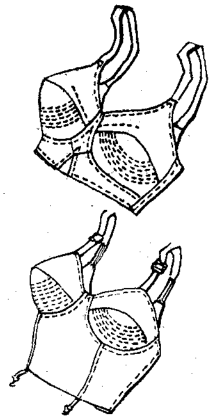

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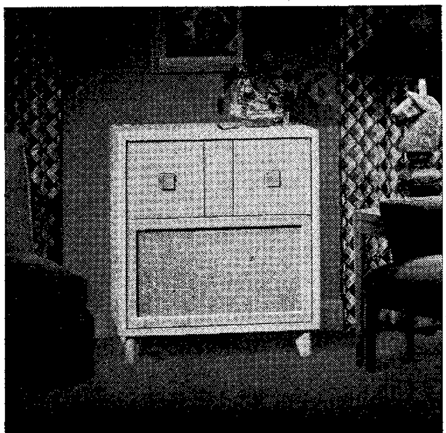

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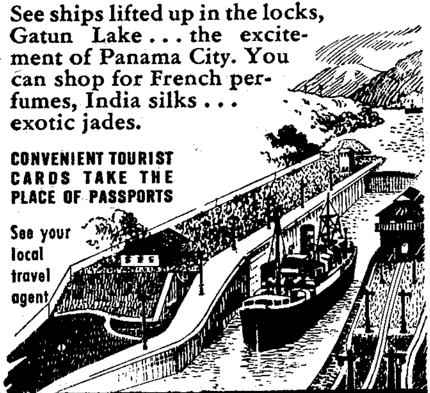

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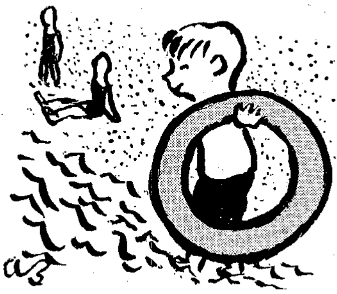
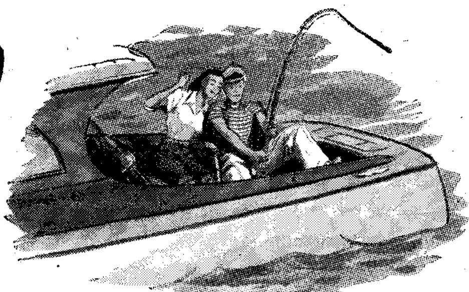
practices his epic tactfulness not only upon the disordered but upon the misinformed. A good many New Yorkers, he said, believe that the city has only one District Attorney—it has, of course, five—and Hogan's office gets numerous reports of untoward happenings in the other boroughs. While I was at Monz's desk, a distraught little woman came in and told him that her candy store in Brooklyn had been robbed, that the police had done nothing, and that she wanted to try the District Attorney. Monz apologized for the fact that his office's jurisdiction was limited to Manhattan and gave her detailed instructions for reaching the Kings County District Attorney's office by subway. Some people actually believe that there is only one District Attorney for the whole United States. They get in touch with Hogan's office to report crimes and alleged crimes in Utah, West Virginia, and Arizona. Once, during Dewey's term, a sourdough from Alaska turned up at Monz's desk to ask if Dewey could do anything about a partner who had played him false forty years before. As it happened, the only person with a legitimate complaint during my brief visit was a man who had paid seven hundred and fifty dollars to get his son into a vaudeville acrobatic act; after the payment had been made, the son did a few sample somersaults, and the manager of the act said that he was not a polished enough performer and that it would take a three-week course, costing a second seven hundred and fifty, to get him ready for the stage. "If he is correct in his assertions, a prosecution may eventuate," Monz said to me, after passing the man through to an assistant district attorney, who would take down the complaint in detail.



O'LEARY came back for me carrying some charts and graphs showing the amount of work the office handles and the relationships between the fifteen bureaus into which the office is divided. In an average year, I learned from the charts, the office of the District Attorney receives and investigates fifteen thousand complaints; obtains, and disposes of, in one way or another, about three thousand felony indictments; prosecutes another ten thousand persons charged with misdemeanors, violations of the gambling or liquor laws, and other offenses that fall within the jurisdiction of the Court of Special Sessions; initiates eleven or twelve hundred investigations on its own; and argues three or four hundred appeals in the higher courts. Some extremely complex procedures have been developed for disposing of this enormous volume of cases. The office once made up a diagram of its workings for the benefit of both the public and new employees, but since it looked as dismayingly intricate as a royal genealogy, it is rarely consulted. As one of the men in the office explained to me, the simplest way to think of the place is as a big factory making prosecutions. "The really fancy jobs are custom-made," he said. "The rest we turn out on an assembly line. We put one part on here, another there, tighten it up a little further down the line, daub on some paint at the next stop, and so on." The assembly-line analogy is a good one. The naked chassis of a case is mounted either by the police in Felony Court or by a complainant in the Complaint Bureau, which makes an investigation and, if the facts warrant it, takes the case before the Grand Jury. If bail is to be offered, the matter goes to the Bail Bond Bureau, which examines bonds and appraises collateral securities. Once the Grand Jury has voted an indictment, the case moves down the line to the General Sessions Bureau, which brings it to trial in one of the eight trial parts of General Sessions, the court of criminal jurisdiction in Manhattan. If, at this stage, it is decided that extra pieces of evidence are needed, they can be fastened on by any one of several bureaus. The principal uncoverers of such evidence are the Investigation Bureau, the Accounting Bureau, and the Grand Jury Squad. If there is a call for medical or psychiatric testimony, it is provided by Dr. Lichtenstein. If data on the physical detail of a crime are required, the office engineer surveys and the office photographer takes pictures. And so the complete prosecution is pieced together.

There are three categories of crime in which the prosecutions are custom-made—homicides, rackets, and big commercial frauds. Prosecutions in these fields account for only ten per cent of the work of the office, but they are the fields in which the office makes its greatest effort. There was a homicide bureau long before Dewey came on the job, but the Fraud Bureau and Rackets Bureau were his ideas. These bureaus handle their cases from start to finish. They argue for their own indictments, do all their own trial work, and do almost all their own investigating. The theory is that frauds and rackets have become so complicated that they can be prosecuted only by experts devoting their entire time to the task. Moreover, in these cases prosecution has to do most of the police work to discover the crimes in the first place. Actually, of course, it is not the responsibility of the public prosecutor to detect crime or even to attempt to keep it down; he is charged merely with the job of prosecuting persons who have been arrested by the police and indicted by the Grand Jury. Dewey, however, soon learned that unless the District Attorney took on the detective work, there would be few indictments for frauds and rackets, and thus few prosecutions. It is often beyond the ability of the ordinary police to discover the existence of commercial frauds and industrial racketeering. The conventional police detective can draw logical conclusions from a jimmied lock, a bloodied head, or a set of fingerprints, but he may not be much of a hand with a double-entry ledger, a cancelled check, or a batch of correspondence. Since such material is often the only prima-facie evidence of rackets and frauds, the Rackets and Fraud Bureaus generally uncover the crimes they prosecute and act as their own complainants.

The Homicide Bureau has a similar setup, but for a different reason. The District Attorney's office can prepare for specific homicides only under unusual circumstances, but experience has shown that it is a good idea to have men follow all the way through in murder and manslaughter cases. The Homicide Bureau is on the job twenty-four hours a day. At least one assistant district attorney of the bureau and one stenographer are on duty through the night. As soon as a killing—or an assault that seems likely to result in death—anywhere in Manhattan is discovered, the Homicide Squad of the Police Department and the Homicide Bureau of Hogan's office are notified. An assistant district attorney proceeds to the scene with a stenographer and starts lining up witnesses and taking down testimony. A police car is always held in readiness for such a journey. "We could handicap any ambulance chaser in town," O'Leary told me. "A good part of the time, we've got someone there fifteen minutes after it's happened." As a rule, the assistant who gets called to the scene is assigned the case for trial and stays with it to the finish. Men on the night shift in the Homicide Bureau often look



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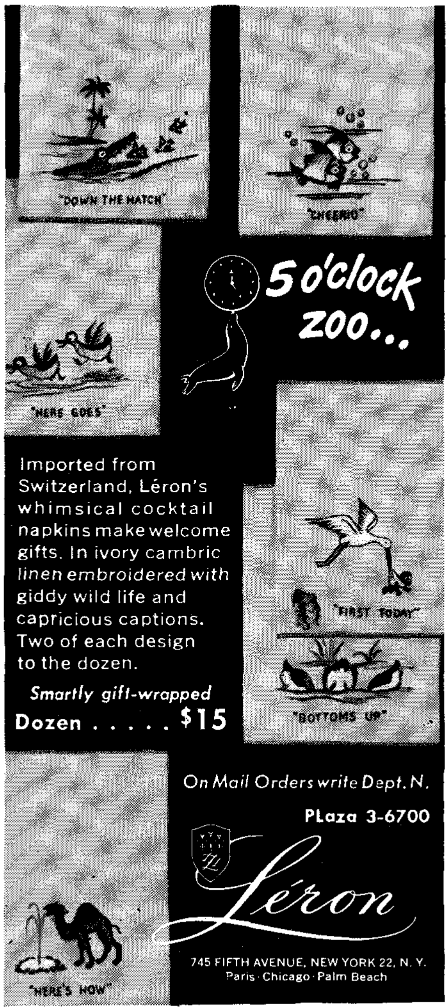

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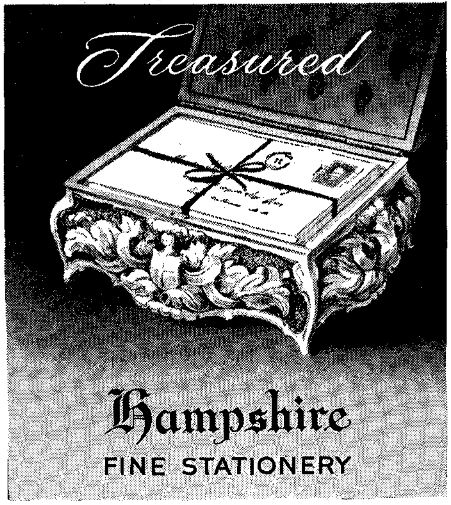

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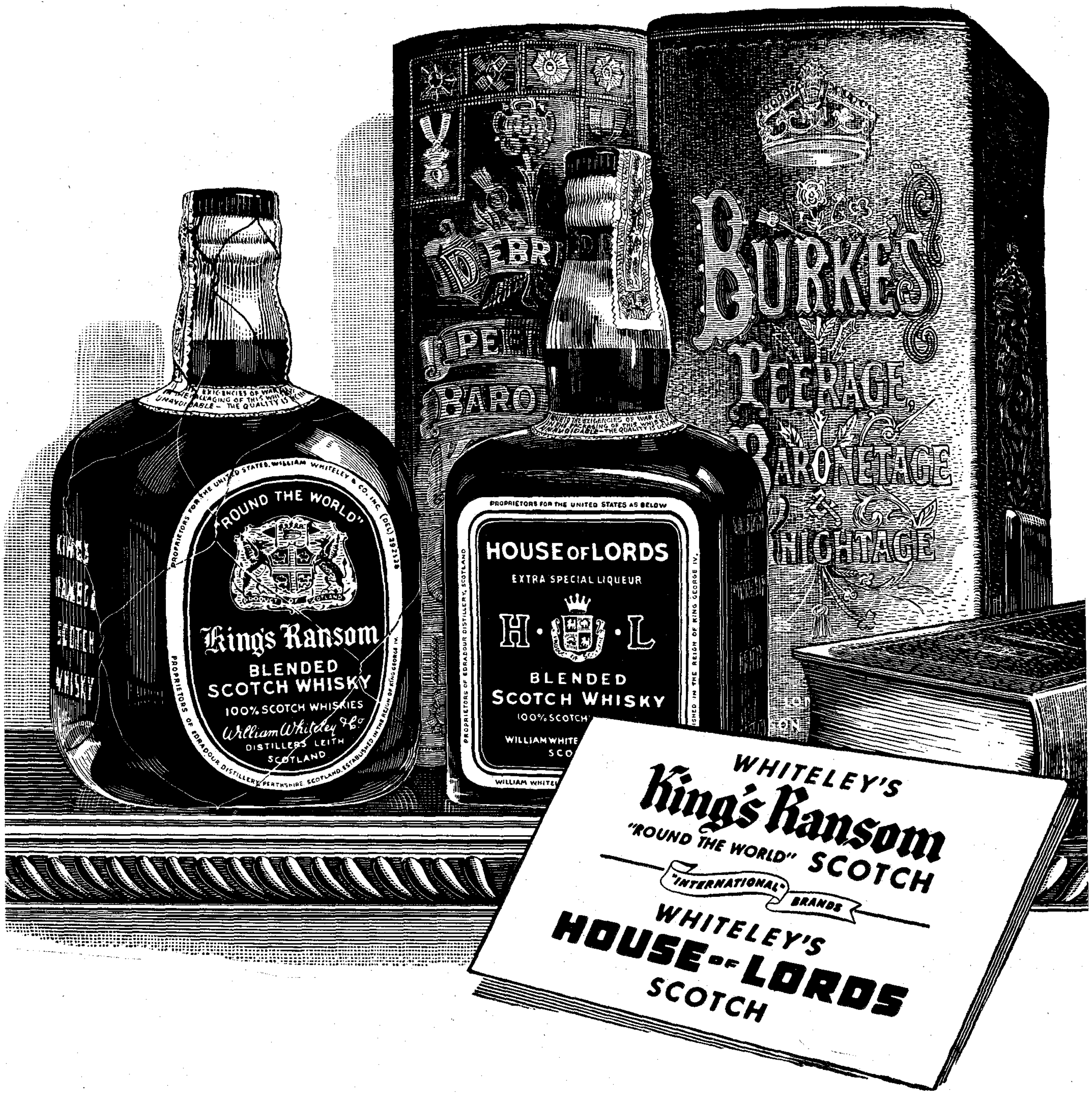
FINE STATIONERY

after the office's interests in other emergencies. Last December, an assistant district attorney, George Monaghan, got a call to proceed to Gracie Mansion. When he got there, he found not a murdered Mayor but a very agitated Mayor and two professional football players, Merle Hapes and Frank Filchock, of the Giants, who were talking over a matter that later became public knowledge in the Alvin Paris case, which Monaghan tried.

A KIND of dry war is always going on between Hogan's office and the underworld. No one ever gets hurt. There has been only one instance of violence during the Dewey and the Hogan administrations. That was in 1941, when, just after Judge John A. Mullen had pronounced sentence on Gurrah Shapiro, Mrs. Shapiro gave an assistant district attorney a kick in the pants as he was leaving the courtroom. The assistant went into a sprawl, but the only injury he suffered was to his dignity. For the most part, the nonlitigious relationship between the District Attorney and organized crime is that of spy and counterspy. Five or six Grand Jury Squad cops are always listening in on underworld telephone conversations and several members of the Rackets and Investigation Bureaus spend nearly all their time in the field, scouting the enemy and studying his habits, learning what they can of his tastes, his rivalries, and his love affairs. The information the wire tappers and scouts bring in is seldom of immediate value. It is deposited in a bank, from which it is withdrawn as needed. It is sometimes useful in prosecuting a case not even in existence at the moment the information is gathered; more often, it helps strengthen the bargaining position of the office when it is trying to coax or frighten one of its adversaries into a deal. Most of what Hogan's men in the field pick up comes from underworld figures who, either out of an impartial venality or in exchange for promises of immunity from prosecution for known crimes of their own, are willing to snitch. This technique of getting information, which was introduced by Dewey at the start of the rackets investigation, has proved its worth many times. The best-known instance is the famous congress of informers that convened during the Luciano trial. A large number of low but knowledgeable characters were brought together in one of Dewey's offices, which had a direct wire to an anteroom of the court. Every time a new name or a new relationship was introduced into the testimony, word of it was flashed to the experts, who pooled their information and sent it back to the prosecution. Since then, the office has made a good many spectacular uses of informers. Last winter, when Hogan went after the celebrated heroin barons, Charlie Bullets and Pip the Blind, who were estimated to be grossing more than a million a year, an informer was given five thousand dollars in cash and one of the smallest radio transmitters ever manufactured. With these, he went forth to trap the dope peddlers into accepting the cash and giving an oral receipt for it. Every word said during the transaction was picked up by the transmitter, sewed inside the informer's pocket, which broadcast to a receiving apparatus in a New York *Sun* delivery wagon parked across the street. Hogan's office had to put up the five thousand because the federal agents, who almost always handle narcotics cases, had used up all the money given them by Congress for the purpose that year and couldn't get any more. Bullets is serving twenty years in Attica Prison; Pip the Blind hanged himself with a necktie while Hogan was holding him in hopes of getting him to talk about the Scottoriggio murder.

The espionage on the other side is equally conscientious. A couple of winters ago, an assistant district attorney who had just been assigned to Rackets Bureau work had to make a rush trip to Florida to unravel an extradition snarl. This took him to one of the smaller resort cities, which is well known as a crown colony of the New York underworld. He had a difficult time finding a hotel room. Finally, as he was walking out of the sixth place he had tried, he was overtaken by a bellhop, who said that a vacancy had just turned up. The bellhop carried the assistant's bags to the penthouse suite, which was plainly the quarters of someone important. It was a handsomely decorated place with a magnificent view of the sea. Hogan's man knew that something was up, but he didn't learn what until that evening, after a day that had been punctuated every few minutes by the arrival of drinks, fruits, and flowers. In the middle of the afternoon, a boy brought him an invitation to have dinner in the main dining room with the owner, and when the assistant went downstairs to meet him, he recognized him as a brother of one of the top men in Brooklyn

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRACY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King's Ransom Blended Scotch Whisky, 94 Proof • House of Lords Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof • International Distributors, New York crime. The hotel proprietor met his guest at the entrance to the dining room and led him to a table in a bay window that looked out on a promenade. The table was set for a feast, but it was not so much the food as the lighting arrangements that interested the assistant. "The rest of the dining room was nice and dark," he recalls, "but they had that damn bay window lighted up like the Paramount marquee. I thought maybe they were setting me up for a clay pigeon. As I sat there eating my dinner, I could have been picked off from a hundred yards down that promenade." As he soon found out, there were a lot of sharpshooters around that evening, but they had not come for target practice. "By God, every time I'd look up from my dinner, I'd see the shapes of two or three men outside. They weren't moving very fast. They'd stand on the walk in front of the window a half minute or so and then move away. Then there'd be some more. It took me quite a while to figure it out. Then, when my eyes got a little better accustomed to the darkness, I began to recognize one or two of the faces. Those I recognized were hoodlums from New York or Brooklyn or Newark. I began to see what was up. It was midwinter, and the whole underworld was in Florida for the season. When word got around that a man from the D.A.'s Rackets Bureau was in town, they framed me in that window and let all the boys—especially the younger ones, who'd never seen me before—come around and have themselves a good look. Some of them came back three or four times and stared in at me."

There are occasional friendly gestures and momentary truces in this dry war. In the course of one battle, Hogan had a minor functionary of one of the major gangs in jail and was trying to coax him into talking. It was decided to give him a brief holiday from the Tombs by allowing him to spend an afternoon at home with his wife. Two cops from the Grand Jury Squad were called in and instructed by Hogan to take the man to his apartment, in Brooklyn. Hogan told the cops to get their ward back by nightfall but to allow him a reasonable measure of freedom in the meantime. The cops, generous and sympathetic men by nature, put a broad construction on their orders. They looked through the apartment to see if there were any fire escapes outside the windows. Finding that there were none, they settled down to some light reading near the front door, leaving the reunited couple to themselves. The couple adjourned to the kitchen. The kitchen had a dumbwaiter. The husband climbed in and lowered himself to the basement. When Hogan learned what had happened, he felt that the blame was chiefly his, because he had not been more precise in his instructions. But the Police Department, which has disciplinary jurisdiction over the detectives assigned to the Grand Jury Squad, took a sterner view of the matter. It held that no matter what Hogan's instructions were, it was the men's duty not to let the prisoner get away. A departmental trial was ordered. The detectives were practically sure to be fired. "They were both decent men," Hogan said. "They'd been with us right along, and both of them were getting near retirement age." Then Hogan got a call from a man who would not identify himself. He said that if the two detectives would be on a certain midtown corner at a stated hour, they could have their prisoner back. The cops showed up at the appointed time, and, sure enough, their man was waiting for them. Hogan never found out why, but he supposes that some of the top men in the underworld had talked the thing over and had started feeling sorry for the old cops, who had got a raw deal because one of their subalterns had taken advantage of a kindly act.

THOUGH Hogan's office does its best to keep informed about underworld developments, it often guesses wrong. When the war ended, for example, several people in the Rackets Bureau were pretty confident of two developments: in view of what happened after the last war, they expected a lot of racketeering in war-surplus goods, and they also expected the gangsters to work their way back into the employers' associations and trade unions. So far, neither suspicion has been justified. As a matter of fact, the underworld has given the appearance of being a good deal less active than at any time since the early twenties. No one believes that this is the real state of affairs, and a few feel that there is something rather creepy about the calm. They think it would be healthier all around if things were a little noisier. Organized crime is probably somewhat better organized than it was ten or fifteen years ago. There has been a movement toward merger and trustification. "We figure," Hogan told me, "that there were about a dozen really big gangs functioning at the time the rackets investigation started, in 1935. Now, as near as we can tell, there aren't more than four." He thinks that the

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gangs are also better managed nowadays. The names of leading underworld figures are not as well known to the rest of us as they used to be, and most of the differences between gang leaders seem to be settled in orderly fashion, without gunplay.

The major explanation of the underworld's better management is, most authorities believe, Frank Costello, who is now the top man of the underworld not only in New York but as far South as Miami and at least as far West as the Rockies. Hogan's men talk of Costello with great respect. "He's the smartest of the lot," one of them said the day I was down at the office, "a hell of a sight smarter than Joe the Boss, Lepke, Dutch Schultz, or any of them." Hogan's office would like nothing better than to add a conviction of Costello to its string, but I found no one who took a sanguine view of the prospects. Costello is today reputed to be in the anomalous position of being the boss of the criminal underworld and yet, in a sense, not a member of it at all. Until a decade ago, he had a hand in almost all the rackets in the city, but in recent years he seems to have got away from any direct connection with them. His slot-machine holdings are enormous, but he has them only in places where slot machines are legal, as in certain parishes of Louisiana, or where, as in Florida, the authorities sleep right through the gambling season. He is also involved with a large number of legitimate manufacturing concerns and with a few night clubs and restaurants, and he has some real estate. He has retired from illegitimate business, but he would undoubtedly continue to have a princely income even if he also retired from legitimate business. I asked Hogan why a man who was apparently turning respectable and legal should want to go on being the master of the East's scapegallows. "Ah, that's the question," Hogan said. "I have a hunch you'd find that the only unsafe move he could make right now would be to quit. The fact is that the rackets need a man like that. Costello's a good executive, he's hardheaded, and his judgment has damn near always been right. He's probably the best man they've ever had. If he stepped out, there'd be a big outbreak of gang wars and killings, and he'd probably be one of those who'd get killed."

Hogan and Costello have had only one face-to-face talk. That was in 1943, when Costello was called before the Grand Jury to testify about his part in the Aurelio affair. The two men talked briefly before and after Costello's

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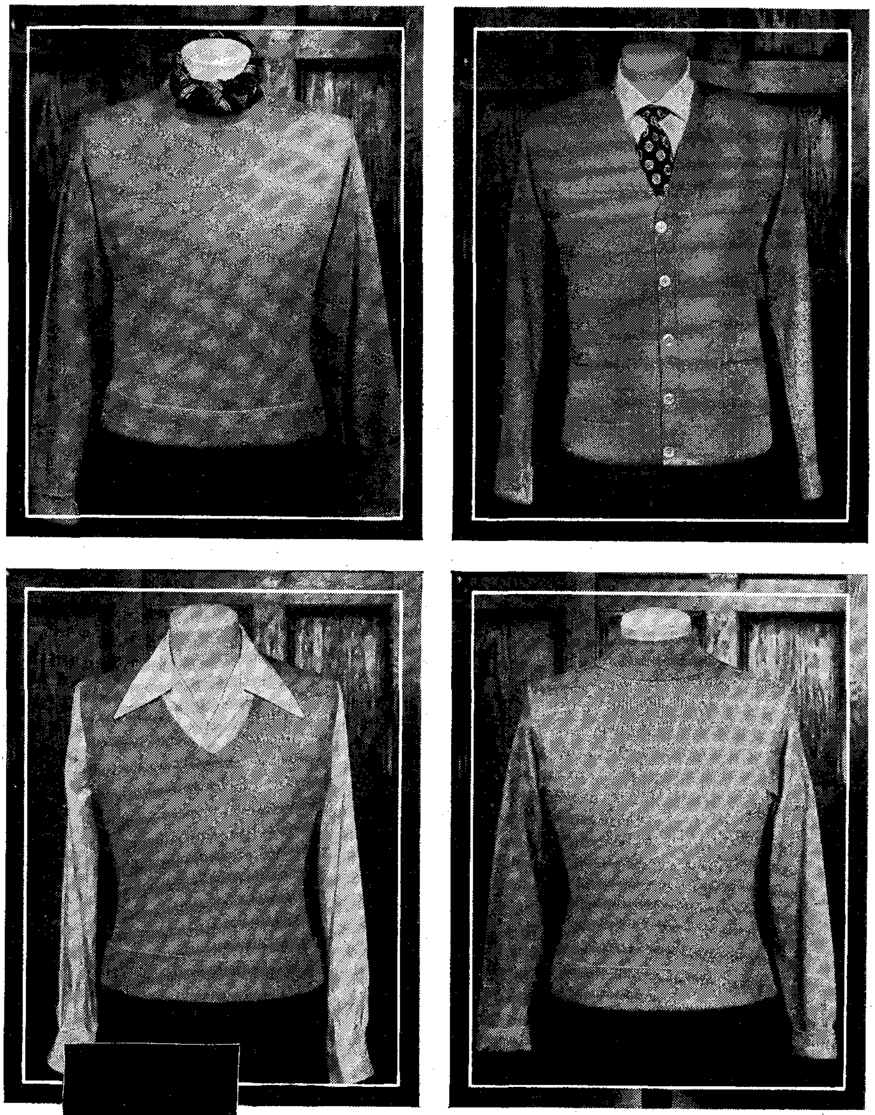

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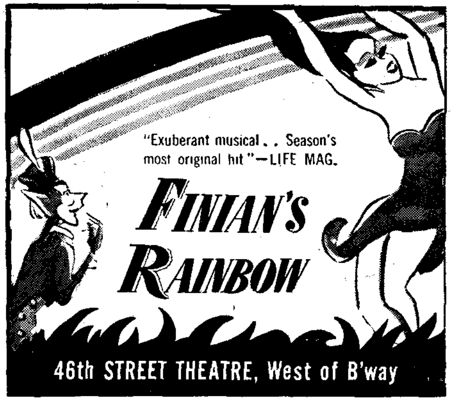
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testimony, and they seemed to understand each other fairly well. "I told him, and I told his lawyer," Hogan said to me, "that if he spoke one word that wasn't the truth, I'd put everything we had into jugging him for perjury. 'Nothing would give me more pleasure, Mr. Costello,' I said, 'than to go into court with you and try that perjury case myself.' His lawyer told him that I meant business, and Costello got the point." Hogan feels that, in general, Costello was a sincere and coöperative witness. "He talked straight, anyway," Hogan says, "and it was a relief to hear straight talk after watching some of the yellow politicians who were in that mess up to their ears squirm and squidge all over the place, giving maybe a teaspoonful of truth to every bucketful of lies. He didn't tell everything, and there wasn't any way we could force him to, but when he laid a fact out on the table, he didn't try to dress it up any and make it look better than it was. As soon as it was over, Costello came up to me and said, 'Well, how did I do in there?' I said, 'Pretty well. You did pretty well. I noticed that every now and then you cut some corners sort of sharp, but to tell the truth it was a lot better than I thought it would be. Not bad at all, not bad at all. I'm sorry to say I don't think we're going to have that perjury case after all.' "

Hogan and Costello then spent a few minutes talking things over in an informal, unofficial fashion. "You're right about cutting the corners," Costello said. "I guess I know plenty you'd like to know, but you understand how it is—I'm a legitimate businessman now, but I've still got to protect my boys. They've done a lot for me, and you wouldn't think much of me if I didn't protect them." He then launched into an exposition on the relationship between crime and environment, like a social worker or a writer for *PM.* "He started telling me how badly he'd been brought up," Hogan said to me, "what a rotten neighborhood he'd lived in, how his family always needed money, and what bad associations he'd had from the beginning. It was quite a tidy little lecture. Just before he left, he looked around the room—kind of enviously, I thought. 'Maybe if things had been different,' he said, 'I'd have become an honest lawyer and worked on this side of the street.' "

ON a number of occasions, Hogan has been impressed by the way in which the underworld leaders stick by their word, and he is inclined to believe that the underworld "code" is much more than a romantic invention of crime writers. However, he saw it break down rather startlingly in the spring of 1944, during the last days in the life of Lepke Buchalter, who was reputedly the flintiest of all underworld characters, past or present. Hogan was with Lepke in Sing Sing for several of his final hours on earth. The newspapers were saying that Lepke's life depended on whether he would talk to Hogan and give him enough evidence against other people to make it worth his while to recommend that Governor Dewey commute the death sentence. It was also being said that the information Lepke was in a position to impart involved a number of people who were in one way or another active in the 1944 Presidential campaign. Hogan made no public statements on what passed between him and Lepke. Since Lepke was executed, the only thing the public could assume was that Lepke preferred death to squealing. Hogan, who doesn't mind talking about it now, told me that quite the reverse was true. "Lepke was as scared as he could be of dying," he said. "I didn't go up to Sing Sing of my own accord. He yelled for me to come up there." This cravenness had actually overtaken Lepke some months before, while he was still in the Federal House of Detention. He spent several weeks, under sentence of death, unfolding to the members of the Rackets Bureau the whole story of Murder, Inc. and its political associations. "The trouble was never that he wouldn't talk or didn't have anything to talk about," Hogan said, "but that he couldn't tell us where to get corroborative evidence of what he was saying. After all, you could never convict anyone on the testimony of Lepke alone, particularly when he was under the death sentence. If we could have done that, we'd have had some pretty nice cases." After a while, the Rackets Bureau men simply gave up.

Two days before the end, Lepke began calling frantically for Hogan and saying that he had a batch of new information. The afternoon of the day for which the execution was set, Hogan and two of his top assistants, Sol Gelb and Joseph Sarafite, drove up to Ossining through a snowstorm and talked to Lepke in the death house. It turned out that he really didn't have anything new to say. He added a few details to what he had already revealed, but he still couldn't suggest any witnesses who would be as enthusiastic about testifying as he was. "Lepke was funny," Hogan told me. "Outside, he didn't show much. He was hysterical all right, but the hysteria was inside. He sat there talking to us calmly enough. If you'd been standing twenty feet away, you'd have thought he was trying to sell insurance. But inside he was all jelly. If he hadn't been, he wouldn't have called for us. That afternoon, he even squealed against one of the punks who'd worked for him, some kid who'd committed a murder several years back. As a matter of fact, that was one case where he could have got us all the evidence we needed. That proves he'd sunk about as low as he could go, you know. It's one thing to turn against somebody your own size or bigger, but to tell on a kid who was taking your orders—well, you just couldn't go any lower. We had to tell him it was no dice—that we weren't baiting minnows with whales and that he couldn't save himself with anything less than a whale. He talked on an hour or so more, but still everything was on his say-so. No witnesses. He'd always made his deals by himself, so he didn't have anyone to back him up when he needed it. Before we left, we shook hands all around and told him we were sorry we couldn't do anything for him. He said very calmly and very quietly, 'Well, I'm sorry, too, but that's the way these things work out a lot of the time.' It was as if we hadn't been able to get together on a weekend date. But I knew how he felt. We drove down the parkway through the snow and then stopped off at my house for a few drinks. There are a lot of things on this job that call for a drink, but that night I wanted more than one."

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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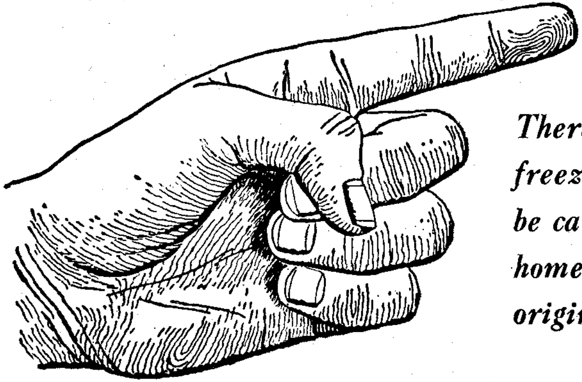

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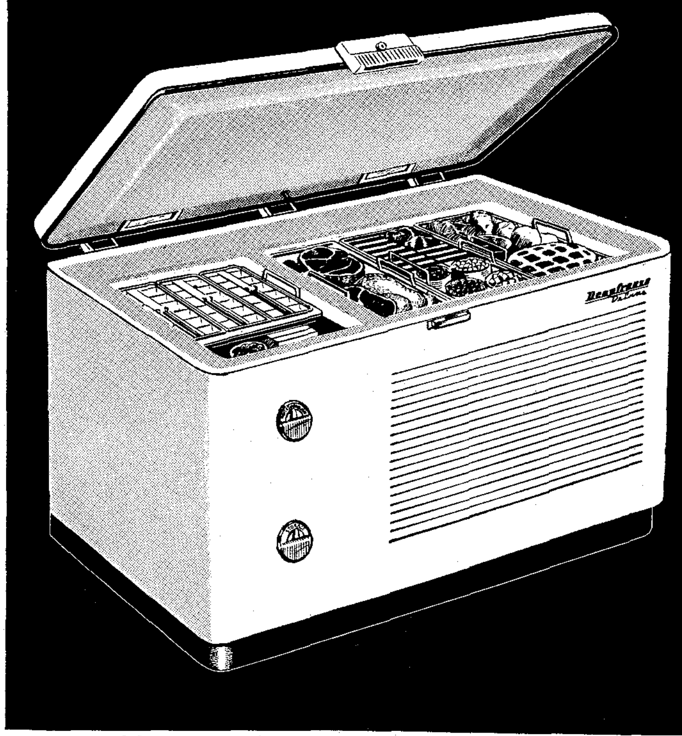

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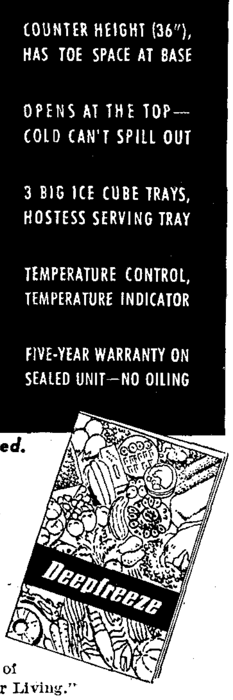

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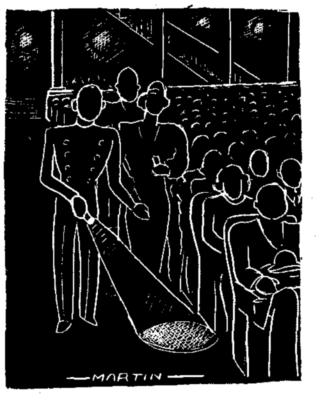
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mitty and Medicos

"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY" is at its best when it sticks closest to the short story by James Thurber from which it derives. In the sequences involving the wonderful and extravagant daydreams of a timid, harried man, Danny Kaye is often very, very funny, and you'll find occasion for a good many chortles as he fancies himself as everything from a grim-visaged captain battling a typhoon to an eminent surgeon saving a patient with a treatment known only to himself and God. When the film runs off of Thurber's course, however, it gets fairly confused, plunging Mr. Kaye into a string of adventures that are supposed to be real but that are just as full of moonshine as any of his dreams. In chasing a lot of sinister crooks about, Mr. Kaye falls into a series of routines more appropriate to a Bob Hope movie than to one that starts out as promisingly as this one, but even during these unfortunate episodes he manages to wring out a laugh or two. It's too bad that Samuel Goldwyn, who made this picture, didn't keep it short and lively. But the presence of Mr. Kaye compensates for much of its inadequacy. Along with his legitimate acting chores, he runs through a couple of patter numbers called "Symphony for Unstrung Tongue" and "Anatole of Paris." The second is an old specialty of his, but I'll never know why it had to be dragged into this particular film. Assisting Mr. Kaye are Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter.

BARRY FITZGERALD is too good an actor to turn in a really poor performance, but Hollywood is seeing to it that he turns in some stereotyped ones. In "Welcome Stranger," for instance, he is once again the lovable old codger he was in "Going My Way," except that this time he's a doctor instead of a priest. He is cute and crotchety, and Elliott Nugent, who directed the piece, has given him every opportunity to steal any scene he has a mind to with whatever acting trick he happens to think of. With Bing Crosby serving as his foil, Mr. Fitzgerald is often amusing, but there's nothing new about the character he creates or, for that matter, about the action in which he finds himself engaged. The plot of "Welcome Stranger" follows that of "Going My Way" with earnest fidelity. Here we have Mr. Crosby playing a young doctor who has come to a small town in New England to substitute for Mr. Fitzgerald, an ancient physician who is preparing to take his first vacation in a quarter of a century. Mr. Crosby manages to get on the wrong side of Mr. Fitzgerald, who denounces him as a quack and bickers with him until Mr. Crosby proves his worth by removing Mr. Fitzgerald's appendix in an emergency operation. This brings us to Phase 2, in which Mr. Fitzgerald becomes such a warm friend of Mr. Crosby that he tries to promote a romance between him and a town belle, a role filled by Joan Caulfield, and also to make him stay on as his assistant. At this point, Mr. Crosby sings "My Heart Is a Hobo," a rather nice tune. Phase 3 shows us Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Crosby fighting to keep a third doctor from doing Mr. Fitzgerald out of a job as head of the local hospital. Well, the wind-up is what you might expect. A lot of the atmosphere that Hollywood regards as typically small-town is introduced, including Percy Kilbride, the standard hayseed of the movies. If you liked "Going My Way," maybe you'll like this one. Anyhow, it won't annoy you.



—JOHN MCCARTEN

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—Adv. in the Times Book Review Supplement, June 29, 1947.

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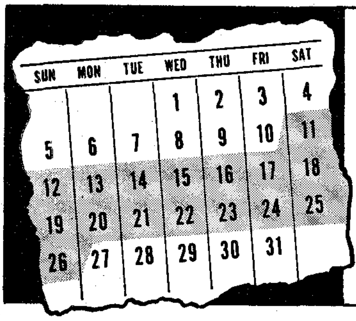

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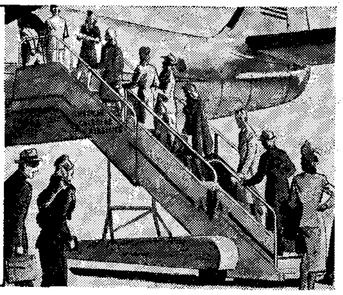

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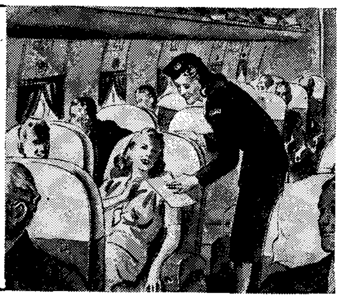

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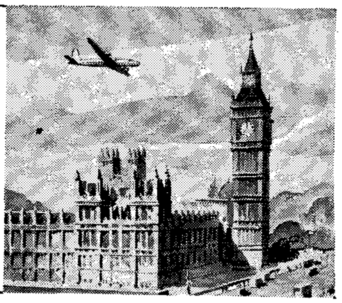

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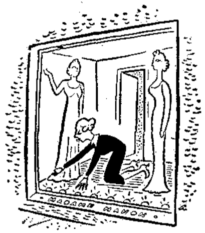
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

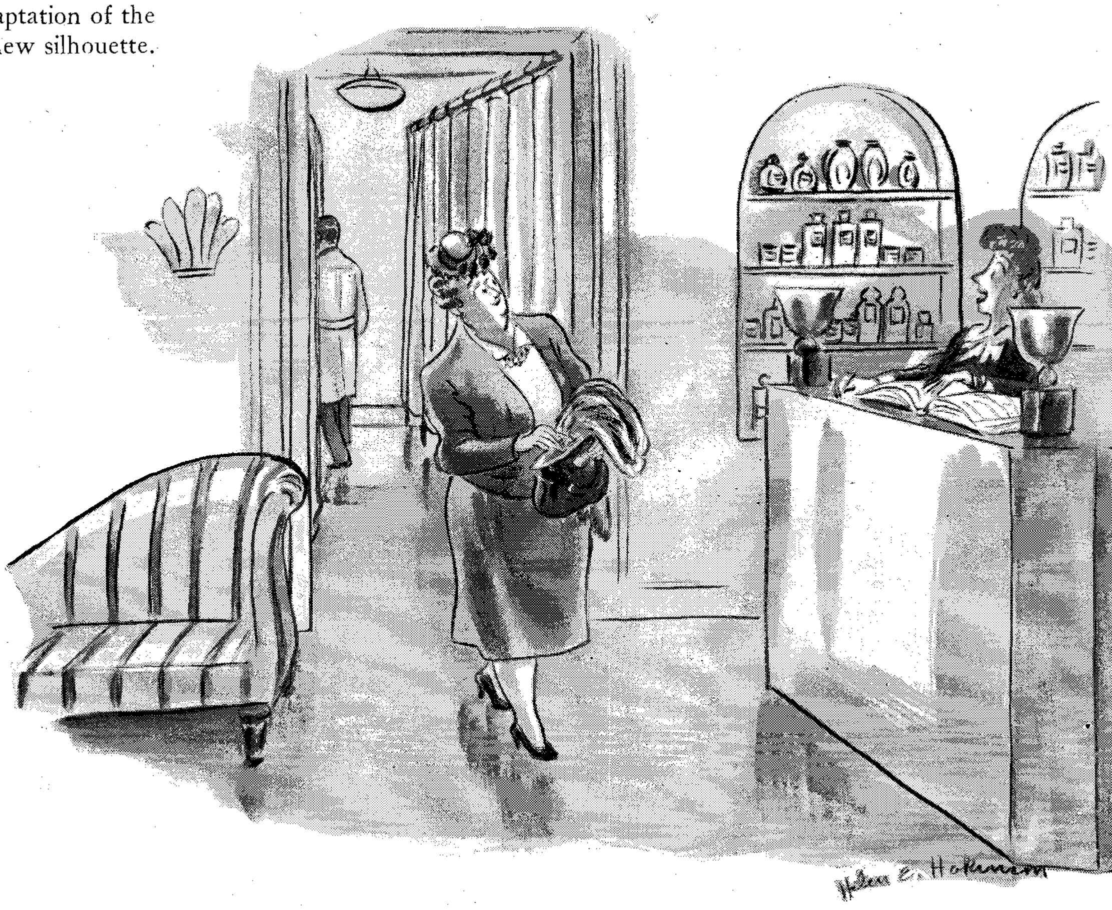
FEMININE FASHIONS



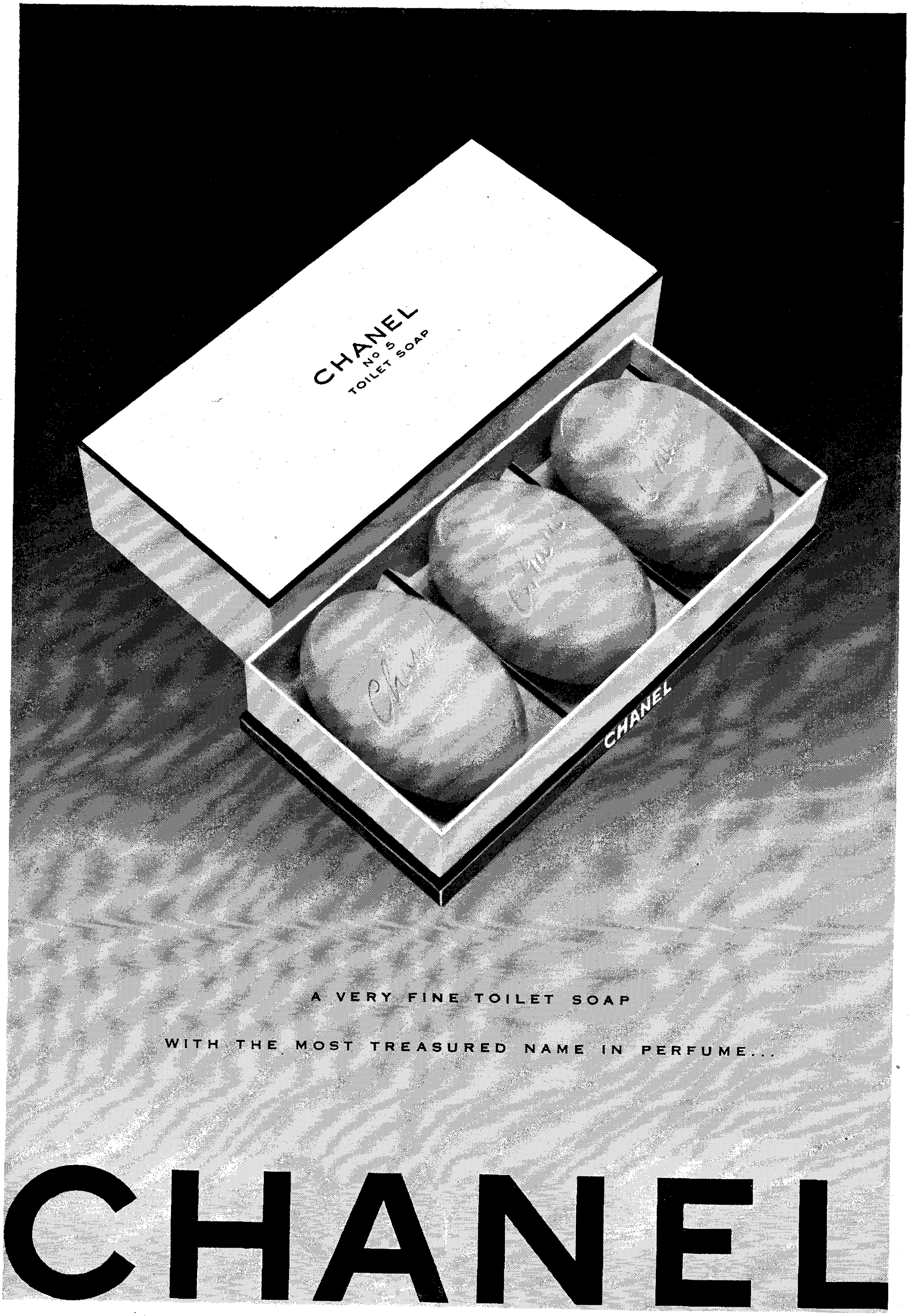
WHENEVER the big stores’ college shops are mentioned, women who have put away their school books for all time are likely to think glumly of sweaters and skirts, dresses with classic shirtwaist lines, and other stern and durable stuff, and then hastily forget the whole thing. This year, the college shops have something for graduates, recent and not so recent, too. After all, high-school and college girls come in the same sizes as other females, and though the campus staples are still around, there are many brisk and handsome new clothes that practically any woman in town would love to own.

Mutter though we may, skirts *are* longer, but when they are full too, I think they are all right. At Lord & Taylor’s college shop, the jackets and bodices often have moderate shoulders, come just to the hipbone, and are snug at the waistline. Lots of the skirts have unpressed pleats over the hips, swing wide, and stop about fourteen inches from the floor. It looks like an adaptation of the shop’s pet classics to the new silhouette. In a group of tailored “date” dresses (we may have moved on from standard college clothes, but we’re still burdened with standard college language), there’s a brown wool jersey version of a dirndl skirt, many yards around and encircled by unpressed pleats. It’s yours for $12.95. With this goes a matching pullover blouse that has a tiny turnover collar, narrow shoulders, and long, tight sleeves, at $9.95 (everybody is now supposed to look skinny from the waistline up), or a jacket of quilted beige wool jersey, hipbone-length and with a Directoire collar, at $19.95. The familiar college skirt of tartan turns up in a brand-new form this year—cut on the bias, with slanting, unpressed pleats over the hips; $14.95. And the shop’s reliable black wool Scotch jacket has suddenly shrunk to only hipbone length. It has a turnover collar, black braid bindings, and a bright-yellow cotton lining; in fact, it’s wonderful, and $19.95. L. & T. are very fond of what they call a “great skirt.” It’s made of a conventional gray flannel, and it, too, has unpressed pleats over the hips, but the skirt is stiffened so that it swings out very wide indeed; $19.95. To accent the slightly Godey look of this flip arrangement, there is a ruby-red rayon velveteen jacket with a little flat collar and long sleeves; $22.95. Next, a more conservative gray flannel box-pleated skirt with a narrow waistband, for $14.95, which teams up with a most plausible-looking shooting jacket of brown, smoke, or chamois-colored corduroy, adorned by a chamois gun pad at the right shoulder (what kind of classroom would *that* be for, I find myself wondering); $25.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE’s collection, in the Seventh Heaven shop, offers perfect clothes for almost every purpose. There are some exceptional long, interlined coats, among them one of covert, in black or one of several colors, with a Quaker collar, loose, cuffed, set-in sleeves, and a three-button fastening high on the chest. The tag on this one calls for $45. Another coat, of broadcloth, has a loose back, a wide turnover collar, and one button at the throat; $49.95. If you’d rather be dressier, you can have suits with two-tiered jackets of black, forest-green, brown, or gray broadcloth, with long, fitted torsos, collarless necks, short, rounded lapels, and self-buttons fastening down the front. The skirts are slender and slashed slightly in front. A simpler suit (no tiers) has a longish fitted jacket with a turnover collar and rhinestone-flower fastenings. The skirt is slender and slashed. These suits are $49.95. For evening, Saks shows a beautiful white-and-gold rayon brocade jacket, short and fitted and endowed with double flaps instead of hip pockets; $29.95. This can be worn with a long, flared black rayon velvet skirt; $17.95. The combination is, briefly, a knockout. There is also an unlined coat that can



“Well! I just can’t believe it’s the same Mrs. Bettscher that came in here an hour ago.”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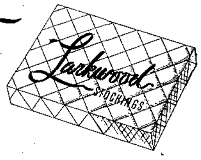

double as a hostess gown or light evening wrap. It's of red or green wool, fastening with gold metal buttons from the turnover collar to the waist, it has enormous patch pockets, and it swirls wide toward the floor. I doubt that you could ever do better for $35.

ORIGINALITY, real originality, has broken out all over in the Altman college shop, too. The long coats are particularly swell. I especially liked an adaptation of a British Navy duffel coat; $49.95. This is a loose, full-length one with an attached hood, big patch pockets, and three leather thongs that fasten by looping over plastic pegs. Quite an adaptation, I imagine, for it can't be regulation in the British Navy to have a cloak in bright-green, red, or gray fleece. Doormen, and other civilians, will be seeing more of it than admirals, though. A green, red, black, or brown suède cloth topcoat, seven-eighths length, has a turnover collar and fastens with three ball buttons down the front. It would be nice at $69.95 even without the detachable white lambskin lining, which zips in when you want extra warmth. And here, as everywhere else, the full-backed, hooded topcoat seems to have settled down for a long stay. Altman's is a double-breasted job. You get it either in a tan herringbone covert with a lining of brown alpaca pile, or in red, gray, or slate-blue covert with a gray lining. It's lavish but not bulky. The price isn't bulky, either—$55. For its contribution to the fever for voluminous, mid-calf, separate skirts, Altman presents some of the most surprising (and effective) ones in town. They're of felt, with pinked hems, and they come in wild, solid colors, such as magenta, tangerine, emerald green, and bright yellow; $16.95. They'd be stunning at late-afternoon parties, particularly with a contrasting, long-sleeved wool jersey blouse. Bustling from the exotic to the Victorian, Altman has devised two groups of things from which you pick and choose your own ensembles. In red-, blue-, or green-and-black checked cotton flannel, sometimes trimmed with black braid, ball fringe, and jet buttons, you have street-, mid-calf-, or ankle-length quilted skirts ($6.95, $7.95, and $17.95, respectively); collarless, long-sleeved, quilted hug-me-tight jackets ($10.95); blouses with Peter Pan collars ($6.95); and oval-necked quilted vests ($6.95). In black rayon velveteen, you have short, fitted jackets; street-length skirts with two bands of braid just above the hemline; and velveteen vests. This lot ranges from $7.95 to $12.95. A neat chance for some inexpensive fun.

BONWIT TELLER has some nice date dresses, among them a two-piece faded-navy-blue jersey whose waist-length, fitted top is equipped with a wide collar that hints at the time-honored middy blouse. There are long sleeves and three rows of buttons down the front. The skirt, which has unpressed pleats, sports hip pads that you can take out when you don't feel like being too startling; $45. A one-piece, short-sleeved dress of black-and-white checked wool has a wide turnover collar, sloping shoulders, and removable hip pads. To this you can add a bright-green rayon velveteen bolero with white eyelet ruffles at the neck and cuffs and braided frog fastenings—a bit quaint, I guess, but good-looking too. The dress is $25, the jacket is $20. A more conservative ensemble, for late-afternoon or theatre dates, is a one-piece brown dress, whose bodice has a scalloped, lowish décolletage. The skirt is of wool and there is a long-sleeved, wool bolero. The price, $39.95. For evening, this establishment shows many charming businesses of mid-calf length. One of them is a two-piece black rayon velveteen dress with white eyelet-embroidered ruffles on a strapless camisole top and with more ruffles at the hem of a dirndl skirt; $23.90. Another dress, of red rayon velveteen, is one-piece and has a simple, low, round-necked bodice and cap sleeves. The full skirt has drawstrings that permit you to catch up the skirt, shepherdess style, and show the plaid cotton petticoat underneath; $29.95 for the works. Powder-blue rayon taffeta, a perennial débutante number, makes an ankle-length dress that has a full skirt and a décolletage, adorned with black lace ruffles, that can be worn either on or off the shoulders; $45.

BEST, a celebrated haven for the simple, well-tailored type of sports or campus clothes, has trundled forth a collection in cotton corduroy or rayon velveteen. The corduroys are in dark, neutral, or bright colors, and there are even some black ones, which I love. The stuff is used for slack suits that have slightly fitted, double-breasted jackets and slender, cuffed trousers; $19.95. There are lots of separate jackets; one of them, at $15, has pointed lapels, flap pockets, and a belted back. At the same price, there are box coats, below-hip length, with bright plaid rayon linings, and the shop has plaid shirts to match. Then, there are full corduroy skirts, with wide waistbands and big patch pockets, and suits that are a combination of longish fitted jackets and gored skirts. In black, the jackets and gored skirts look worldly enough for dates in town. Best also can provide you with one of the raincoats of the year—a loose, full-length, sky-blue, beige, gray, cinnamon, or dark-green corduroy business, with an attached hood that crisscrosses at the throat and buttons there. It's the sort of thing you'd want to wear all the time, which you can for $29.95.

Among the rayon velveteens at Best are mannish jackets with patch pockets and all kinds of dresses—for instance, a one-piece black jumper affair with cap sleeves and a heart-shaped neck, at $15; a willowy, long-sleeved black or dark-green princesse dress with a narrow white piqué turnover collar and jet buttons from the neck to the hemline, at $39.95; and a mid-calf-length dinner dress (marvellous in an iris blue) with a scalloped hem and a horizontal fold at the base of the off-shoulder, sleeveless décolletage, for $29.95. And there is a black, double-purpose jumper dress with a square neck and crossed shoulder straps that fasten at the back; the skirt is full and the bodice fitted. The trick is that it can be worn as a décolleté dinner dress or, with the addition of a blouse, as a dress for late afternoon. All this for just $25.

PECK & PECK don't simply blossom out once a year with special college stuff; they operate a year-around hangout for undergraduates. For the first time since before the war, they have matching sweaters and skirts in Sandringham or periwinkle blue, red, or yellow. Slipons are $8.95 and cardigans are $10.95; the skirts, of wool and costing $12.95, have the classic inverted pleat in front and a plain back. For novelty, Peck & Peck present an adaptation of a nineteenth-century New England volunteer fireman's bright-red wool shirt, at $12.95; another nineteenth-century notion is an Italian fencer's shirt of white wool with red piping. It has a standing collar, long sleeves, and a detachable bit of cloth cut in the shape of a medieval shield across the front; $12.95. Returning to staples, P. & P. offer Glenurquhart plaid suits, with turnover collars on the jackets and box-pleated skirts, for $55.95, as well as long, full, hooded brown suède cloth

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topcoats that fasten with one button at the throat and are lined with the Glenurquhart to match, for $69.95. More formal suits have gray flannel jackets with green wool collars and revers; the green wool skirts are slit slightly at the center front; $49.95. A polo coat with a slight new twist is here—a brown or beige wool-and-camel's-hair maneuver with a swing back, a turnover collar, and huge, saucer-sized buttons down the front. Raised seaming maintains a link with tradition, however. It's $69.95.

ONE of the little quirks in Macy's college shop is a liking for double sweaters. They have pastel turtleneck affairs, at $4.69, worn beneath bright-colored knit wool jerkins, at $3.98, and they have long-sleeved black or colored wool sweaters, with high, squarish necks, under round-necked pullovers in slanting, multi-colored stripes. You *can* buy any of them separately, of course. Thin wool is used for practically everything here—white pullovers with sailor collars, which are almost middy blouses, and pastel dress-up sweaters with four circular folds forming a low, round yoke across the front; both are $5.59. Macy's separate skirts are varied and inexpensive. Among them are full black, chocolate, or green corduroy ones, for $5.98, whose waistbands are very cleverly adjusted to snugness by a zipper, as well as wool crêpe skirts, knife-pleated all around, at $7.98. There's a particularly nice two-piece Kelly-and-purple plaid light-wool dress here, too, which looks like a suit because of its long, lean fitted top and slender, gored skirt with a stitched fold down the front; $16.98.

Last shot: If your campus is way up North, Macy is a good place for full-length, ribbed heavy wool stockings; $2.77. —L. L.

•

The little Rush ran more happily, and the green fingers of leaves began to appear at the knuckles of the willows; the water meadows deepened into a soft emerald right across the valley; the cattle stayed out all night now, and it was with dewy flanks that I met them coming home in the morning.—*"Devil at Westease," by V. Sackville-West.*

Where had *you* been?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Sun*]

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CAPITAL CITY, 1947

My name is Allah Bux. To utter its Muslim syllables sounds like a confession of sin in these days when a man's name—like the cut of his coat, the way he ties his turban, and whether he wears breeches or a dhoti—may decide whether his neighbors will accord him the boon of life or will condemn him to die. My name is Allah Bux, and I am a totally insignificant person. I live in Calcutta with my wife, Nafisa, in one of those small lanes just off Manohar Road, southeast of the Maidan, the great park where the dead viceroys ride their stone chargers across the grass. I am fifty years old. For twenty years, I have been employed by a large jute company whose offices are on Clive Street, about two miles from where I live. I started work at rupees fifteen a month, and now that I am a *durwan*—a doorman—I receive rupees thirty-five, and there is talk of a further raise if all goes well.

If all goes well! And if all does not go well, if I should be killed, what is to become of Nafisa? We have no children, and our few relatives are poorer than we are and live far away. If I should die, what will become of Nafisa? It would be better if we were to die together—yes, that would be much better. That is what we both hope for in our hearts, though we do not speak of it, for life is precious, even at our age, and there is always a chance that things may improve, that sanity may return to our world, and that we may be permitted to live out our appointed time. Nevertheless, I am haunted by concern for Nafisa, whom I love. Every morning, when we have said our prayers and eaten and I am preparing to set out for my work, Nafisa clings to me and begs me to be careful.

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"And you," I reply, "you, Nafisa, be careful also. Don't go out of the house until I come home. Don't answer a knock on the door unless you are sure it is one of our friends. Keep the windows barred and the curtains drawn. I shall be back at the usual time."

"But if you should not return at the usual time?"

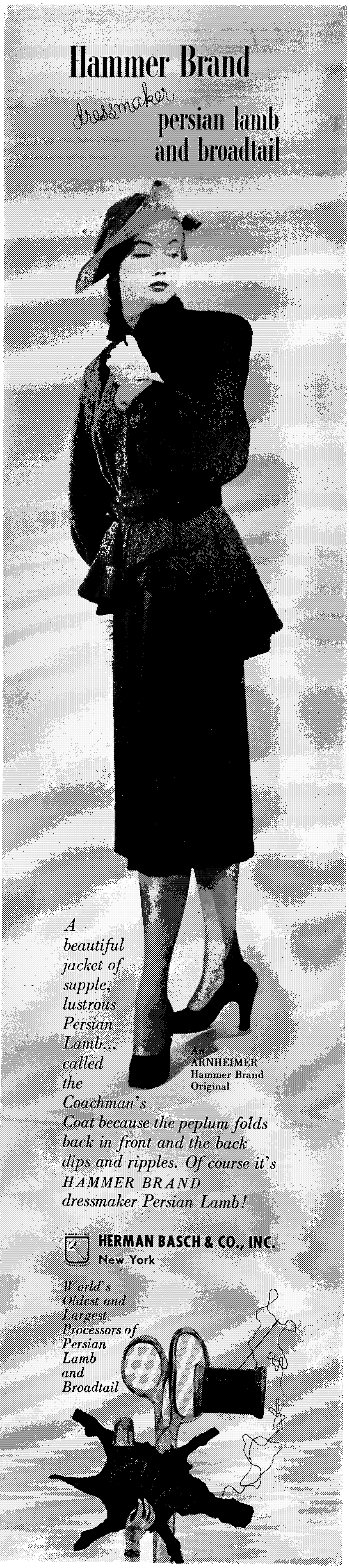
"Then wait for me."

"But if I should wait and still you do not return?"

"I shall return," I tell her firmly, and we look into each other's faces, and part. Out on the street, I stand for a moment and gaze at my house, which is small and shabby and has a flat roof, where we sit in the evenings and where we sleep in summer and where Nafisa knows she must go if ever there is trouble in the street. The roof, from which we can see other rooftops and glimpse the broken shapes and colors of the city; the roof, where in happier times we listened to music coming from our neighbors' open windows and smelled the morning freshness falling toward us from the stars; the roof, where, at the appointed hour, we go to turn our faces toward God. Gazing at it, I am reminded of a thousand rooftops where women have gathered when their homes were stormed, and where they have died when the houses were burned from under them or when their enemies came and found them.

Hindus and Sikhs and Muslims have always lived on this street, their children have played together on the doorsteps, their women have visited and gossiped after the fashion of women all over the world, and I have walked with my neighbors on my way to work. But now when I say goodbye to Nafisa, I stand looking at my house and then I turn and glance up and down the street, and I feel that I have been alienated from a place and people familiar to me for twenty years. Doors and windows that have always stood open to the air now remain shut and inimical. When a Sikh or a Hindu approaches me, I turn aside to avoid his glance, and I know that what is passing in my mind is passing in his also, and that each of us is wondering when he will be called upon to act.

I walk down the street in the direction of Chowringhee, avoiding the old short cuts, because they are no longer safe. Avoiding short cuts, avoiding that figure and this pair of eyes, thinking of Nafisa, I come at last to the great thoroughfare of Chowringhee and mingle with the crowd, and when I reach the corner near Hall & Anderson's, I cross the street to the Maidan. For some rea-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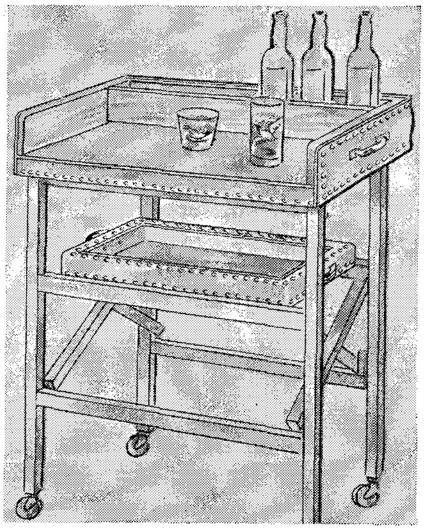

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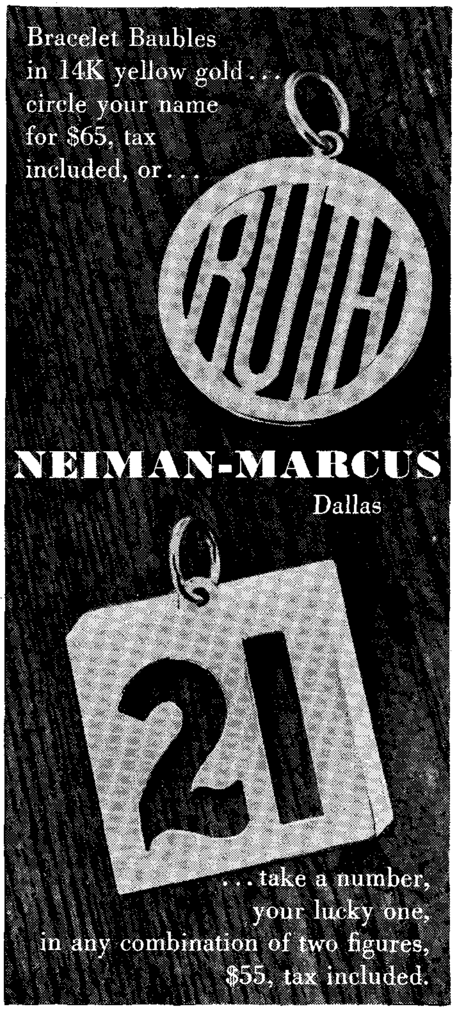

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. . . take a number, your lucky one, in any combination of two figures, $55, tax included.

son, I always feel better when I reach the Maidan, perhaps because of the sense of space and air.

When I come to the Ochterlony Monument, I always stop to stare at it, to experience again the sensation of seeing it fall, the entire column falling past the sky, falling in its unbroken length toward my uplifted face. I realize that this impression is caused by the angle at which I see the column against the sky and against the passage of clouds. Nevertheless, the effect, which I noticed for the first time many years ago, never fails. The Ochterlony Monument seems forever falling toward the earth. It gives me an indescribable feeling—not terror, exactly, but an excitement, which serves, for the moment, to change the deadly current of my thoughts.

However, I cannot stand endlessly watching that stained and yellowish monument reel across the sky, and when I have crossed the Maidan and have walked over to the pavement that skirts Government House, I find that my muscles are tense once more and that I am sweating hard and trying not to glance over my shoulder and trying not to break into a run. As I walk toward Dalhousie Square, I occasionally brush against a stranger, and a fierce current sweeps across my nerves. If he is a Muslim, we look for a second into each other's eyes and I fancy that I see Nafisa in his. We exchange a brief smile, a word of apology, and go our ways. But if the stranger is a member of the enemy faction, the current in me is like a burning and a falling at once, and each of us holds his breath in expectant anguish before fate pushes us out of its way—for the time being.

AN American sahib into whose department my duty sometimes takes me asked me once whether I had witnessed any of the events of last August, when Hindus and Muslims slaughtered each other by the thousand on the streets of Calcutta. I explained that I had neither seen nor heard anything, since I happen to live in an outlying neighborhood, one that has so far escaped all but the echo of horror. It is true that although a sense of falling is everywhere—a sense of bleeding, a sense of burning—I myself have seen almost none of it. But I have been told of my friends' experiences, and I have read accounts and seen pictures in newspapers and in the propaganda leaflets published by the rival communities. These photographs are all alike—they and their captions—differing only in the identity of the victims. When I tell this to the American sahib, he smiles. "Well, maybe this trouble is a dream after all, Allah Bux," he says. "All these stories of women and children being burned alive, these forced conversions, the rape, the destruction, the loot. Maybe this damned curfew, and the babus being too scared to come to work, and all the delays and the holdups and loss of time and money and the effect on my temper are all due to somebody's having had a bad dream in the night. Now, Allah Bux, will you kindly go and find that *chuprassie* and ask him why in thunder he forgot to take these letters to the post office, and tell him what's going to happen to him when *he* wakes up?"

Like most Americans, the sahib is genial, and it is not difficult to talk to him. He is inquisitive and never hesitates to ask questions, even questions that he must know will embarrass me. "Who's at the bottom of this *gol-mal*, Allah Bux? Your crowd or the other? Or do you just take turns? Come on. You know I won't say anything."

I answer carefully, reaching always for the truth, which God knows is difficult enough, even when one thinks one knows it. I tell him what the Hindus did to the Muslims in Bihar, and when I have finished, he gives a short laugh and tells me that he has heard what the Muslims did to the Hindus in Lahore. We look at each other, then he shakes his head and says, "What the hell, Allah Bux! Here we are, you and I, two reasonable, law-abiding people, talking fantasy. *Tik nai*, eh? No good!"

He is a kind man and he means well, but he doesn't understand. He doesn't understand what it is like to live with a feeling that something is lying in wait for you around the last corner on your way home. He doesn't understand what it is like to have to stop every few minutes while you decide which road would be safest tonight. He doesn't understand what it feels like to watch an old acquaintance come toward you through the dusk of a deserted lane, to see him hesitate and reach into his breast pocket while your own fingers clench on the handle of the knife at your belt. For all his kindness, the sahib cannot feel as I do when I listen to the tales told me by people whose families have been burned alive in the *bustees*, or mutilated, or mysteriously lost. The sahib asks me what the police are about that they don't put down the lawlessness. The police! How can I make him understand that in our country a man is first a Muslim, or a Sikh, or a Hindu, and only then a policeman? When I tell him this, he shakes his head and says, "You're

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all equally bad, Allah Bux. You're hopeless. *Tik nai!*"

After one of these conversations, I return to my duties at the main entrance, and from there I watch the traffic and the crowd on Clive Street. The sacred bull of the Hindus sprawls across the pavement, and Englishmen, Americans, Muslims, Marwaries—all the elegant and the shabby citizens of the financial world—step into the gutter to avoid disturbing the fabulous beast taking its ease in their midst. There are the fruit venders, the hawkers of sweets and of colored pajama strings and of safety pins; there are the great banks and brokers' offices, the headquarters of the wealth of Bengal. For twenty years, I've watched this scene. It has become part of my life. How long will it last? I remember the words of the sahib—"Maybe this trouble is a dream after all, Allah Bux"—and I feel a little better and tell myself that in everything there is an element of exaggeration, a sort of natural untruth that counts, always, everywhere, for more than it should. I remind myself of the impression the Ochterlony Monument gives me, or of the sound of a storm that leaves me frightened but unhurt, and I say to myself that in such a manner catastrophe strikes all around Nafisa and me, leaving us miraculously untouched.

YESTERDAY, when I walked to work, the sun was more than usually hot. Streets, walls, the sky itself seemed turned to brass. The night before last, there had been trouble on Chowringhee, and some of the side streets were still barred by steel-helmeted police. For this reason, I was compelled to take an unfamiliar route, and so approached my destination from the south, skirting the areas that were devastated in last year's riots. Eventually, I walked up a street that I knew must take me to Dalhousie Square, from which it is no distance to Clive Street. Everything seemed normal; people were walking or bicycling to their work; buses and taxis were rushing to and fro, the colored turbans of the Sikh drivers looking like flowers in the sun.

The street, like most side streets in Calcutta, was narrow and lined on both sides with little shops and food stalls, and because of the hour it was crowded with people. Presently, it seemed to me that the crowd had thinned out and that I had come upon a sort of island on the sidewalk, and there I noticed two men standing beside a door, not ten paces away. There was no scuffle, no warning of what was about to

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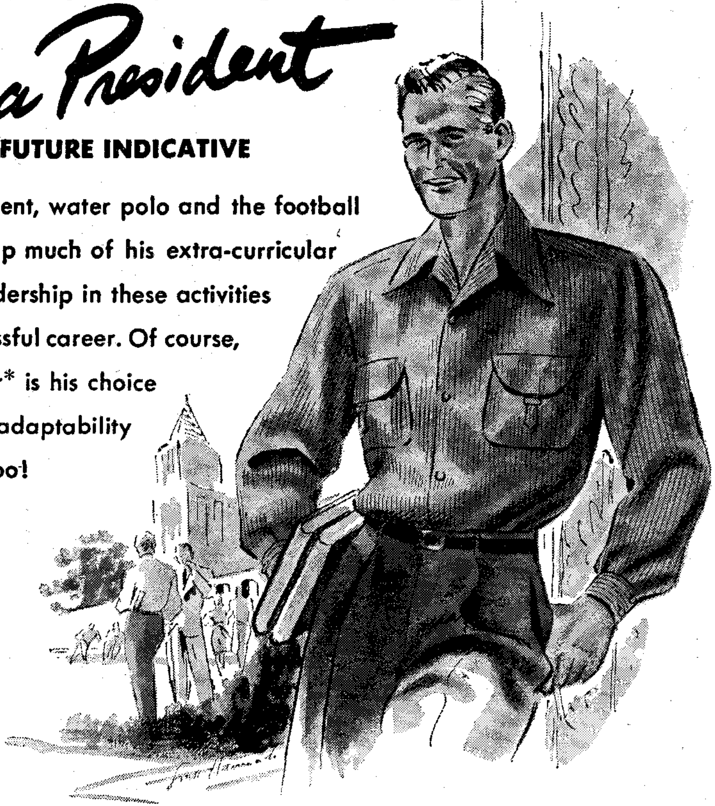

Sketched—The Pony Express Browser in fine wale corduroy, about... $10.50

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happen, before I saw one of the men lift his right arm and bury a knife deep in the neck of the second man, bury it up to the hilt, and saw the stricken man fall, slowly, as though hesitating, his hands groping toward the ground. I had come to a stop and was so interested in watching the man fall that I forgot to look at the one who had stabbed him. I forgot to notice anything else—indeed, I saw nothing else—only that figure slowly collapsing toward the pavement. Then I lowered my umbrella so that it shielded my face, and, crossing the street, I made my way quickly to the square and from there to the jute company.

That morning I did not speak to anyone of what I had seen, but later in the day the American sahib sent for me on some business, and when I was preparing to leave his presence, he stopped me, saying, "What's the matter, Allah Bux? You look sick."

I had not meant to tell him. I had, in fact, intended to keep the matter entirely secret, even from Nafisa, and thus, in a fashion, from myself also, for I know that words lend a reality to events that might otherwise fade and be lost in forgetfulness. Yet, when the sahib spoke to me in his kind voice, I replied without hesitation, "This morning when I was coming to work, sir, I saw a man killed."

"What was it—an accident?"

"No, sir, it was no accident. It was murder. One man lifted a knife, like that, and sank it in the neck of another, like this."

The sahib stared at me for a moment, then he said, "Murder? Who did it—a Hindu or Muslim?"

"That I could not tell," I said. "Both were Indians, but both wore European dress."

"Did the police get the murderer?"

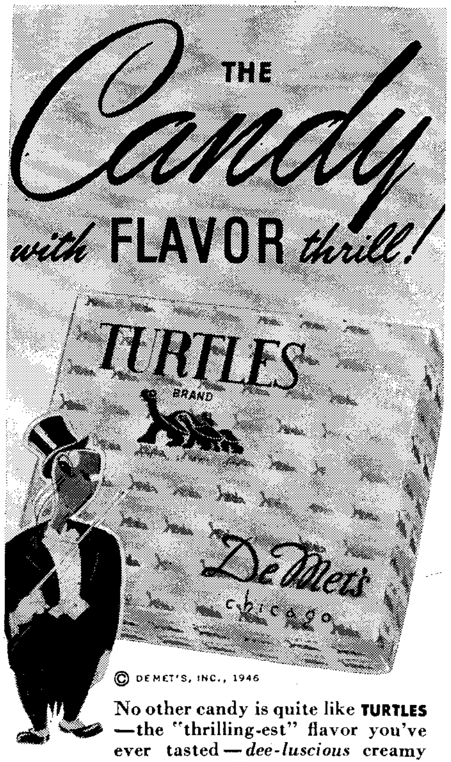
"I don't know, sir. I did not wait to see what happened."

"But you say you were there! Didn't you give the alarm? Didn't you try to catch the murderer?"

I said slowly, "Sir, these are terrible times. No one is safe. Safety lies in anonymity, in keeping quiet, in minding one's own business. Let the police attend to it. It is their responsibility, not mine."

"But you told me once that you didn't trust the police!"

I said nothing, and after a silence the sahib said in a thoughtful voice, "I'll be damned." And after a further silence he added, "Here I am, sitting in an office in one of the great cities of the world. A man tells me that he has just been witness to a cold-blooded murder and



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that instead of doing what any other citizen would have done anywhere else in the world—instead of giving the alarm or grappling with the murderer—he does nothing. He walks calmly away." The sahib stared at me with puzzled eyes. "I'll be damned if I understand you, your country, or your people, Allah Bux. I try to. But I'll be damned if I think I ever will."

What could I say to the sahib? How could I explain that to have interfered would have exposed Nafisa and me to certain reprisal, that it would have been equivalent to signing her death warrant and my own? The sahib does not live under the heavy shadow that covers our lives. How should he understand? I don't understand it myself. I know no one who understands it.

—Christine Weston

•

THE SAND CLAM
(MYA ARENARIA)

Shell strong, opaque, unequal, gaping . . . epidermis wrinkled; mantle edges united except at pedal aperture; foot small; siphons long, united, retractile; gills two on each side, elongated.—*"The Shell Book," by Julia Ellen Rogers.*

Shell strong, opaque, unequal, gaping,
Long double gills on either side,
And small of foot beyond all aping—
Frail darling of the fitful tide.

Thy mantle edges firm united,
Except at pedal aperture,
Display their beauties as recited,
So proud, so palpable, so pure.

The siphons long but still retractile,
The epidermis wrinkled, yet
Conveying pleasures subtly tactile,
Pleasures one never can forget.

So, *Mya mia,* I acclaim thee.
My *Mya arenaria,*
I chant thy praise—and who shall blame
me?—
With ode and hymn and aria,

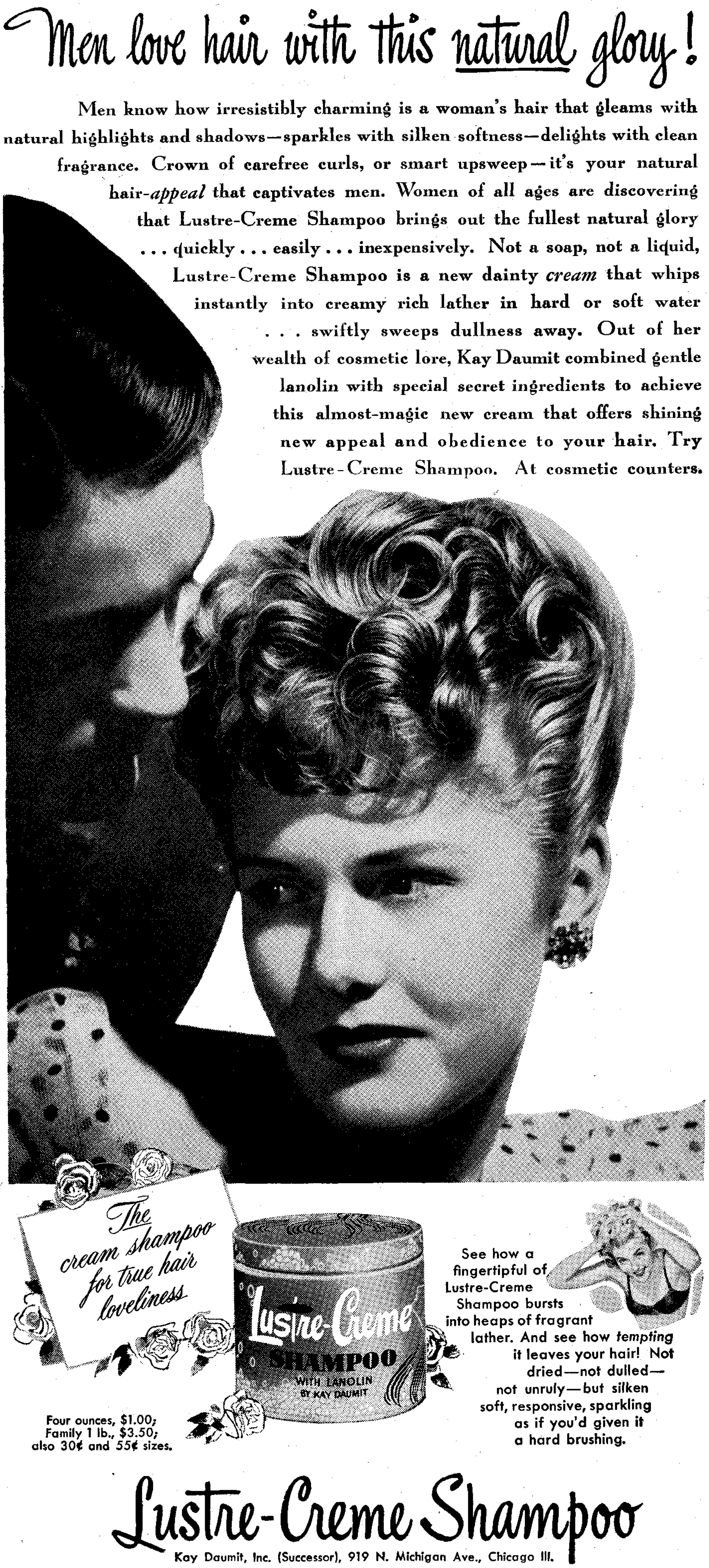
Arising loud and ever louder.
I hope to claim thee mine alone,
Not fried but better in a chowder
Till thou and I at last are one.

—Robert Hale

•

Last week, kindly, bustling Max Reiter was back in Manhattan as guest conductor of the ABC Symphony Orchestra. In eight years in San Antonio, he had turned 40 homespun musicians into a smoothly functioning symphony of 78 pieces.—*Time.*

Kindly, bustling, prestidigital Max.



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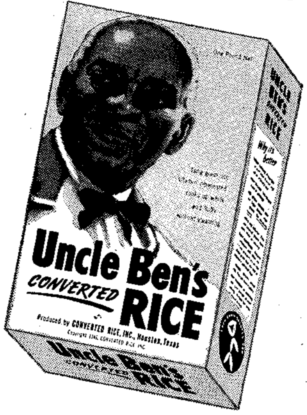

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OF ALL THINGS

WASHINGTON observers agree that Senator Ferguson's inquiry into war contracts was too theatrical. Some think it was a mistake to put a guest star from Hollywood on the program.

•

Most authorities believe that the recent Ford settlement, which averted a strike, did not violate the Taft-Hartley Act. It seems that both parties bowed to the new law, though in a cold and distant manner.

•

The world is watching with sympathetic interest the attempt of the United Nations to stop the Indonesian war. If the U.N. performs successfully in the minors, it may make good in the big leagues.

•

The President has reluctantly signed the Congressional measure ending curbs on installment credit after November 1st. It pains him to see Congress making these bad mid-year resolutions.

•

Statistics put out by the Department of Commerce show that the personal incomes of our people reached an all-time high in June. Ill-natured reports from citizens indicate that their personal outgo was even higher.

•

Everybody is praising the perseverance and initiative of the globe-girdling flier William Odom. This pioneer has found the hardest possible way to get from Chicago to Chicago.

•

A Louisville radio station gives its listeners eleven hours of silence a day under the sponsorship of a maker of mattresses. A few more sponsors like that, and radio will be a success.

•

The economic crisis in Europe may make it necessary to call Congress back. This will be bad news for our lawmakers, who had hoped to spend some time sitting on those political fences they have been mending.

•

The decision of the American film industry to stop shipping pictures to Great Britain has greatly distressed the people over there. The British seem to feel that, what with other shortages, they shouldn't be deprived of Betty Grable. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE WAYWARD PRESS

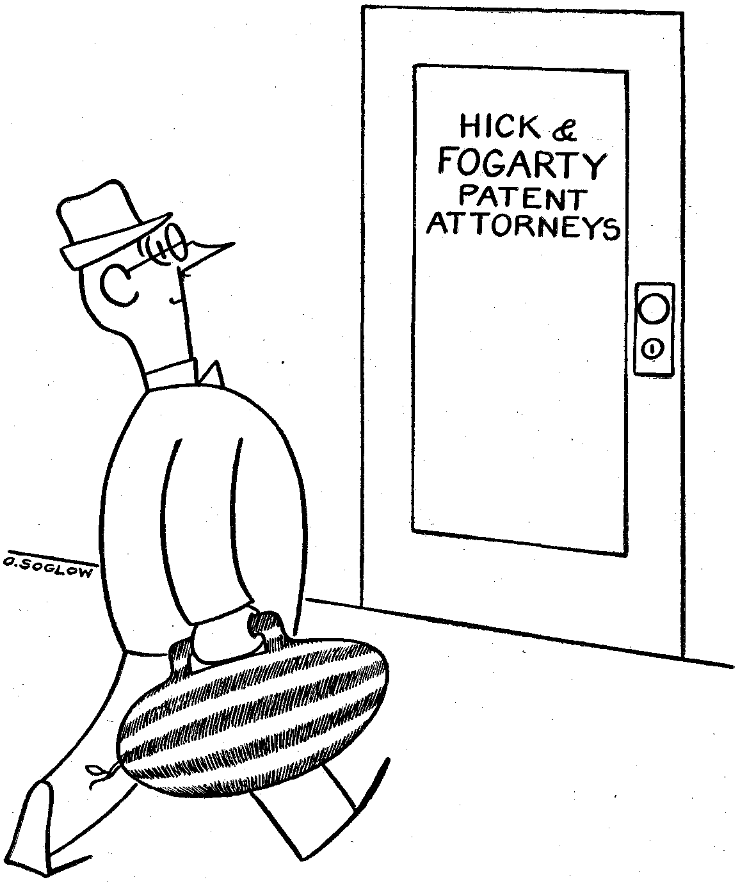
BOOMERANGS AND DUDS

THE first half of the summer produced two fine illustrations of the working of a principle that once, in these program notes on the metropolitan press, I denominated Liebling's Law. This is that if a man is smart enough, he can kick himself in the seat of the pants, grab himself by the collar, and throw himself out on the sidewalk. My formulation of the Law was prompted by the sad case of the newspaper correspondents who so effectively ingratiated themselves with Army public-relations authorities that when the Armistice with Germany was signed at Reims not a single representative of an American daily was allowed in the room where the ceremony took place. To paraphrase a great man's *mot*, they had ingratiated themselves out. The Army press agents had decided that such a subservient bunch could not possibly count for anything, and, although they had no trouble finding space for the pretty fiancée of the naval aide of a general, they excluded the newspapermen.

The running argument over the Taft-Hartley bill, which has increased in volume rather than diminished since the bill was passed, produced this season's first demonstration of the operation of my Law. The *Herald Tribune*, in a front-page story by Tom Twitty that appeared about two weeks after the bill became an act, announced that in the opinion of the Department of Justice the new legislation, which the newspaper had enthusiastically supported during the lengthy Congressional debate on the matter, contained a section that could be construed as forbidding any newspaper in the country to print political comment. The section is No. 304, which provides that no corporation or union may make any expenditure in connection with a political campaign. "Another, and still effective, section of the original corrupt-practices act defines an 'expenditure' as 'anything of value,' " Mr. Twitty explained. "Thus, the expenditure of paper, ink, writing services and composing costs of any newspaper owned by 'any corporation' or labor union in publishing a political editorial is apparently a technical violation. This interpretation affects general newspapers as well as the labor press and is contrary in some respects to the way Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican, of Ohio, co-sponsor of the new law, interpreted it in a Senate debate with Senator Claude Pepper, Democrat, of Florida," Mr. Twitty continued, with a hint of reproach for a Justice Department that would flout Senator Taft. He added that it was "highly probable" that the Department's interpretation would become the official one. Senator Taft had "interpreted the section as exempting the regular press while gagging the labor press," Twitty recalled. He gave it as the Senator's view that "a newspaper supported by funds contributed as union dues by union members would be in violation of this section if it ran matter urging the election of one Federal candidate and the defeat of another. The same would apply to any corporation except those not regularly in the publishing business." I bow to no man when it is a question of awareness of Senator Taft's ability to get mixed up, but I assume that what he really said was "any corporation except those regularly in the publishing business," and that Mr. Twitty, swept away by the general spirit of hell and confusion, inadvertently slipped in the "not." Whatever the case, Section 304 says simply "corporation," and almost all newspapers are published by corporations, and there you are.

One purpose of Section 304 was, apparently, to help rally timid congressmen to the support of the Taft-Hartley bill, the idea being that it would guarantee protection against retaliation by the labor press come next campaign time. Senator Taft's rather muzzied explanations on the floor before the measure was passed never made it clear whether the section would, in his opinion, apply to such non-profit publications as the *Christian Science Monitor* and the nation's numerous diocesan periodicals. All he seemed sure of was that publishers who were in business to make money would be exempt. (Whether a newspaper that was intended to make a profit but didn't—*PM*, for example—would have to avoid political subjects is another matter Senator Taft appears to have overlooked.)

It is safe to say that during the debate that preceded the passage of the Taft-Hartley bill, no section of the thirty-page document received less publicity than No. 304. To be sure, the *Times* took cognizance of the Taft-Pepper debate on the subject, devoting a few paragraphs to it on page 18 in its issue of June 6th, and the *New Republic*, not unnaturally, voiced its alarm over this threat to its existence, while George Seldes' waspish little weekly, *In Fact*, which he sends to all newspaper publishers whether they want it or not, buzzed until it seemed about to explode. But the flaws in No. 304 were not revealed in detail to the public until President Truman enumerated them in his message accompanying his futile veto of the measure. A large number of newspapers graciously printed Mr. Truman's objections in full. Few publishers, however, expressed concern until after the publication of the Twitty



The
Starlight
Roof
AT SUPPER
Ginny Simms
•
DINNER AND SUPPER
Jack Fina
and his Orchestra
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(no cover)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
Selective dinners and à la carte
THE
Waldorf-Astoria
PARK AVENUE
AT 50TH

AIR CONDITIONED
PIERRE
GRILL
Just fine food . . . no
music or entertainment
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DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
Hotel Pierre
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WANTED
HOUSE OR APARTMENT
To rent small attractive house or six or seven room apartment on Chicago's near North Side. Rental price $300 per month. Returning to city after several years abroad. Write:
Box S, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.,
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THE
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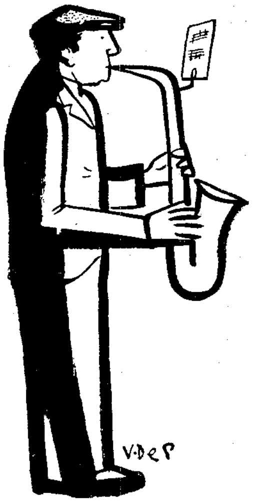
article, which began, "A section of the Taft-Hartley labor act designed to police political activities may have far-reaching and unsuspected implications, such as gagging the entire press, it was disclosed today." This suggestion of a sudden new development seemed rather surprising, since the "unsuspected implications" had been pointed out by the President three weeks earlier and Twitty, further along in his piece, even quoted the relevant passage of the President's veto message.



Ten days after Mr. Twitty's disclosure, the *Times*, which had plugged the Taft-Hartley bill with all the energy of a tip-sheet salesman on the station platform at Aqueduct and had welcomed its passage with Bavarian yodels and bottom-slappings of delight, ran a half-column editorial headed "Amendment Needed." The thesis of this was that Section 304 ought to be changed in order to protect the freedom of labor newspapers, a freedom about which the *Times* had not previously been notably solicitous. "We do not believe there is justification for the statements made by some of the law's critics that a corporation which is in the business of running and publishing a newspaper is prevented from editorial comment," the *Times* declared, taking stern issue with the Department of Justice. "It would, however, seem to us to be clear that the evil of infringing the freedom of the press or freedom of speech is so much greater than the evil which the law attempts at this point to correct that this section of the Act should be amended, so as to clear away all doubt and make it certain that the inclusion of the word 'expenditure' does not interfere with the right to free expression of opinion." Thereupon, I imagine, the *Times* editorial writer discarded the judicial robe of black bombazine, powdered with book dust, that he undoubtedly wears to get himself into the mood for composing sentences like that, and went out for lunch and another boomerang.

The difference between Senator Taft and the Department of Justice over the interpretation of Section 304 is nothing compared to that between the Senator, convinced as he is that the section gags the labor press, and Representative Fred A. Hartley, Republican, of New Jersey, the act's other sponsor. Hartley was quoted by *PM* a while back as saying that No. 304 doesn't affect publications of any sort. "In my opinion, the labor press can say what it wants," he told the *PM* man. He didn't explain what he thought No. 304 *did* affect. Such contradictions are conducive to the suspicion that since the two men who sponsored the Taft-Hartley bill don't seem to have known what was in it, their colleagues who voted for it knew still less, and that the newspapers, in their preoccupation with something that promised to "curb" labor, knew, or chose to know, least of all. This is the kind of suspicion that it hurts an admirer of the press to entertain.

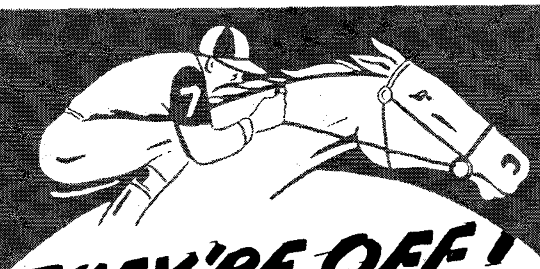
WHILE the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* were fretting about the King Stork of a law with which their prayers had been answered, an incongruous spryness was betraying the *Sun* into a solo demonstration of Liebling's Law. Last summer, I wrote an affectionate essay on the *Sun* (though my mood was, unhappily, misunderstood by some members of its staff), entitled "And the Sun Stood Still." This summer, the *Sun* has been perversely running off in all directions—a little, one of my irreverent friends has suggested, like an elderly spinster seeking one last fling in her declining years. I can only hope that my essay had nothing to do with stimulating these untimely saltations. I became aware of this tendency one day about a month ago, when the *Sun* apparently scooped the world with a front-page story printed under the following three-line, eight-column headline:

ATOM BOMB SECRETS STOLEN
FROM PLANT AT OAK RIDGE
BY AGENTS NOT YET IDENTIFIED

The lead on the *Sun's* understandably exclusive story read, "Unidentified agents working from within the atomic energy plant at Oak Ridge, Tenn., have stolen several files of highly secret data on the atomic bomb, an investigation by the New York *Sun* revealed today." Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, Republican, of Iowa, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, arose in the Senate an hour after the appearance of the *Sun* story and said that what really had happened was that a couple of thoroughly identified Army sergeants had taken some files from the atomic plant at Los Alamos, New Mexico, six-teen months before, when Los Alamos was under Army control. Agents of the civilian commission now in charge of atomic control, he added, had since recovered the files and were in a position to arrest the sergeants at any time. This did not suit the *Sun* nearly as well as its Oak Ridge version of the story, and a couple of weeks later Colonel Gilbert T. Hodges, the chairman of the *Sun's* executive committee, declared over the radio, "Up to this very moment, not one person in high authority has flatly denied that documents are missing from the Oak Ridge files." He seemed undiscouraged by the fact that denials by President Truman and Senator Hickenlooper appeared to be reasonably horizontal. A *Sun* man's standards of flatness are high.

The *Sun's* first story, as well as a whole flock of others on the same subject, was written and signed by Edward A. Nellor, of the newspaper's Washington bureau. "Disclosure of this startling laxity on the part of American security agents who permitted the loss of such top secret information is expected to blast the nation's atomic energy setup into a total reorganization," Nellor wrote in his initial effort, staking all on the hypothesis that the loss had occurred at Oak Ridge, presumably while the plant was under civilian control. "Full details, when revealed, will rival the Canadian atom bomb story, the alarmed informants of the *Sun* predict. . . . Congressmen serving on the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy are frightened, baffled, and thoroughly disgusted. . . . Baffled Congressmen are just now recovering from the discovery that the entire approach to this vital program of secrecy smacked of Dick Tracy, or even a more amateurish detective. The fact that foreign agents are allowed within miles of Oak Ridge is almost too alarming for them to believe." One congressman, Mr. Nellor reported, was "made almost speechless"—surely a unique casualty.

"It would be a simple matter to sabotage Oak Ridge," Mr. Nellor went on to warn his readers, "since it is unlikely that anyone would be halted in approaching close to the plants. A hand grenade would do the job." The effective radius of a hand grenade is thirty yards, according to Infantry Training Manual 9-1985, a top-secret document in the possession of an undisclosed friend of mine. This, I should say from personal observation, is giving the grenade the best of it. Oak Ridge covers fifty-nine thousand acres. An attempt to put the plant out of action with any hand



THEY'RE OFF!

SARATOGA!

Track of history, track of memories, again echoes to the pounding rush of the thoroughbreds!

Where racing history is made right before your eyes . . . the Sport of Kings at its finest!

SATURDAY, August 16th
THE SARATOGA SPECIAL
THE TRAVERS

8 Exciting Races every Week-day, including Steeplechasing.

First Race . . . . 2:30 P.M.

Admission . . . . $1.60, incl. tax.

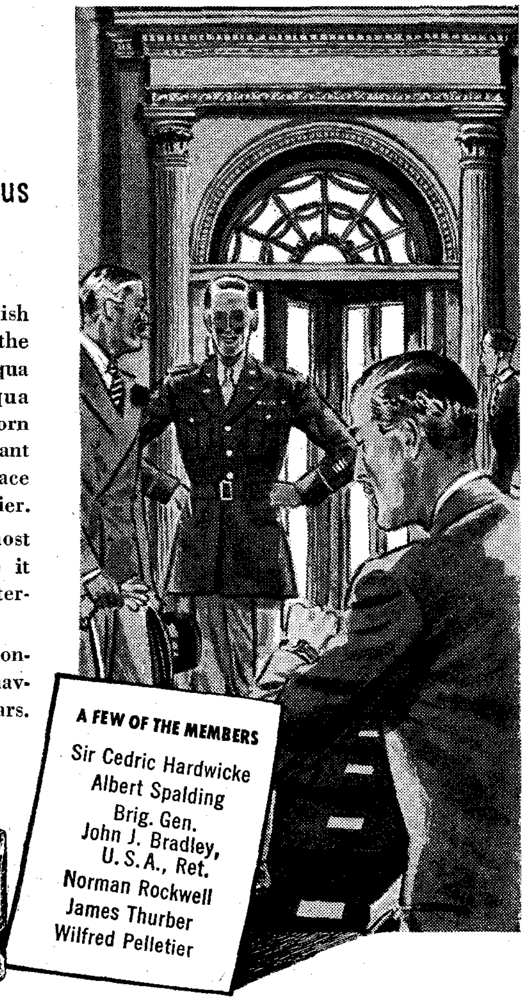
Children not admitted.

Trains for Saratoga leave Grand Central 8:30 A.M. (EST) Monday through Friday; 8:15 A.M. (EST) Saturday. Return nightly.

GREATER 1947 SARATOGA RACE MEETING

AT SARATOGA

AUG. 4 — AUG. 30



BECOME A MEMBER

of the world's most famous After-Shave Club

• For a refreshing, enjoyable finish to your morning shave, join the discriminating men who use Aqua Velva. Cooling, bracing—Aqua Velva helps refresh the shave-worn skin. You'll like its clean, pleasant scent—the way it leaves your face feeling—and looking—healthier.

Aqua Velva is the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Use it regularly for the utmost in after-shave pleasure.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS
Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Albert Spalding
Brig. Gen. John J. Bradley, U.S.A., Ret.
Norman Rockwell
James Thurber
Wilfred Pelletier

Williams
Aqua Velva
for After Shaving

The TIME Advertising Quiz No 4

HOW DO YOU RATE AS AN ADVERTISING EXPERT?
HERE'S A WAY TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

(Answers below, upside down)

HORMEL
HORMEL
HORMEL
HORMEL
HORMEL
HORMEL

I.

Geo. A. Hormel & Co. advertise on the back covers of TIME to reach three of the following groups:

A. Hundreds of America's most famous chefs. ☐

B. 1,500,000 TIME women, in households which spend 30% more for variety meats than do average U. S. families. ☐

C. Thousands of café proprietors, to introduce Hormel's new midnight-snack dish, "Spam-of-Time." ☐

D. More than 3,000,000 alert consumers, to register and reregister Hormel's trademark. ☐

E. Independent and chain food store operators who are always interested in selling fast-turnover food products. ☐

II.

The presence of four of these groups in the TIME audience is among the American Seating Company's reasons for advertising in TIME:

A. 33,000 engineers and architects (plus hundreds of theater managers, millions of theatergoers). ☐

B. 30,000 clergymen (plus thousands of important laymen who can influence decisions on church building and improvements). ☐

C. 99,000 educators. ☐

D. Thousands of women with children under 4 (potential buyers of American high chairs). ☐

E. 531,000 men and 612,000 women, who belong to civic groups, have a voice in school appropriations. ☐

III.

Columbia Masterworks Records advertise in TIME for three of the following reasons:

A. To increase Columbia's prestige with its recording artists. ☐

B. Leading discus throwers prefer TIME to any other magazine they read. ☐

C. The TIME audience (75% college-educated) provides a class market of 1,800,000 men and 1,500,000 women whose incomes, cultural background, and social attainments would naturally suggest an interest in fine music. ☐

D. Families in TIME-high income brackets own 3 times as many radio-phonographs as do average urban U.S. families. ☐

E. To start a vogue among an audience of 1,500,000 influential, pace-setting families for *musical* "flying platters." ☐

• • •

You can do one thing with your advertising in many magazines. But you can do many things with your advertising in one magazine—because that one magazine has collected as its audience a primary readership of 3,000,000 people who are many things to any advertiser.

There's ALWAYS an EXTRA REASON for Advertising in TIME

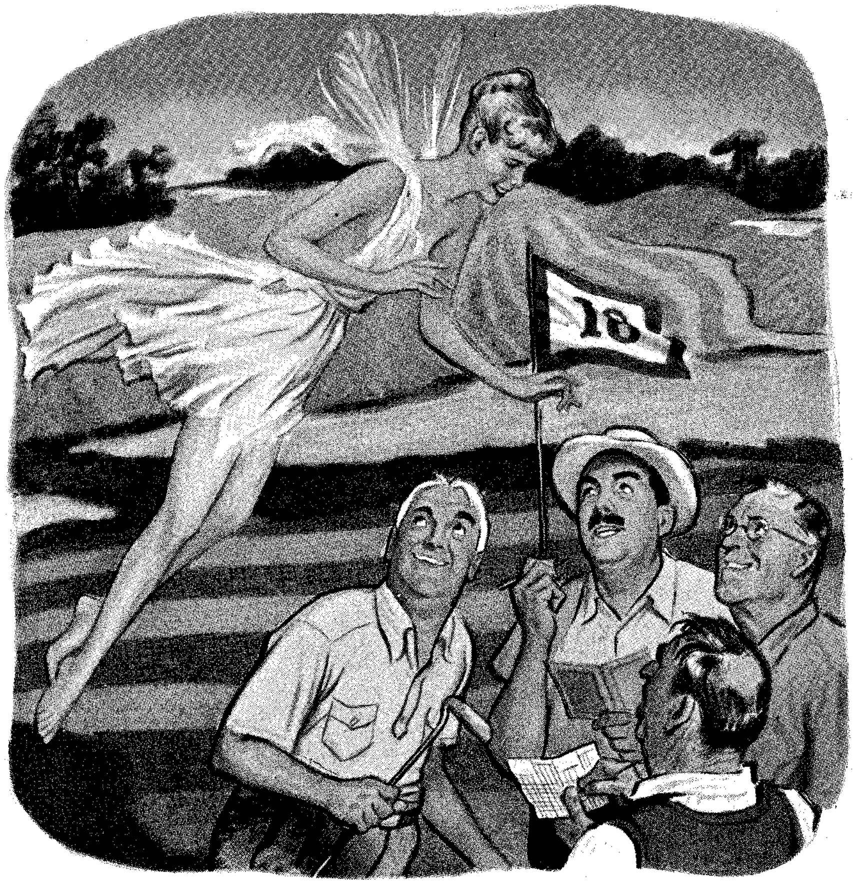
Every fact about the TIME audience in this advertisement is correct. The right answers are: Question I, B., D., and E.; Question II, all but D.; Question III, A., C., and D.

grenade yet heard of would resemble an effort to discredit civilian control of atomic energy with a *caneton*, or small *canard*, a French term for a newspaper story having an effective radius of from Bronxville to Mamaroneck.

Following Hickenlooper's speech about Los Alamos, the *Post*, going after a rival newspaper with unwonted pugnacity, declared, in a piece by James A. Wechsler, of its Washington staff, "It appeared . . . plain that the story planted by supporters of military control of the atomic energy program had blown up in the faces of its sponsors and that the full circumstances . . . strengthened the prestige of the civilian bloc. . . . For a story that began as an exposure of 'incompetent' civilian rule suddenly became an indictment of loose military practices." Even the *Herald Tribune* felt obliged to reprove its Republican ally editorially, much in the manner of a serious poker player intolerably distracted by the frantic kibitzing of a deranged maiden aunt. The *Sun* reverted to its policy of standing still—and pat.

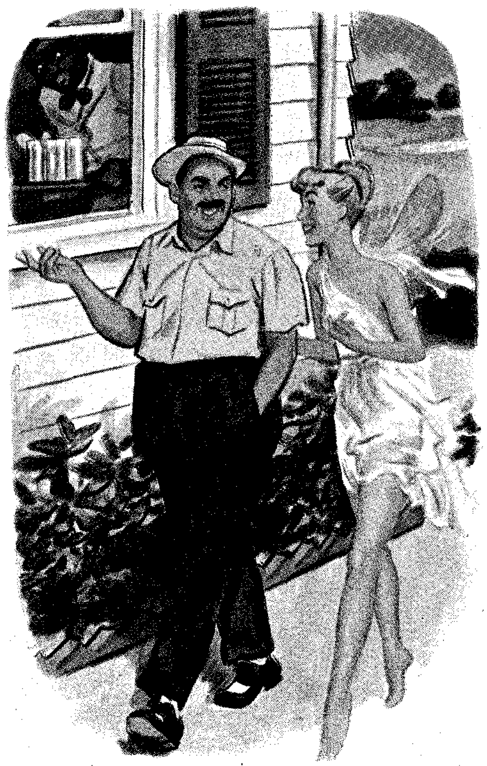
WHILE the Washington correspondents and the editorial writers have been making themselves unhappy over the refusal of facts to fit headlines, Manhattan police reporters have been engaging in what at this writing appears to be a dry run in search of the murderer of a free-lance kept woman known as Mrs. Sheila Mannering. The body of the victim, who had been strangled in a fashion that indicated a practiced savagery, was found in her apartment, far west on Fifty-seventh Street and variously referred to by the press as "swanky," "modernistic," and "tastefully decorated." Mrs. Mannering—whom the *Post* described as a "tall, slender blond," the *Journal-American* as "tall, attractive," and "sort of plump," the *News* as five feet two inches tall, and the *Herald Tribune* as "five feet tall, weighed 100 pounds"—left notebooks containing the names of some four hundred men, according to the newspapers, and detectives were sure that the name of the murderer would be among them. The *News* said the circumstances indicated that her death was a "kiss-and-kill murder." There was a profusion of such clues as a half-empty bottle of Black-and-White and a chewed cigar butt. This butt, the papers said, was to be inspected by a cigar maker and a dentist to determine (a) what kind of cigar it was and (b) whether its smoker lacked any teeth. The murderer's name may have

"Pardon me, Gentlemen, where's the 19th hole?"



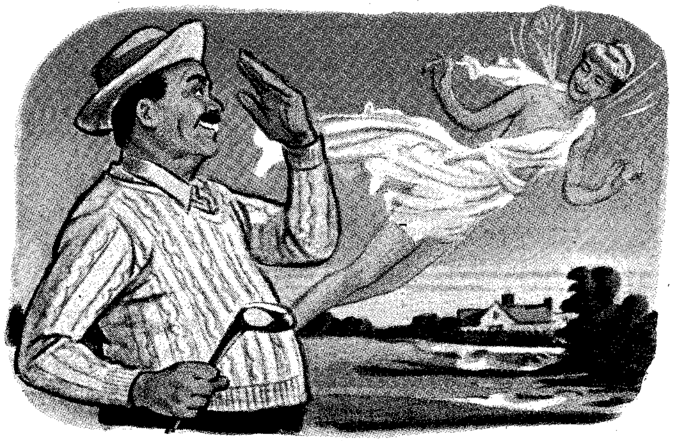
1. **GOLFER:** Sorry, young lady, the 19th is for men only. I *don't* think the House Committee would approve—

PSYCHE: Oh, *they would!* You see, I'm Psyche, symbol of America's *finest mixer!*



2. **GOLFER:** Well, if you're sure you're only a symbol, maybe it's all right . . .

PSYCHE: All right? Why, it's wonderful! Don't you know that White Rock's mineral tang brings out all the subtle flavor of drinks—and its alkaline effect helps you feel better next morning?



3. **GOLFER: (Early next morning):** Ah, there you are, Psyche! Those drinks were delicious yesterday—and I've never been in better form than today. Say, how'd you like to become an honorary member?

PSYCHE: I can't do that. But you can join *my* club. All you have to know is the password: "Don't say soda, say White Rock!"

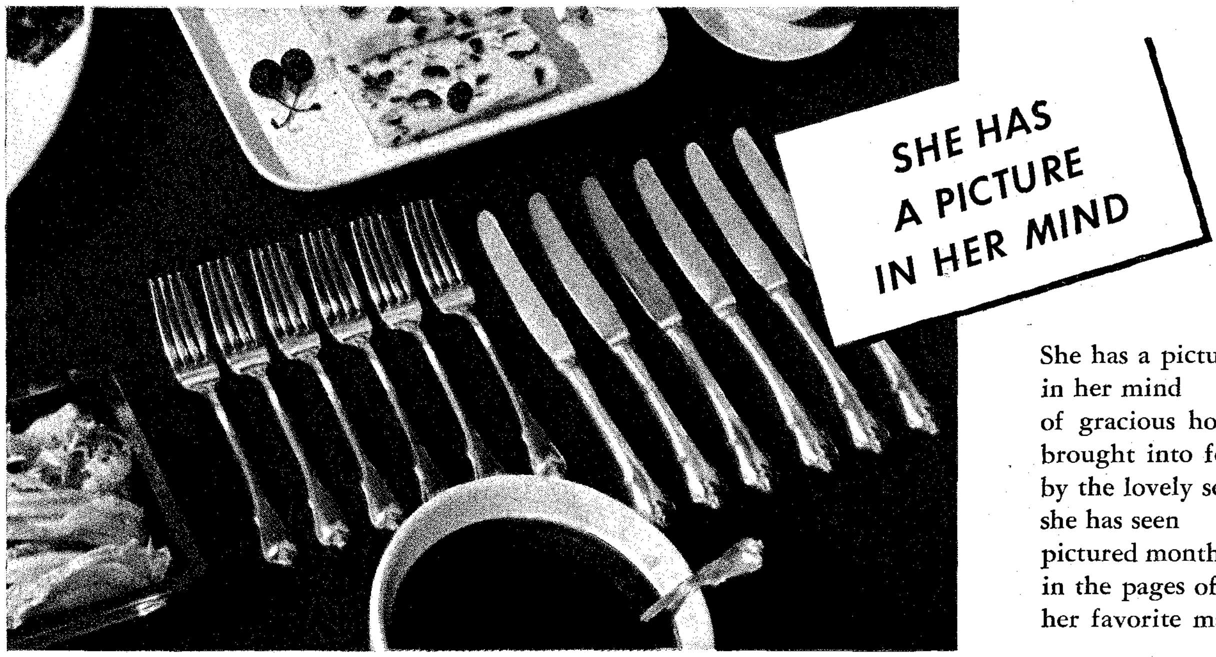
Look for Psyche,
symbol of
America's finest mixer

White Rock
Sparkling Water

KEEPS YOU SPARKLING, TOO!

WHEN A WOMAN SHOPS

When a woman shops and carefully compares the virtues of this pattern with *that*—of sterling with silverplate—she's thinking not in terms of six knives, six forks and half a dozen spoons . . . because you see



SHE HAS A PICTURE IN HER MIND

She has a picture in her mind of gracious hospitality brought into focus by the lovely settings she has seen pictured month by month in the pages of her favorite magazine.

YOU'RE IN THE PICTURE WHEN YOU'RE IN McCall's

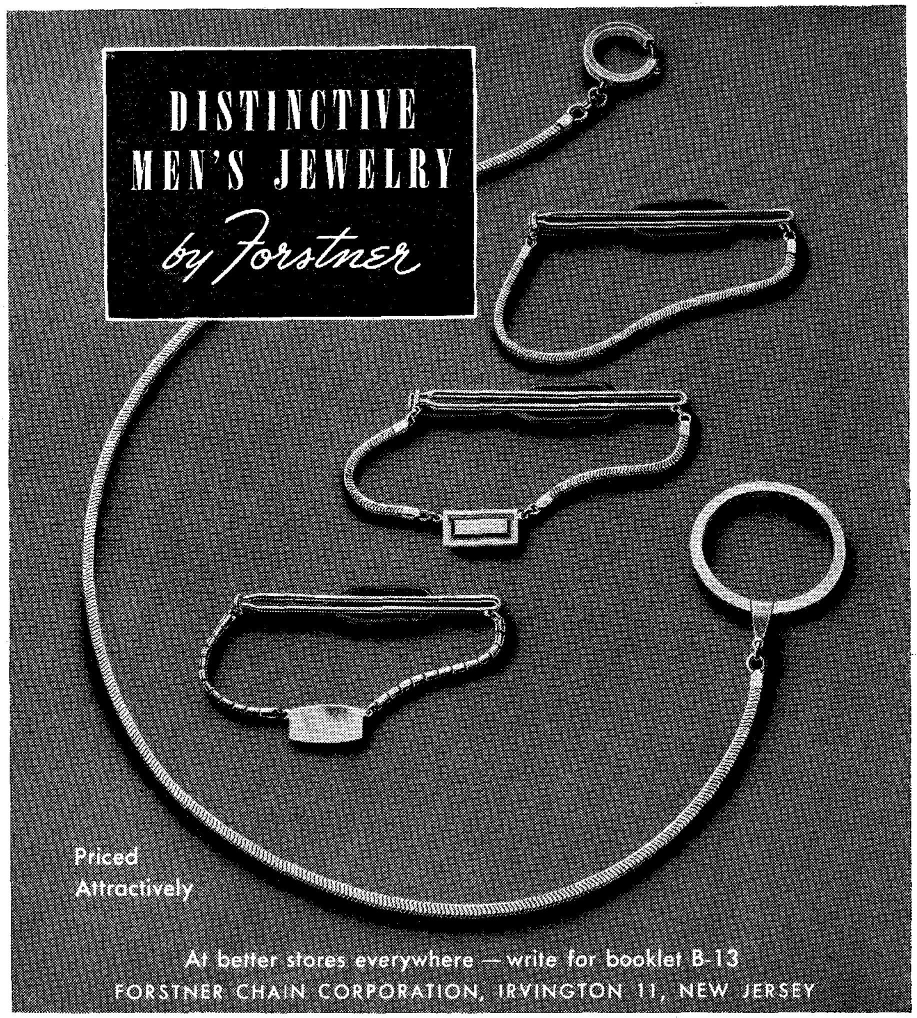
McCall's editors know how to implant these mental pictures that so compellingly influence the shopping expeditions of women in 3,600,000 homes.

McCall's Magazine, Adv. Dept.,
444 Madison Ave., New York 22

been in Mrs. Mannering's books, but the police couldn't tell which one it was; the brand of the cigar apparently turned out to be no more revealing than that of the Scotch, and the smoker either had all his teeth or had not left an impression of his mouth with a dentist. In any event, nothing happened.

On the day after the discovery of the crime, headlines in the *World-Telegram* and the *Journal-American* coincidentally announced "ACTRESS' STRANGLER KNOWN." "ARREST IN STRANGLING NEAR," the *World-Telegram* proclaimed in a late edition. But by the next day the *Telegram* had calmed down to "60 DETECTIVES SIFTING CLUES IN STRANGLING," and the other papers were correspondingly listless. As the likelihood of an arrest decreased, city-desk opinion of the story and also of the victim declined. At the outset, several of the dailies had seen in the case a similarity—or "startling parallel," as at least one of them put it—to the murder of Dorothy Keenan, or King, who was christened by headline writers the Broadway Butterfly after her body was found in an apartment on the same street, only a third of a mile away from Mrs. Mannering's apartment, in 1924. But as time went on, it became apparent that whereas the Butterfly's protector, a Philadelphia banker, had left thousand-dollar bills under her pillow after each visit (the newspaper word is "tryst"), Mrs. Mannering, whose age was given as anywhere from forty-five to fifty-four, had received nothing larger than hundred-dollar bills, and those only from her wealthiest benefactors. Just two days after the story broke, a rewrite man named Peter Whelihan, of the *Mirror*, who in his first-day story had referred to the victim as "the vivacious Mrs. Mannering" and a "former film actress," described her as "the fading beauty with a somewhat doubtful background as a film and radio actress." All that I am likely to remember about the story five years from now is that Mrs. Mannering had gout, a detail I owe to the *Mirror*, and that an hour after news of the discovery of the body had appeared on the stands twenty persons had applied for her apartment, for which she paid $87.50 a month. This interesting information I owe to Walter Arm, who covered the case for the *Herald Tribune*, and it is the kind of social detail no strangled-butterfly story should be without.

ABOUT the only midsummer story that didn't disappoint newspaper readers was the fight between Tony


DISTINCTIVE MEN'S JEWELRY
by Forstner
Priced Attractively
At better stores everywhere — write for booklet B-13
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Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

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Cuisine Provinciale et bons vins
COBB'S MILL INN
by the Waterfall

★ North on Route 57, off Merritt Parkway, Weston, Westport, Conn. ★

Dancing Every Saturday Nite

Outstanding among cultural institutions is the Enoch Pratt Free Library.
Outstanding among hotels is the
Sheraton Belvedere
BOTH ARE IN BALTIMORE

Zale and Rocky Graziano in Chicago for the world's middleweight championship. Credit for that should of course go to the sportswriters, who never let a story down.

"This time 'The Rock' crushed the 'Man of Steel,' " Bill Corum wrote for the *Journal-American*. "Tony Zale, the 'Man of Steel' from Gary, Ind., bent and broke in the sixth, when Rocky started driving him down Queer St. with a ripping right to the jaw that all but tore Tony's blond head from his shoulders. . . . A year ago Zale lurched back from the brink of defeat and through a haze as thick as a London fog to double up Rocky like a jackknife and beat him in the sixth round. It was an out-and-out miracle win for the likable lad from the steel mills. Last night he ran out of miracles. So that it was Rocky's turn to snatch the brand from the burning and drape Tony outside the ropes, beaten and finished after two minutes and ten seconds of furious one-way punishment in the sixth."

The semi-detached blond head, the brink, the haze, the brand resolutely snatched—all reminded me that words are made for something besides just telling the news with. They are beautiful things in themselves when used in a beautiful way. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES

[*Adv. in the Hollywood Citizen-News*]

To SOMEONE who shall endeavor to be considerate, as to understand better of the intimate attribution of many years, in it's sensitive and rich memories of a childhood, and so on to date.

I hope for someone in appropriate gracefulness, to do me the most concerned honor, as to bring my complete and actual life, into a living story.

My dearest concern of any individual that would be interested in the good way of life, and it's best efforts, is curious enough a good pattern, that is my belief, and I wish someone would find the humor and energy of the short synopsis that I could make, will someone, take it unto himself, by every word of the law, and all the wisdom of knowledge, would my golden hours be formed into the pages of a book.

This story should be a hundred per cent for Miss Margaret O'Brien to portray on the screen, but it will be too much to ask of her producer to help me, so I will only wish for a writer.

Who shall it be, please write or phone, and all the important things of the story will be told, hoping to find at least one writer to be of some assistance.

Thank You.

MRS. HELEN GATZKE,
12343 McDougall,
Detroit 12, Mich.
Telephone TW-11057

Where Smart NEW YORKERS gather
RITZ-CARLTON
ON THE BOARDWALK IN ATLANTIC CITY

completely new decor
beach sun lounge
the new Ritz Tavern
the sunny Cocktail Patio
and an ocean view from every room

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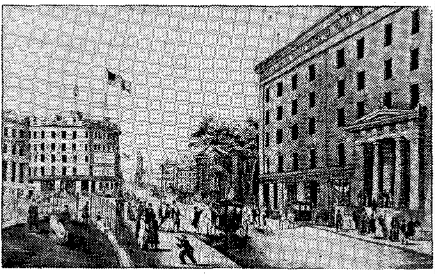
OLD NEW YORK VIEWS



A large selection for office or home
The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York

NEW YORK'S DE LUXE CHINESE RESTAURANT
Luncheon Dinner a la Carte
HOUSE of CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

DOROTHY ROSS
Sings her "FRIS-GAY" BALLADS
THE NEW CLUB BAGATELLE
3 EAST 52nd ST.
OPEN FROM 9 P.M. TO 3 A.M (No Mondays)

THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga as Usual

RACING at Saratoga is as unpredictable as it always was. Nowhere else could Stymie have finished third in a three-horse race, as he did in the Whitney Stakes last Saturday. Another thing that you couldn't imagine happening at an ordinary track was the failure, early in the week, of First Flight, who had won all her previous starts except one—in which she came in second—to run better than ninth in the Test Stakes. As a matter of fact, Saratogans are proud of such surprises and upsets. Gaffers recounting the glories of the Spa will tell you with gusto, "Man o' War was beaten here."

After the Whitney Stakes, won by Rico Monte, many people who had backed Stymie down to 9–20 left the course mumbling to themselves that the race had certainly been one of the most disappointing of the season. Actually, the Whitney was exciting and well run. Gallorette, who had won the Wilson Mile on the first day of the meeting and had set a track record of 1:35⅗ for the distance in doing so, led till less than a furlong from home. Then Rico Monte, who had never been far behind, popped into the lead and beat her by a head. Stymie kept closer to the pace than he generally does, but he didn't have his old drive through the stretch. Perhaps he needs a rest.

I hardly know what to say about First Flight and the Test. The race was a scramble, and the winner, Miss Disco, a second-class animal, will probably be remembered longer for paying $52.50 straight and $95.10 to place than for anything else. The reason for this unusual payoff was that Miss Disco was coupled in the betting with another staggering long shot, named Frantie's Bid, who finished second, and the clairvoyants who held place tickets on the pair took the entire place pool. A few observers declared that First Flight was knocked off her stride during the running. Her stable, however, attributed her poor performance merely to one of those unaccountable bad days that even the best racers have from time to time. Arcaro, who rode First Flight, summed up the trouble when he remarked, "She didn't have nothing."

Arcaro has seldom tried harder to bring a horse in than he did in winning the United States Hotel Stakes on My Request on Saturday. In fact, I thought he tried too hard, for a claim of foul was lodged against him after his mount beat Star Bout by a head. As I saw it, he forced Star Bout to bear out all through the run home. However, because My Request never actually bumped Star Bout—Arcaro is particularly good at avoiding that—the stewards disallowed the claim. Arcaro was pleased with the whole thing, for on Tuesday, Star Bout had defeated My Request in the Flash Stakes. While My Request is as sharp a two-year-old as I've seen, you might keep a youngster named Whirling Fox in mind for the longer races in the autumn.

The Saratoga Association is doing all right at the box office. After a remarkable turnout on opening day (you saw almost all the old, familiar faces), the attendance was more than ten thousand every afternoon, and Saturday it went up to 24,432. Despite this cluttering of the greenery, the place looks as lovely as ever. The paddock is still fine to walk in if you avoid the barriers of ropes put up to keep the horseplayers from trampling the horses.

I PLAYED hooky and went to the trotting races at Goshen last week, not so much for the Hambletonian as to watch my old pet, Greyhound, take a couple of turns down the track by himself. After all, he is one of the great horses of our time. He's as white as a circus horse and almost as fat, but at fifteen he still has the immense stride and perfection of action that made him unbeatable when he was racing. The Hambletonian, which, as you know, was won by Hoot Mon, was a good show. In fact, Sep Palin, who drove Hoot Mon, and Fred Egan, who drove his stablemate Volotone, gave the best exhibition of teamwork I've seen since Sande and Laverne Fator were in their heyday. The way Palin and Egan beat Rodney, the favorite, was something to remember. No doubt they won't like being compared to running-horse jockeys, but it's still the highest compliment for horsemanship I can give them.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

ALI JINNAH AND
MOUNTBATTEN URGED
FOR INDIANA POSTS
—*Indianapolis News.*

Couple of good Hoosiers.

AIR CONDITIONED
"Just off Fifth" DORSET
Bar-Cafe
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
LATE SUPPER
Food and refreshment in continental perfection . . . a setting of intimate elegance.
Piano enchantment by LES CROSLEY nightly from eight-thirty to one.
THE HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th Street
Bing & Bing, Inc., Management

Central Park's Skyline
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SKY
GARDENS
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ALFRED MENCONI
His Piano and Orchestra
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LITA and GABRIEL CANSINO
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Excitingly good food prepared in the Continental manner. Pre-theatre dining from 6 P. M. No Federal Tax. Dancing and entertainment from 8 P. M. No cover charge at any time.
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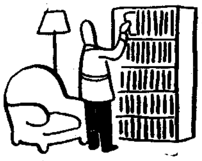
BOOKS

The Mantle of Wakeman



IN spirit, subject matter, and even style, "The Harder They Fall," by Budd Schulberg (Random House), has a great deal in common with "The Hucksters," Frederic Wakeman's now celebrated treatise on radio advertising. Its hero, like Mr. Wakeman's, is in bondage to an ignoble profession. (He is employed to publicize a prizefighter rather than a soap, but the difference is purely a matter of size and aroma in the product; the technique of distribution is practically identical.) He is, again like his predecessor, haunted by a sense of waste which can be dispelled only by the creation of a serious work of art, and he is prodded onward and upward throughout the book by a lady of passion and quality at least as peculiar as the matron in "The Hucksters," who, you may recall, often urged her paramour to squeeze her feet. Since Mr. Schulberg's book is also full of the tricks and the language of a special trade, since it is populated by a great many unusual characters apparently drawn from life though not necessarily in any sense lifelike, and since it is written in a manner at once hardboiled, literary, and cinematic, running the full gamut from James M. Cain to Louis B. Mayer, there seems no reason to doubt that Mr. Wakeman has an adequate successor. As a matter of fact, as a man who has always considered prizefighting at least as scientific as, and certainly a good deal more spirited than, advertising, I enjoyed Mr. Schulberg's novel, which has to do with the incredible maneuverings that made Primo Carnera heavyweight champion of the world, somewhat more than I did Mr. Wakeman's, which, of course, dealt with nothing livelier than the eccentricities of the late George Washington Hill. In spite of Gene Tunney, who has written that "The Harder They Fall" is an intellectual treat comparable to "Cashel Byron's Profession," by his friend Shaw, I should say that it is pretty primitive reading matter, but on the whole it seems likely that Mr. Schulberg has got hold of a more rewarding theme than Mr. Wakeman's and that, to this extent, his book is a little easier to take.

Like "The Hucksters," "The Harder They Fall" has been bought by a moving-picture company for a sum said to be in the hundred thousands, and we may as well investigate this singular purchase a little further. The hero, then, is a man called Eddie Lewis, who, in his own words, "spent almost two years at Princeton, got A's in English, had a by-line in the Trib, and has twenty-three pages of a play that is being systematically devoured by a little book club of hungry moths who can't tell a piece of literature from a square meal." "Who was I?" he asks himself once, poring over a copy of "The Great Gatsby." "The reader who marked and studied those lines of Fitzgerald? Or the guy who dished out the hyperbolic swill about Joe Roundheels and Man Mountain Molina? What were they to each other, the reader and the raver?" Since, a few pages farther on, Eddie refers to himself as "The student of modern American writing, of Fitzgerald and O'Hara," and since all the book is peppered with cultivated reference ("It was a head for El Greco to have painted in his dark, moody yellows, with the model already magnified and distorted by the artist's astigmatism"), Eddie's admiration for nice things seems beyond dispute. His own prose, however, is hardly a credit to his chosen gods. Sometimes he is clearly bewitched by the memory of all those A's in English and elegant variation claims him for her own:

> He was one of the few professionals I ever knew who indulged in spontaneous extra-curricular bouts in various joints, a practice which did not endear him to Jacobs' Beach and brought him frequently and forcibly to the attention of the local gendarmerie.

Sometimes an influence even more august than Fitzgerald and O'Hara seems at work:

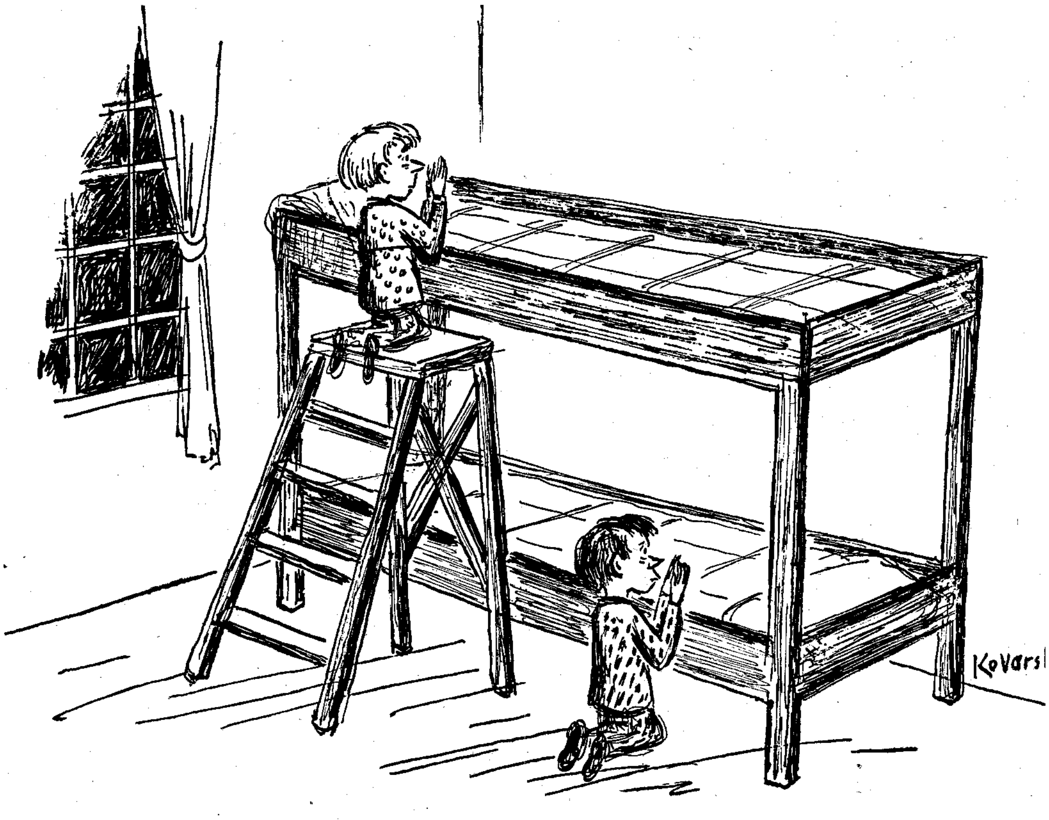
> I drank slowly, letting the good warm feeling fan out gradually from my belly.

And sometimes again, Princeton all forgot, he might easily be Jimmy Durante:

> It would make him a little nauseous to use a word like dignity....

> Ruby, in her instinctual way of reaching out to men...

Mr. Schulberg obviously thinks of Eddie as a tragic figure, implying that it is only some fatal flaw in his character that keeps him from winning the Pulitzer Prize, condemning him instead to the hideous role of a press agent at one hundred dollars a week and five per cent of the take. This point of view is eloquently stated by Beth, a Phi Bete from Smith and the direct descendant of a Professor of Economics



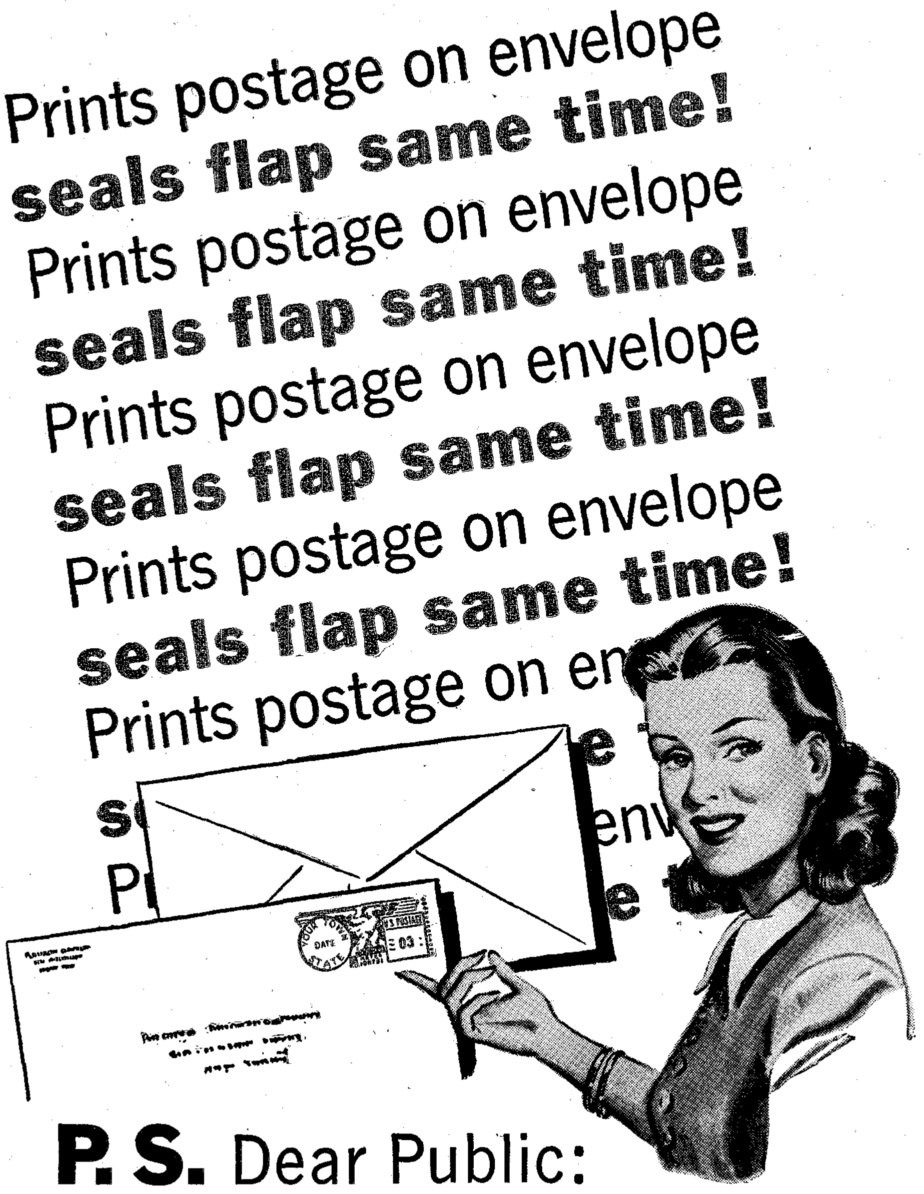
and a Dean of Men, whom Eddie had nevertheless found "surprisingly wanton . . . when she took off her glasses."

"The midtown bars are full of guys like you," she says, apparently with the glasses firmly fixed. "They come to town because they have something on the ball. Look at yourself, you've got some talent for writing, but you're too lazy or too frightened or too tied up to develop it."

That, of course, is one opinion. My own—ah well, the hell with it.

Anyway, Eddie is employed by Nick Latka, who started as a Bowery hoodlum but is now the biggest and crookedest fight manager in New York. Nick (and I can see nobody but George Raft for this part) is the typical gang leader, sleek, unscrupulous, and deadly; and his retinue is also more or less standard equipment—Ruby, his nymphomaniac wife, who, of course, can't keep her pretty hands off the simple Giant of the Andes; Killer Menegheni and Vince Vanneman, his degraded and brutal lieutenants, who handle all the actual dirty work; Honest Jimmy Quinn, from the Hall, who can always put in the fix with the D.A.'s office; Danny McKeogh, who is still the best trainer in the business when he isn't on the sauce; Old George Blount, a colored sparring partner, who has fought the best in the business and even now . . . But you can probably fill in the rest for yourself. They're all the usual clichés, and Central Casting ought to be able to dig the whole bunch up for you in half an hour.

The plot gets under way when a little promoter from the Argentine turns up in New York with an ex-circus strong man—a hyperpituitary freak six feet seven and three-quarter inches tall, weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds. His name is Toro Molina, which is, of course, a reasonable approximation of Primo Carnera, and since his rise and fall also closely parallel the familiar career of that unhappy giant, we needn't go into it too thoroughly here. The fiasco starts in Los Angeles—where, as Eddie remarks, the customers will buy anything—with a two-round knockout of a coöperative antique called Cowboy Coombs, and it continues, with only minor variations, all the way across the continent. The original Carnera buildup was probably the most outrageous and preposterous hoax ever visited on the innocent boxing enthusiasts, and although Mr. Schulberg is too virtuous a man to see much humor in it, his retelling of this particular story is nevertheless rather lively jour-



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If you'd like to know how a postage meter can help in your own office . . . call the nearest office of Pitney-Bowes. And when the salesman comes over, tell him that you know all about sealing the flap but what else does it do? . . . Or maybe you'd like your information in a little booklet with pictures? If so, write us direct . . . Sincerely yours—Advertising Department.

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nalism. If he had stuck to the actual script, with its final, perfect irony, the winning of the championship of the world by a man who should never have been permitted in a ring, he might, I think, have turned out a good, tough, sardonic piece of work, comparable perhaps to Joel Sayre's fine study of college football called "Rackety Rax." Like Mr. Wakeman before him, however, Mr. Schulberg is almost fatally handicapped by his romantic and indignant outlook on life, not to mention a certain rosy embarrassment in the presence of the English language, and his story is so smothered by its hero's moral and literary reflections, so tangled and interrupted by his absurd love affair, and so diminished, especially toward the end, by metallic Hollywood plotting that its valid central theme, which could have been hilarious as well as bitter, seems all but lost.

Such, indeed, was my ultimate disapproval of Mr. Schulberg's methods that, the publisher's dust jacket to the contrary, I even began to suspect him as a prizefight expert. Any man, I suppose, might fall into the error of spelling Ketchel's name with an extra "l" (Balogh with a "u" may even be an improvement) or placing the Dempsey-Firpo fight in New Jersey, but picking Corbett as "the greatest all-time heavyweight" is a little too much. Corbett, for God's sake. That bum.

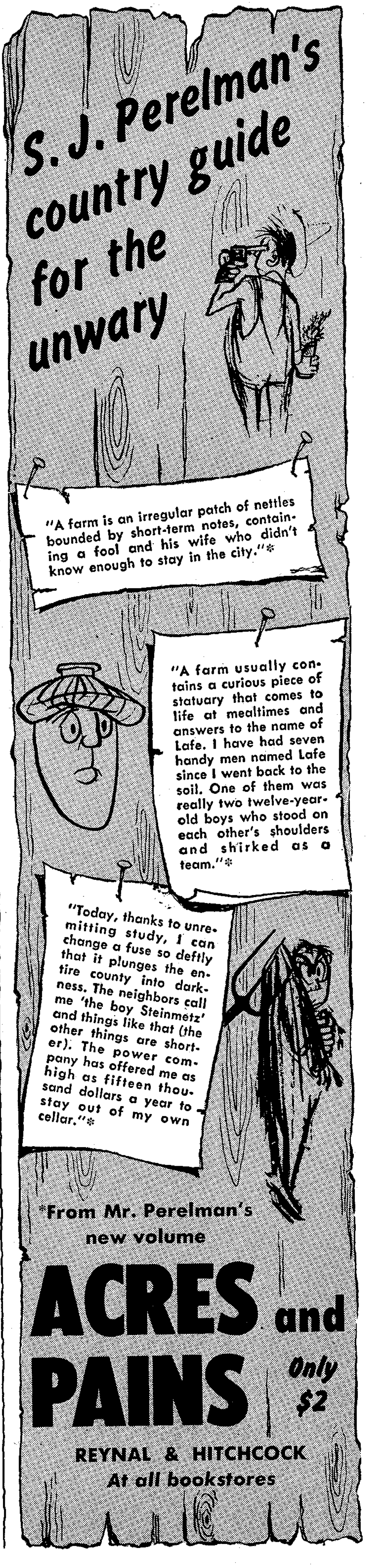
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LIGHTWOOD TREE, by Berry Fleming (Lippincott). The story of an obscure young schoolteacher who makes an almost heroic stand against civic injustice in a Georgia town during the recent war. Some quite effective flashbacks to moments of early Georgia history show other Americans holding out against corruption and violence, and give the novel a vitality that the main narrative lacks. In spite of over-easy writing and a dozen structural faults, this manages to be a readable, as well as a warmly humane, book.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS, by Helen MacInnes (Little, Brown). Miss MacInnes, who has to her credit two nice, workmanlike thrillers, has left the thrills out this time and devoted herself wholeheartedly to romance. The hero, a young Oxford undergraduate, has some fuzzy social theories, which he and, apparently, the author take seriously, but the novel is mainly



S. J. Perelman's country guide for the unwary

"A farm is an irregular patch of nettles bounded by short-term notes, containing a fool and his wife who didn't know enough to stay in the city."*

"A farm usually contains a curious piece of statuary that comes to life at mealtimes and answers to the name of Lafe. I have had seven handy men named Lafe since I went back to the soil. One of them was really two twelve-year-old boys who stood on each other's shoulders and shirked as a team."*

"Today, thanks to unremitting study, I can change a fuse so deftly that it plunges the entire county into darkness. The neighbors call me 'the boy Steinmetz' and things like that (the other things are shorter). The power company has offered me as high as fifteen thousand dollars a year to stay out of my own cellar."*

*From Mr. Perelman's new volume
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concerned with true love, which runs its course in the Highlands, in London, and in Oxford. The young Oxonian is poor, and the well-bred girl he loves has worldly parents who disapprove of the young man's politics (Socialist) as well as his bank account. Out of this situation emerges just another light novel.

GENERAL

Horace Greeley and the Republican Party, by Jeter Allen Isely (Princeton). An excellent study of Greeley (the second to appear within a year), which stresses his part in the formation of the Republican Party, as well as the country-wide, morally uplifting influence of his New York *Tribune* just before the Civil War. It is a good history of the politics and journalism of that period, and it is also a sharp analysis of the man and his inner conflicts, which made him at once revered for his integrity and detested for his narrow-mindedness and bigotry. The book does much to explain why the American people have always thought of Greeley with good humor and affection but have never conceded him the greatness he believed he had. Illustrated.

To the Bitter End, by Hans Bernd Gisevius (Houghton Mifflin). The most exhaustive and authentic-sounding account so far of the Wehrmacht conspiracy to kill Hitler, which came to an unsuccessful climax on July 20, 1944. The author, a German career diplomat and civil servant who started working for the German government shortly before the Nazis took over (he was for a time an unwilling member of the Gestapo), was one of the leading civilian members of the conspiracy and acted as liaison man between the plotters and Allen Welsh Dulles, our chief O.S.S. agent in Switzerland. Unlike most of the generals involved in the ill-fated coup, Gisevius began doing what he could to counter the Nazis long before the war; the first half of his book, a record of the early governmental intrigues and sabotage carried out by dissident Third Reich officials, had been set down in rough form by 1941. An intimate, unadorned history of the Third Reich and, entirely incidentally, a very exciting spy-and-counterspy story.

The Last Days of Hitler, by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Macmillan). More documentation on Hitler's career, this time a day-by-day and occasion-

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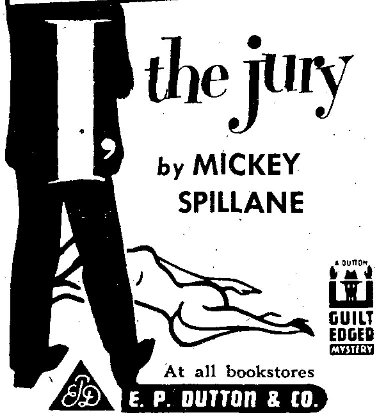

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ally hour-by-hour chronicle of the events that took place in the Führer-bunker under the Chancellery as the Russians fought their way into Berlin. Mr. Trevor-Roper is the young Oxford historian who was commissioned by British Intelligence to gather all the material he could find on what had happened to Hitler. His report, from which this book has been expanded, was the basis of the British Government's official declaration that Hitler, his wife, and Goebbels had all died by their own hands in the bunker and that their bodies had been burned before witnesses. The author also produces convincing testimony that Martin Bormann, who is still officially listed as missing, was killed in a desperate attempt to flee the bunker just after Hitler's death.

Forty-Nine New Lithographs by Picasso, Together with "The Hidden Masterpiece," by Honoré Balzac (Lear). Balzac's little-known, brief story concerns a mad painter who became so obsessed with the idea of getting every aspect of one model on a canvas that his picture ended up as a hodgepodge. Picasso's lithographs, many of them excellent, take an opposite course, for several of them comprise a series, of which the first picture is done in elaborate detail and the succeeding ones in a more and more simplified manner. The combination of works is oddly interesting.

Eugène Delacroix, His Life and Work, by Charles Baudelaire (Lear). Baudelaire's criticism, which is in the old-fashioned, "grand" style, may seem a little rhetorical to modern readers. He makes some excellent points about Delacroix's art, however, and the sixty drawings and water colors that serve as illustrations are reproduced with precision and clarity.

A Field Guide to the Birds, by Roger Tory Peterson (Houghton Mifflin). This famous manual of Eastern land and water birds has been thoroughly done over and enlarged to nearly three hundred pages. The number of color plates has been increased from four to thirty-six, and among other innovations are cross references between text and illustrations, as well as a printed list for checking off the species you see.

Note: "Howe and Hummel," by Richard H. Rovere, an expanded and somewhat revised version of the author's series of articles in *The New Yorker* on the notorious firm of criminal, divorce, and theatrical lawyers that flourished at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, has been published by Farrar, Straus. Judge James Garrett Wallace has written an introduction, and Reginald Marsh has drawn some illustrations. . . . "Another Day, Another Dollar," published by Lippincott, is a collection of stories by John T. Winterich on his youth in Providence. Many of the chapters first appeared in this magazine. Illustrated by Beatrice Tobias.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Dead and Dumb, by Edmund Crispin (Lippincott). Murder and mayhem, resulting from the usual rivalries among the members of an opera company, strike down a number of singers engaged in rehearsing "Die Meistersinger" in Oxford. This is obviously a case for Gervase Fen, the don who likes out-of-the-ordinary detection, and he comes up with a solution that is logical enough but is based on one of those overelaborate devices that violently irritate some mystery fans. A nice job, though.

The Seven Deadly Sisters, by Pat McGerr (Doubleday). An unfortunate repetition of the scheme of the author's previous mystery, "Pick Your Victim," in which a bunch of people endeavor to guess the identity of the victim of a faraway murder about which they've read. This time, the deducers are a young couple in England, who receive a letter from America saying that one of the wife's seven aunts has bumped off her husband. After a long recapitulation of family affairs, the couple figure out which aunt is the guilty party, but the idea, a tricky one at best, doesn't stand up as well as it did the first time.

•

The Chamber of Commerce has adopted the following "Creed for Schenectady":

"I will speak no ill of Schenectady—not even in matters of truth; rather will I defend the faults I hear judged by others and on proper occasion, say all the good I know of my city."

The Chamber did not say what prompted the suggestion.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

Probably sheer inspiration.

•

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[*Adv. in the Montreal Gazette*]

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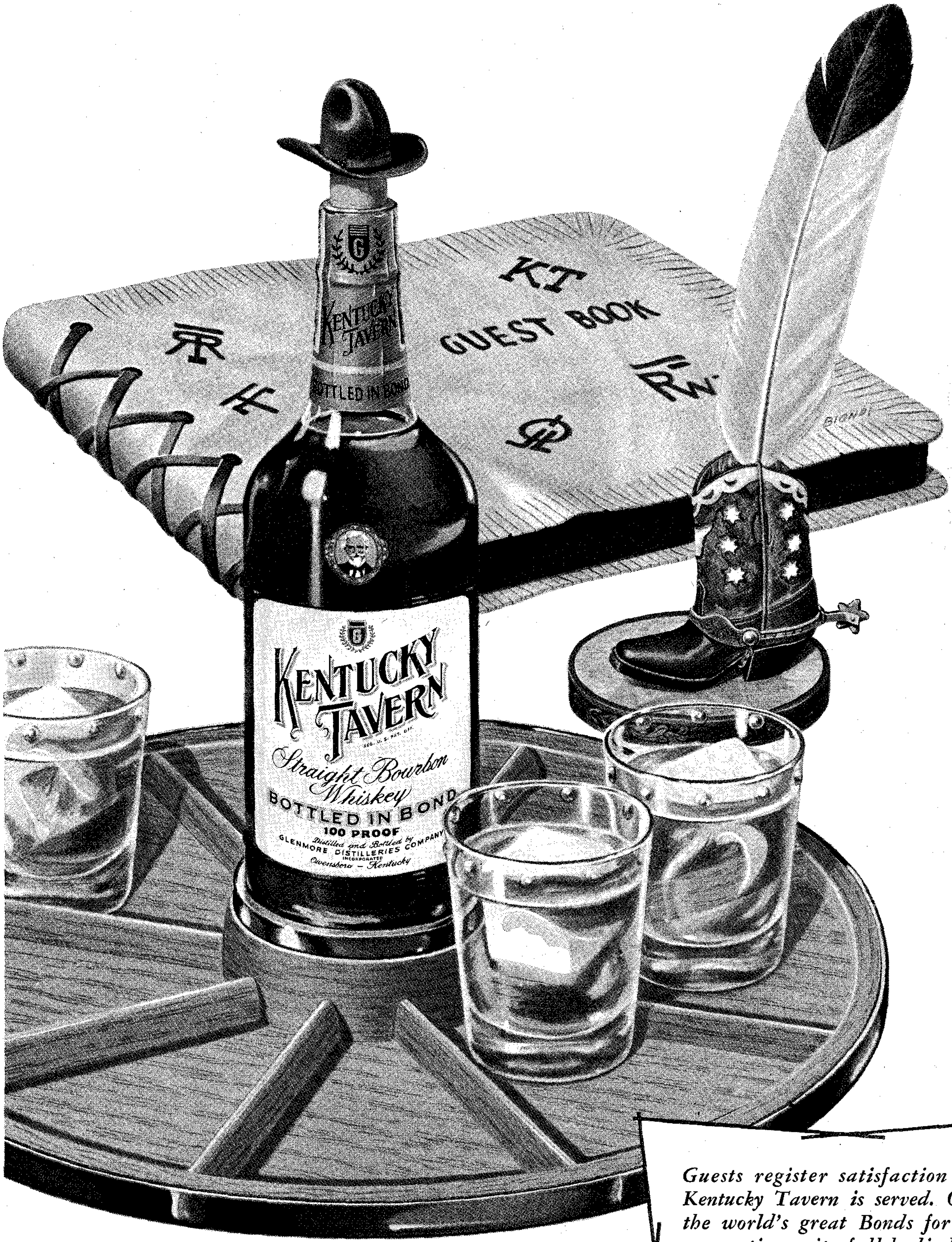
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